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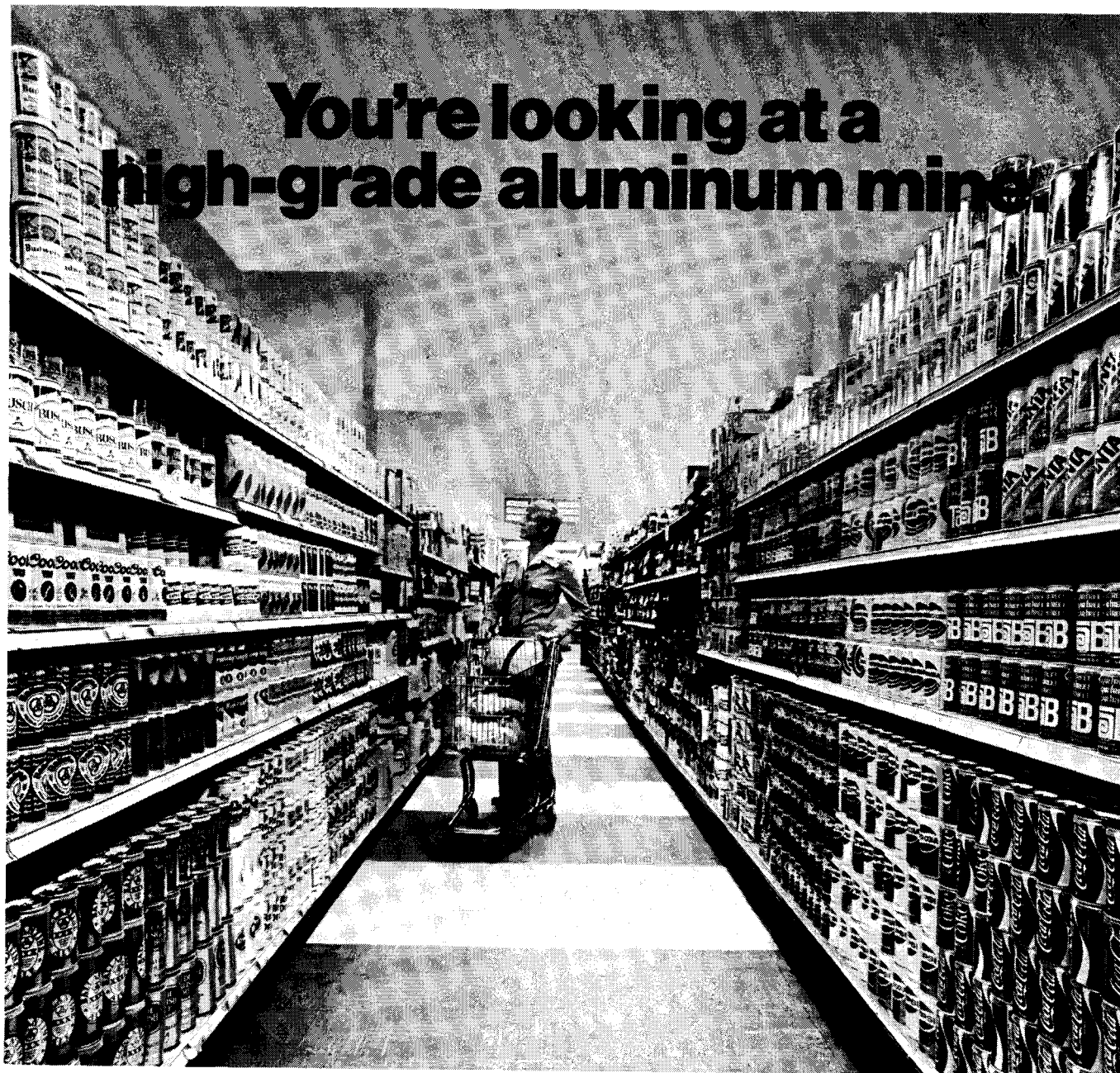
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HOBBIES: Painting and writing

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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE JUAN CORONA TRIAL

In May of 1971, the police in Sutter County, California, began to find men buried in the ground outside the town of Yuba City, in the central Sacramento Valley. The graves weren't widely scattered. All of them but one were in the peach and prune orchards and the river-bottom brush of the Sullivan Ranch.

There were men lying underground out there with their shoes untied, and from their faces and their clothes the police could tell that they belonged to Skid Row and the open road. Some men were found fully dressed, but some had their flies unzipped and some had their pants around their feet and a few had no pants at all. Altogether, twenty-five bodies came up: two black men, one Pit River Indian, and twenty-two "Anglos." Several had only head wounds, one had just a single stab wound, but most were both stabbed and chopped about the head. One man had been stabbed and chopped and shot.

The sheriff of Sutter County, Roy Whiteaker, arrested a man named Juan Corona before even half of the graves were open. Corona was a farm labor contractor who worked for the Sullivan Ranch. In 1970 Corona had been a suspect in an unsolved crime. Corona had been suspected of hacking a young man's head and face in the men's room of the Guadalajara Café, a bar in Marysville which was owned by Juan's brother Natividad. Whiteaker

also knew that in 1956, Juan Corona had been committed to a mental hospital, where he had received shock treatment. An informer told the sheriff that Corona was so violent sometimes that his family had to tie him down. The informer said Corona grew violent just at the mention of homosexuality.

On the evening of May 25, deputies found a grave with two meat receipts in it, slips of paper dated May 21, signed "Juan V. Corona." A few hours later they found the corpse of a man named Bierman. In a missing persons report from Marysville, Corona was named as the man last seen with Bierman. Corona wasn't really identified, but the witness seemed to think it was Corona in the truck that had picked up Bierman not far from the Guadalajara Café. Corona was arrested early the next day in his living room.

When deputies searched Corona's house and the mess hall of his labor camp, they found many possible weapons: a pistol, knives, a machete. In his bedroom they found a ledger. They did not know it then, but the ledger contained the names of seven identified victims. About a week later in the twenty-fifth grave, they found some of Corona's bank deposit slips. The deputies searched for but never found the place where the murders were committed. The investigation continued. Two years later, it still does.

Meanwhile, Juan Corona languished in jail, growing fat and ill. Friends urged him to declare himself mentally incompetent, but he refused. A psychiatrist visited him and asked, "Mr. Corona, what

would you think of a man who killed twenty-five people and buried them in shallow graves on the John L. Sullivan Ranch?"

"I don't know the man," said Corona.

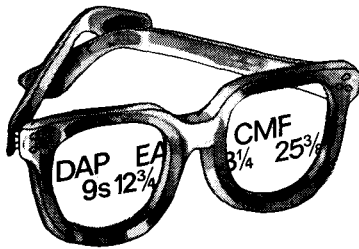
Paul Allen

Eight miles out of Yuba City in Sutter Cemetery are fourteen of the men who died. They are the unclaimed men, and no one knows the names of four. Someone, pondering that, once wrote that in their lives as in their deaths these were men without identities. But that was facile stuff.

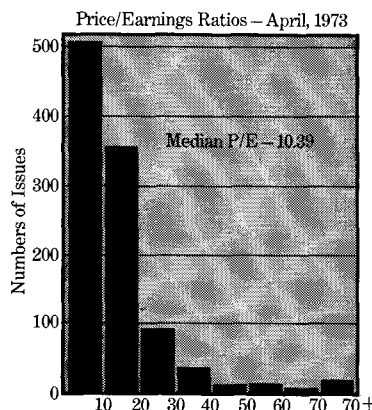
They were men without women, remnants of the Okies and Arkies, a dwindling, migrant breed, giving way now to the Mexican field hand, who will in turn give way to machines. Some were local winos, others California tramps. Some were far-wanderers from many states, who came to Yuba City in the spring of 1971. They came on their own "rubber" or hitchhiked or took the bus. Others took the train.

Once, fancying myself an adventurer, I rode freight trains for a season in the West. Several years later, when I read about the murders and saw the pictures of the victims, I knew that some of the men who died had been tramps of the old-time road. Some must have come this way: Out of the "Starvation Army" building in Minneapolis in the spring, and down to the freight yards. On "Old Dirty Face," the freight train, through North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington. From Seattle south to Portland, up

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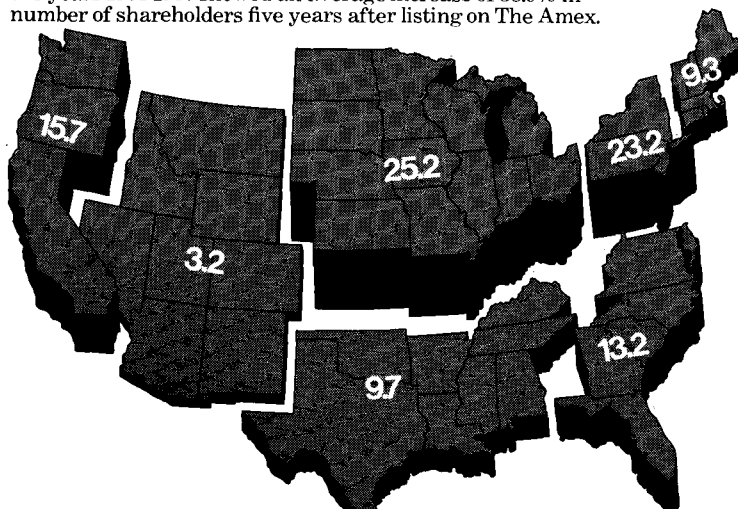


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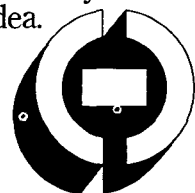
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JUAN CORONA

the banks of the Columbia, then up the Deschutes to Bend. Klamath Falls is the stop after Bend, then come the high mountains, then Feather River Canyon and then Oroville. At Oroville they would have changed to a local and ridden it down the valley to Marysville and Yuba City. They would have come to get in on the peach-thinning. Perhaps they planned to ride back north the first week in June, when many ride up to Wenatchee for work in the apples. A tramp by the name of Paul Allen had come that way out of Portland.

Like most men on the road, Paul Allen was a working stiff. He was born in 1911 in Ione, Arkansas. He and his brother had worked their parents' farm until the Depression drove them off onto the freights, which they rode to California. Paul kept to the road after that.

"He was actually, a transient bum's what I call 'em," said his brother, Edwin, who is a retired postman now, with a nice little spread in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Edwin had found a job and earned a home, but Paul never became respectable. He was arrested forty-five times in his years on the road, mostly for vagrancy and drunkenness. But under California's penal code 290 he had also been forced to register as a "sex offender." I told Edwin that people were saying a homosexual had killed the men, and I said that in a hobo jungle in Montana I had seen tramps go into the woods with a little round-bellied local citizen, who came to the jungle when a train pulled in and offered to pay for bugery.

"There's a lot of things I don't know about Paul," Edwin said. "But I do know he's honest, he's willing to work. He had fast hands and he believed in God. If they say he's a homosexual, if they say something about Paul, they better tell the truth."

In the spring of 1971 Paul wrote his monthly request for his veteran's check.

Dear Edwin,

Got up here to Portland. Hardly Know Why. at this time of year. the rain has slacked up. but not much work that I can do. Anyway

I can sign up for. the VA Home at White City. any time I want. I didn't want to lie in that one in Lasangles. because of. the Colored People. They run and boss it when I go. I want to go down here to White City. where I was. there is plenty of work here later on. straw berries in Bloom now. so you see how it is. rent is cheap here. meals also.

Paul got his check by return mail and crossed the bridge to the Vancouver freight yards. Then he rode what is known as the High-Line Run. It would have been a trip of about two days from Portland to Oroville. At night, laying his bed in the forward corner of the thundering, rocking boxcars, Paul probably wrapped himself in cardboard; he did not have a bedroll. Years of wine and an accident that took one eye had made him ill, and he must have suffered in the mountains.

"Many of these men had empty stomachs," the autopsy surgeon said at the trial. But Paul's life had compensations. The train to Oroville will always stop once or twice in the lovely high desert of Oregon. Then Paul would have talked plans with his partner; most men travel in pairs, "because the road's a little rough," they say. When he had done some work and collected some "babbitt," maybe Paul planned to come back there to the Deschutes and live off it like a fishing-pole tramp the rest of the summer. There was an Oregon hunting-fishing license in his torn wallet.

There is one long stop and a change of trains in Klamath Falls, which is cold and misty in the early morning. Then on to Oroville, where Paul changed to a local freight and rode it into the valley, the land changing into farms and orchards and a smell in the air, promising work, that only men like him would fully know.

At the railroad bridge, just across from Yuba City, Paul got off the train. He walked down the levee until he reached Marysville's Skid Row. It was spring, the nights were warm, the orchards that ring the twin river farm towns were full of green, budding fruit. When he got to Marysville he found some friends to drink with. They spread a bedroll on the grass beside the levee and lay around on it, drinking little bottles of wine called "mickeys."

That time of year Marysville's Skid Row is full of men, and they lounge outside the bars or in front of the Men's Day Center. New-comers hang around a day or two, but then many walk down D Street early in the morning. They carry their lunch in paper bags and join the little groups of men who gather in front of the Los Amigos restaurant. A little man with a red face says, to no one in particular, "Old Snuffy's gonna go out and thin some of those little green peaches. Then he's going back to Ogden, Utah." It isn't dawn yet; men leaning on doorways grunt in reply. They wait for the ranchers and labor contractors. Paul was in town several days before he looked for work. Then one morning he got a job from someone cruising by the Guadalajara Café in a pickup truck.

The crime

One day the murderer dug a hole for a man he hadn't killed yet. The rancher found the empty hole one morning, between two trees in an orchard where Juan Corona's crew was thinning peaches. The crew left the place around noon, and the grave was full by six that evening.

On the same morning the hole was spotted, four different people saw a man walking on the roads west of Yuba City, an unshaven man in a long gray overcoat. The man was Kenny Whitacre, a California tramp. Whitacre was born in Alameda, California, in the midst of the Depression. At the age of six he was shining shoes, and not many years later he was working to support his mother and his sister, Elva, who lives now in a development beside the Nimitz Freeway.

"Kenny was good-looking," Elva said to me. "He had beautiful teeth, and he loved music! Oh, he loved highly classical music, though." She showed me some pictures. He had eyes like fjords.

Kenny enlisted twice in the Air Force, but midway through the second hitch he was suddenly discharged, not with an honorable but with a general discharge, and Elva did not know why.

"I think it was just that all his life Kenny had so many responsibilities," she said. "I think he just wanted to be free."



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JUAN CORONA

Kenny worked the harvests but never traveled very far, just through California and sometimes up to Oregon. "Kenny would pop up when we least thought about it. Our dream was someday he'd drive up in a big Caddy and have the world by the tail. Of course," Elva said, laughing, "he never did." But Elva wasn't ashamed of him. "He used to tell me how terrible it was. They huddle them on buses, you know. You're just so much cattle is what he told me. I said to myself, Somebody ought to put on a crusade! How the hell, pardon my French, do people think all those vegetables get to market? Somebody has to do that work. Even if you pick radishes, you're still a human being."

Kenny worked the farms and orchards, but he does not seem to have come to Yuba City for farm work. For three days he wandered the roads west of Yuba City and came to town for just a little while in the evenings. "I just come up here for the festivities," he told a cop who stopped him outside town. "Officer was unable to obtain any further information regarding what the 'Festivities' he mentioned may have been," wrote the cop. Kenny told him he was going up to the Bay Area, and while the cop was following him, Kenny started walking that way. But the next morning he was walking the roads west of Yuba City again.

He wasn't drunk. Elva thought maybe he was reluctant to come back near her home. But I think Kenny lingered outside Yuba City because he was meeting the killer out there. I think Kenny met the killer several times and that the grave which was dug ahead of time was prepared especially for him.

In front of me I have a map of Yuba City. People in cars and in their houses saw Kenny walking on the roads west of town for three days before his murder. On the map Kenny wanders in a circle past some of the same places at the same times, from one day to another. I imagine he walks north on roads that crisscross orchards. It is afternoon and the sun is high when a pickup truck stops near him. The door opens; he gets in. That night

he sleeps in the tall grass beside Colusa Highway. He rises early the next morning, because some dogooder stops his car, wakes him up, and asks if he is all right.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, a little girl called Gina Chapman looks through her bedroom window. She sees Kenny stop on the road and look around and then walk on. I imagine that a truck approaches. It pulls over and once again Kenny gets inside. Down the road a way, the truck turns off, drives in among old trees, raising dust, and stops beside an old tool shack you could not see from the road. The killer holds the door of the shack open for Kenny.

Afterwards, the killer gets up from his hands and knees, pulls on his pants and goes outside. Kenny dresses slowly. He is lacing his shoes when the door opens again. Kenny looks up and shakes his head.

The killer is coming toward him, weighing a machete in one hand. Kenny backs away, and as the steel flashes at him he raises his arms. The killer swings again, backhanded, and knocks Kenny down. Then, dropping to his knees, the killer pulls out his knife. And when he is done he turns the body over with his foot and swings the machete again and again, stroking.

He drags the body to the truck. He will not bury him here, because he has a grave prepared elsewhere. He knows the crew has finished working near his grave. No one will think much of the rectangular hole, he supposes; if they notice it, they'll think it's the state agriculture people making soil tests. But he will drive around that orchard once to see that it is empty, then he'll turn in and drive between the trees and stop right next to the grave. He can make it in unseen or anyway unnoticed. It is the burying he fears, so he hurries, dragging the body by the feet. He throws in the long gray coat, then the body, then the dirt.

Sitting on her sofa, Elva tried to recreate it. The machete blows, the wounds on the hands and the wrist—she knew those details.

"I wonder, what were Kenny's feelings before he was murdered? Your imagination runs away with you in something like this. I thought maybe he wasn't dead when they buried him. Did he suffer under-

ground?" But he did not. Only the man named Riley, a friend of Paul Allen's, had dirt in his throat, the sign that he may have been breathing in his grave.

There is no proof that the murders were connected with overt sex, but surely they were sexual and done to satisfy a sadist's lust. In Kenny's case, for instance, most of the head wounds were delivered after Kenny was dead, which reminds me of some of Krafft-Ebing's characters, who kill and then play with the corpses. "Whoever did this was real angry and hit them additional times," said the autopsy surgeon.

Elva didn't think pictures of Juan Corona revealed a man who could do something like that. "And like I say, if you've got a Mexican last name you've got a strike against you." But she allowed that appearances could be deceptive.

"And like I say, it couldn't have been for money."

Paul Allen may have been robbed, but others still had cash on them, anything from a few pennies to nine dollars.

"Anyway," Elva went on, "my husband comforts me. He says, 'Honey, Kenny never knew what hit him.'" But Kenny was the youngest of the twenty-five known victims; and the wounds on his hands and his wrist show he fought hardest of them all. And the killer was most fierce with those who resisted him.

Perry Mason

While bodies were still being found, there was a traffic jam on the highway outside the Sullivan Ranch. The cars belonged to folks with Instamatics trying to get a shot of a corpse. Later in the summer, those people grew bolder and drove onto the ranch and up to the place where Corona's yellow school bus was parked. Whole families got out and posed for pictures under the inscription on the side of the yellow bus: JUAN V. CORONA FARM LABOR CONTRACTOR.

On the road to Yuba City, I had gathered up stories about contractors and their camps. I heard that these men robbed helpless wetbacks, cheated Anglos, that their camps were full of bugs. I heard they fed their workers green meat, charged them a dollar for a pack of ciga-

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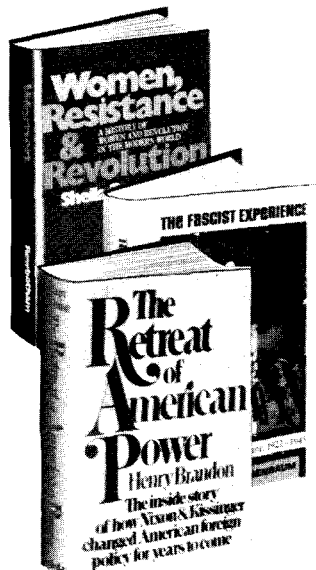
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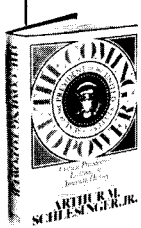
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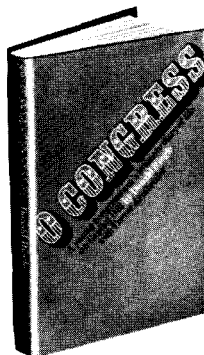
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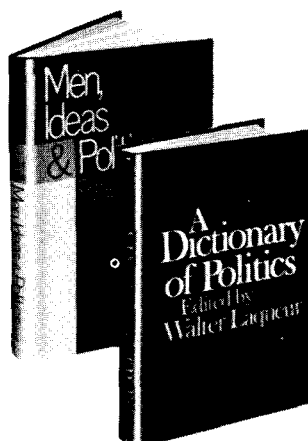
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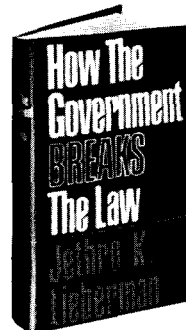
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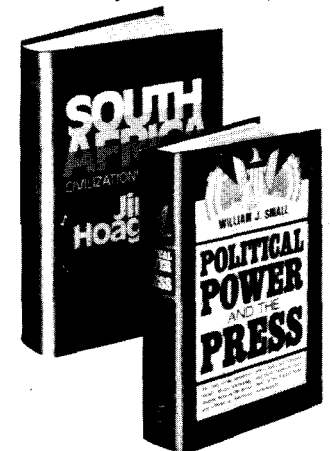
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JUAN CORONA

rettes, a quarter for three ice cubes.

In Yuba City and Marysville some people told the police that Corona didn't always keep his camps clean or feed his men well. Others praised him for the way he handled laborers. One farmer told deputies, "If I had any problem with one individual the only thing I had to do is to contact Mr. Corona and the subject would be removed from the property and another fellow would take his place." Men who worked for Corona weren't especially anxious to condemn him. One said Corona didn't pay enough, but had no other complaints.

Corona did well in the business of supplying laborers to fruit ranches. He made about \$20,000 a year, a good wage for a contractor. Like the other contractors, he got 10 percent of his workers' wages and money for their board. Well liked by ranchers in general, including the powerful Mr. Sullivan, Corona was probably not among the worst of the farm labor contractors, but typical of the breed.

The citizens of Marysville and Yuba City had grown weary of the case by the time I got to the twin river farm towns. But most had kept their opinions.

I talked to Sheriff Whiteaker, and although the district attorney, G. Dave Teja, wasn't speaking much to newsmen then, I know both men were sure that they had the killer in jail. Then I called Richard Hawk.

Hawk is the man who appeared one day in Yuba City and replaced the public defender as Juan Corona's lawyer. After I told him the name of the magazine that had sent me, Hawk said to meet him in a restaurant outside town. He was the short, chubby man with the missing thumb, wearing a blue windbreaker jacket, who came striding up and said to the bartender, "I got 'em by the balls." He tossed an official-looking paper on the bar beside me, and then he turned and grinned at me. "Man, I'm ready to go to trial tomorrow."

The official-looking paper was an affidavit. It seemed to say that Corona didn't write the seven names of dead men that appear in the "murder book," the ledger that po-

lice had found in Corona's home.

"Didn't tell you about that, did they," said Hawk. "That's a hole big enough to drive a Mack truck through." He got a Margarita and sat down.

"Tell you the truth, Juan's the only murder client I ever had who's innocent. Know how I can tell? Every time somebody opens their mouth in this case, there's another hole." Hawk put down his drink. "They tell you about the blood?" he said. "Tell you how they switched the bodies?" Hawk said that the police had confused some of the bodies, so that no one could tell which body had been found with Corona's meat receipts. He explained that it was important because most of the bodies were weeks old and the meat receipts were only four days old.

"Ever hear of striations? You know they can't match Juan's machete with the victims' skulls? They tell you how much blood they found? They didn't find enough blood to make it from here to popcorn fart."

I left the restaurant and rode off with Hawk in his powder-blue Cadillac. He said, "If I win this case it'll put me in the Lear Jet class." Besides, he had learned to "love Juan like a brother." Hawk's children were fond of Juan too. Hawk had taken pictures of them with the accused mass-killer. "It's something my kids can show their kids," he said. "Something their old man did. I think this'll be one of those cases people remember. Yeah, if I win this one it'll propel me past Bailey. Lee hasn't done that much. . . ."

We went to see Corona's wife, Gloria, and his mother, who was up from Mexico to be near her son. Speaking pidgin English, Hawk explained the affidavit. "This mean. We can prove. Juan no write names of dead men." Hawk turned to me. "We have a special way of communicating with each other," he said. Then Juan's wife translated for the aging mother and she said, "Ah."

Afterwards, Hawk took me out to the Berg Ranch where one of Juan's brothers, Pedro Corona, was working. We sat on benches in the wood-and-screen mess hall of the migrant camp. Pedro, like Juan, is a contractor. He smiled to see the affidavit. Two of his front teeth are ringed in silver, and he is hand-

some. Hawk recited his version of the evidence, until it seemed a fabric he had woven in the hot night. At length I asked, "OK, if Juan didn't do it, who did?"

That was the sheriff's problem, snapped Hawk. "But I'll tell you who could have." He mentioned the foreman of the Sullivan Ranch, the owner, a hippie commune north in the hills, the sheriff himself. At protest rallies for Corona there were always some signs that read: SHERIFF WHITEAKER IS THE MURDERER. "How about the Hindus?" said Hawk.

A number of people from India have settled in that part of the valley. Some own orchards. "They've got strange customs," said Hawk. "You know how valuable life is in the Orient?"

"Pretty cheap," said Pedro.

"Not worth a nickel," said Hawk.

Corpses

When I saw Hawk again he was dealing in corpses. I went with him to see a Dr. George Loquavm, who spoke about mortality, about skin slippage in the corpse, marbling of the dead man's skin, change of colors, rigidity, putrefaction. The doctor looked over the top of his glasses. He spoke about odors of the grave. Hawk listened carefully and took a few notes.

Later, at his home, Hawk showed me pictures, first the black and white glossies of dead victims. Then he told his pretty teen-aged daughter, Chris, to get out the slide projector and show the color pictures. Except for one that showed a wounded eye, they were really not so ugly and half attracted me. Hawk's daughter looked at them calmly. "What happened to his eye?" she said.

Then in the evening Hawk drove me to Yuba City to visit Juan Corona in his cell. Hawk and I sat down, but the infamous man remained standing before us. He seemed to have some awkward notion about the propriety of standing for guests. Corona had been committed to a hospital long ago, suffering the delusion that everyone he saw was a ghost, that they had died in the Feather River flood of 1955. He had been given twenty-three shock treatments and had been released as cured. Hawk said Juan

had only two phobias now. He was afraid of snakes and high water.

Corona did not seem crazy, but very depressed. ("Christ," Hawk said later when I mentioned it, "he's accused of twenty-five murders. What's he supposed to do, sit there and giggle?") Part of his depression was caused by the Thorazine doctors had given him for the anxiety that endangers his heart. And the only strange thing about the Thorazine was that for a while they had given Corona huge doses, ones that would have knocked out an "ordinary" man. Hawk didn't tell me that, but a man is not judged insane by the way he reacts to a drug.

Hawk spoke to Juan of inconsequential things, of Juan's favorite TV show, *The Big Valley*, which came in Spanish, of the time police shook down his cell and took away his cookies. Hawk joked, and Corona laughed with him once, in short bursts, and was silent abruptly.

When Hawk told him that Angela Davis had just been acquitted, Corona said, "She already free now?" And Hawk said, "That's right, just like your case."

But Corona looked at the floor. "So she can do what she wants."

Hawk told me that Juan had painted the walls of his cell. Juan listened. "I paint the floor, too," he said. He had also been painting pictures, had given some to a prisoner here, but when that man got out he tried to sell the paintings to a newspaper. Now the police didn't want Corona to paint. They would not allow his young, female painting teacher in anymore. "They think he's gonna kill her," said Hawk.

"She show me how we make good pictures," said Juan. "Ones without numbers, you know?"

It was well after dark that night when Hawk drove me out to the Sullivan Ranch. You could smell rich earth in the air as he drove onto the ranch, past the labor camp, over the levee, and into river-bottom land, partly orchards, partly woods. Hawk said, "Damn it, I forgot my gun. I always bring a gun out here."

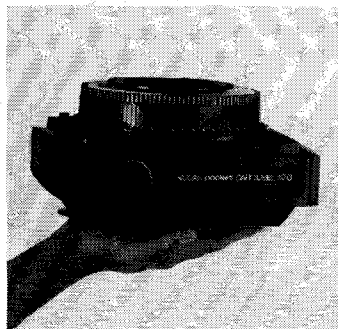
In one place we both got out of the car and walked through brush toward the river until we stood on the grave of an unknown victim. Of course, he was not there. It was just



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JUAN CORONA

a spot among tall trees and chin-high brush, and the ground there was a little soft, less overgrown.

I saw what Hawk had brought me there to see, what the sheriff freely concedes, that there is no reason to suppose twenty-five bodies are all. Twenty-five is just a number, and the river bottom is miles of dense and lonesome ground.

Hawk said that no one could know if the killings had stopped.

"Scared?" he said. Suddenly he turned out the headlights. "See how dark it is?"

Once I was startled by something shiny in the bushes, but it was just the luminous numbers on a high-water stake, rising out of the river, which I could not see. And Hawk said, "You know Juan's afraid of high water? Can you imagine him standing on that riverbank digging holes?"

On our way out Hawk told me, "Everyone expects me to be like Perry Mason and pop the killer out of the back of the courtroom before the commercial." He added that the danger in a case of this enormity was that a jury might expect him to prove Corona innocent; they might put the burden of proof on him, instead of on the prosecution, he said. He mused on that, and in a moment he spoke again. "I really like those little girls."

"Which girls?"

"Juan's kids." He smiled. "Yeah. They call me Perry Mason, stuff like that."

The district attorney

As the trial approached and Hawk reached one newsman after another, stories began to appear hinting that Corona might have a defense after all. Perhaps public opinion in California began to sway a little. But many people were steadfast, especially county officials, many of whom seemed to feel that their reputations, perhaps their careers, were staked on Corona's conviction.

G. Dave Teja, the district attorney of Sutter County, was detached and didn't take the murders personally. But he never doubted who should be punished. "When and if

the truth is known," he told me, "Corona's gonna be responsible for at least forty murders."

Strictly speaking, it is the sheriff's job to make arrests and investigate, but Teja and the sheriff are close friends, and Teja wanted to stay with the case from beginning to end. So he helped the sheriff direct things, in addition to fighting defense motions in court. He fought the change of venue, one of the few legal arguments that he lost to Hawk. When the court ruled the death penalty unconstitutional and it looked as though all murder suspects awaiting trial would be entitled to bail, Teja fought hard to get the decision amended. He succeeded, and Corona didn't get bail.

Teja is tall and portly, wears muttonchops, cowboy boots, and packs a pistol outside court. He is an East Indian with olive skin and a button nose. His father is a Sikh, a small rancher of long standing outside Yuba City and the ranking Democrat in that Republican region. Teja grew up here in the country, and went to college nearby, majoring in public administration specializing in law enforcement. Then he went on to law school, and for a short time when he came home he was a public defender. But defending criminals did not suit him, he told me. He has been reelected twice as district attorney.

Some people are offended by Teja's sense of humor. When a reporter pronounced his name with the Spanish *j*, Teja allegedly snapped, in mock anger, "The name's Teja, I'm not a goddamn Mexican." He has called the victims "bums," and that annoys some people. Once Teja was standing in the elevator outside the courtroom, and Corona's wife, Gloria, walked by, weeping. Newsmen heard Teja say, "That's all right, Gloria. Maybe you'll get conjugal visits." His former campaign manager says Teja has a "high school mind." But others enjoy him. They say he is witty and candid, that he says what he thinks.

"The district attorney is a complex man," Teja told me, speaking of himself at dinner one night. He explained that one of the things he meant was his politics. He was "left of center" on foreign policy, "moderate" on finance, "liberal" when it came to social issues, and "con-

servative on law enforcement." He said there was only one way to enforce the law, rigidly and by the letter. He said he had once convicted an innocent man, knowing the man was innocent; it was just a misdemeanor and they fixed the man's record afterwards, though Teja felt it was the man's own fault that he was convicted, because he didn't defend himself. It was not Teja's job to judge but to prosecute and secure convictions. He spoke of "the good old days" of the death penalty, of the third degree, of a time when it was all right to comment on a defendant's failure to testify.

In all his years as D.A., Teja had never prosecuted a murder case from beginning to end, and I felt that this case was something he had been waiting for, as it was for Hawk.

Teja allowed that Corona probably deserved the death penalty. As far as the victims went, some people might think they weren't significant, he said. But he would hate to be the one to decide whose life was significant, whose was not. Still, he did not agree that this case called for anything special in the way of attitude. "I believe," Teja said, "that anyone who breaks the law has a constitutional right to get his ass prosecuted."

The trial

The trial began on September 11, 1972, in a modern windowless courtroom seventy miles away from Yuba City. It ended four months later, with demonstrators pounding on the roof of Dave Teja's car, throwing rocks through the courthouse windows.

A jury of ten men and two women convicted Corona of twenty-five murders, and everyone, including the prosecution, was surprised. Most observers thought that the prosecution's evidence had not been conclusive. Hawk's arguments had made a shambles of the first part of their case, and in the middle of the trial the judge had stated, "At this point it appears that the investigation was inept, the preparation inefficient, and the prosecution inadequate." Near the end of the trial, newsmen were writing that the best Teja could hope for was a hung jury, and transcripts of con-

versations in the judge's chambers show that essentially the prosecutors agreed.

In the weeks that followed the conviction, when newsmen began to talk to jurors, it became clear that something had gone wrong.

Before he sent them out to deliberate, Judge Richard E. Patton had read the jurors their instructions in the law, but they do not seem to have understood what he said. Among other things, he told them that they must not surrender their individual convictions merely to come to a verdict. He said it wasn't necessary for the jury to come to a verdict at all. But several days later a juror voted to convict Corona even though she felt he was innocent under the law.

This was Naomi Underwood, the last holdout juror. When asked why she had finally given in, she said, "I was under the impression it had to be a unanimous verdict before we quit deliberations." She says that her conscience bothers her now.

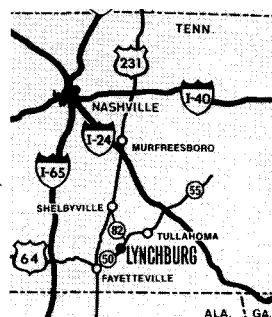
The prosecution had a case against Corona, but it had not seemed that way at first when Teja and his assistant, Bart Williams, began identifying the victims. Cross-examining the state's police witnesses, waving his thumbless hand at them, Hawk made the entire investigation of the murders look foolish, and perhaps a little sinister.

Hawk attacked so quickly and so well that just a couple of weeks after the start of the trial, prosecutor Bart Williams was talking about dropping the case. Transcripts, leaked by Hawk to the *Los Angeles Times*, show that in the judge's chambers Williams admitted that he had "reasonable doubt" about Corona's guilt, which meant that under the law Williams thought Corona was innocent.

Later, Williams took back the statement, but not before Hawk had blurted it out in front of the jury. The judge yelled for Hawk to stop and in chambers cited Hawk for contempt. Hawk had seventy-four days in contempt by the end. Some of his citations seemed unfair. He got five days once for disobeying the judge and calling Corona "Juan," while the prosecutors got nothing at all for a bald lie they told the judge. But most of Hawk's citations came as the result of calcu-



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lated attempts to influence the jury. "Improper influence," Judge Patton called it. But Hawk was not disturbed by the judge's wrath. He went on picking up contempts, and he kept attacking.

After Williams' statement, Teja did not come back to court for several weeks. Continuing with the identification of victims, tall, potbellied Bart Williams was alone; he shuffled around the courtroom with his hands in his pockets and was so meek at times that the judge was sustaining objections against Hawk that Williams never made.

Meanwhile, Hawk made police witnesses admit that the body found with Corona's signed and dated meat receipts had been confused with another body, that, in all, four corpses were confused. Three victims had been reported in two graves apiece, and a fourth had been reported in possibly three different graves. Stretching his chubby neck as he paced around, shouting, then speaking gently, Hawk made policemen admit to dozens of errors like that, until at length you could see these well-dressed deputies as they had been, digging up graves on the riverbank. Working under floodlights, the stench in the air like some phantom chasing them, they trample over evidence, misnumber bodies. When the meat receipts appear on the blade of a shovel, they grab the paper, covering it with their own fingerprints.

Fingerprints were Hawk's main theme. He established that no one had tried to get prints off Corona's ledger or his pistol, or off items the killer must have handled, such as the torn wallet found lying on Paul Allen's chest.

Hawk caught Teja withholding evidence at least seven times, a violation of Corona's constitutional rights, according to the judge. Hawk accused the sheriff of manufacturing evidence, and he tried to establish that the police had never investigated anyone except Corona.

It went on that way for a long time, but the prosecutors kept promising that things were going to change. It was not as if there was no evidence against Corona.

The trial fell roughly into two

parts, and it was during the first part, when the prosecutors detailed the recovery and identification of the victims, that they took their worst beating from Hawk. After they were done with corpses, Teja and his assistants began to produce the bulk of their evidence.

They did not have a motive for the killings. "We have suggestions that homosexuality was involved," Williams said in the judge's chambers. The prosecutors believed Corona was homosexual, but the only thing they offered in the way of proof was a conversation overheard back in the 1960s, and the judge ruled that conversation was inadmissible as evidence.

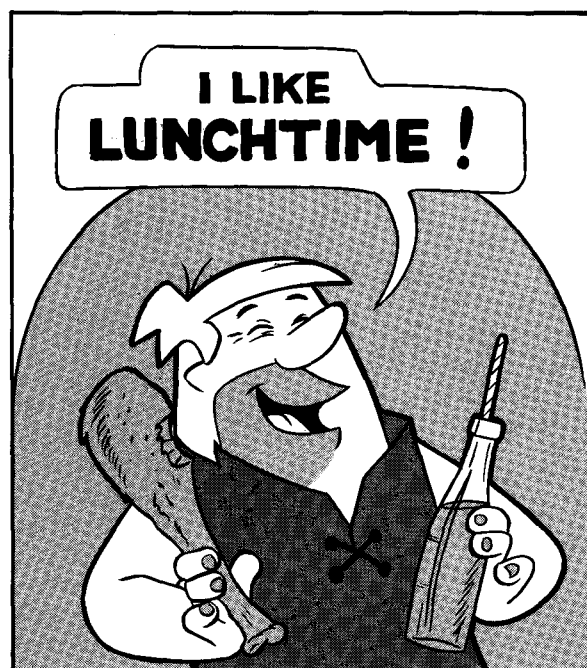
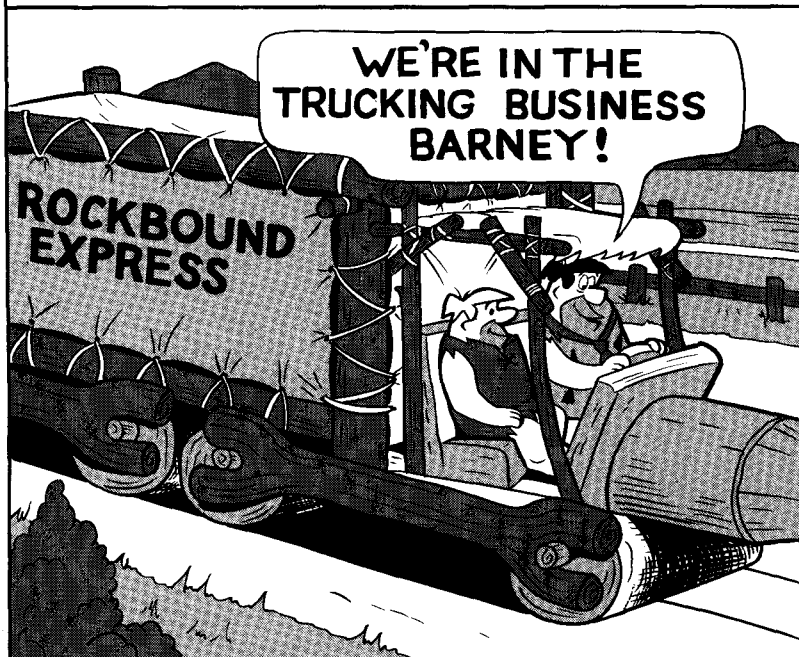
Neither Teja nor Williams was adept at examining witnesses. Sutter County hired a third prosecutor in mid-trial, a short, feisty man named Ronald Fahey. But Fahey stammered with witnesses and sometimes obscured evidence, and the prosecution's case was so complex that it sometimes took weeks of separated testimony to establish the meaning of a single item.

Murder book

But Teja had collected a great deal of evidence, and although some of it did not seem very important, its sheer bulk was impressive. Because no one item was completely damning in itself, Teja felt that the evidence must be seen altogether in "a mosaic." There was Corona's ledger, which had been found in his bedroom. It contained the names of seven identified dead men, and beside the names were dates close to the last known times when those men were seen alive. Two handwriting experts testified that Corona had written all the names in the ledger, and a third expert said that Corona had written at least some of the letters in the names. Teja called the ledger "a murder list." He said it was not a normal Corona work record. At least one of Corona's work records, which Teja showed the jury, listed names, social security numbers, and amounts paid. But the ledger with the seven victims' names in it contained only names, dates, and sometimes places.

José Raya was the young Mexican who had been hacked up in the bathroom of the Guadalajara Café

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JUAN CORONA

in the early morning hours of February 25, 1970. Raya had said that Juan's brother Natividad Corona had attacked him. But for some reason, Raya decided in the middle of the trial that he wanted to change his story and say that Juan was his assailant. Ruling that the crime was not similar to the murders, the judge would not allow it, and it is doubtful whether Raya really knew who attacked him. But he testified to other matters.

Fahey examined him, while the jury looked at Raya's lopsided face, his glass eye. Fahey carried Corona's ledger to the witness stand. "Do you see your name on this ledger list?"

"Yes." Raya pointed to his name in the ledger.

Written in the so-called "murder book" above Raya's name was the date, Feb. 24, 1970. Raya looked at the date. He said that was the evening Juan Corona had offered to drive him and a friend out to the Sullivan Ranch to give them work the next day. Through another witness Fahey established that Corona had no work to give anyone at the Sullivan Ranch around February 24, 1970. The inference was clear. "Our only living victim," Williams called Raya.

The prosecution produced two knives which had been found in Corona's office at the Sullivan Ranch. One knife was huge and had human blood and dirt on it. The other was smaller and it, too, had human blood on it. A surgeon said the knives "could have" made the wounds in the victims' chests.

Deputies had found human blood in the trunk of Corona's car and in the back of his van. Not much blood in the van, but an expert from Dallas testified that what blood there was represented all four types in the ABO system. Other witnesses proved that, together, the victims had possessed all four blood types.

Inside Corona's van the state's criminalist had found a pair of boots with some blood on them and a shovel.

Workers from the ranch were called. They said they had seen Corona in various places around the ranch at what in retrospect seemed

peculiar times. Apparently these sightings of Corona had led the police to many of the graves.

There were months of evidence, and gradually the clerk's corner of the courtroom began to fill with photographs, maps, tools, clothes, and many legal weapons. Day after day, Juan Corona sat in his new suits and watched the prosecutors carry things he once owned up to the witness stand, and he showed no emotion but sometimes turned his face away from former friends who came to testify against him. He sat demure and silent beside Hawk, who was never silent long.

Hawk tried to show, through cross-examination, that just because an expert had said the knives "could have" caused the chest wounds, that did not mean they had. And since the prosecution couldn't prove that the blood on the knives was victims' blood, it was reasonable to infer that blood had gotten on the knives in some innocent way. The same, Hawk argued, was true of the blood in the van, because everyone in America has one of the four blood types in the ABO system.

As for the ledger, Hawk tried to attack the credibility of the handwriting experts, one of whom had said last summer that he couldn't be sure the writing was Corona's. But even if the experts were right, Hawk said, there were twenty-one identified victims but only seven of their names in the ledger. There were, in the ledger, many names of men who were not among the victims. The prosecution couldn't explain these inconsistencies, so Hawk asked the jury to infer that the ledger might have served some innocent purpose.

Hawk was able to show that if Corona had offered Raya work, the offer might well have been legitimate.

Teja called Byron Shannon, a black man from Marysville. Shannon said he had been talking with Paul Allen and two other identified victims outside the Guadalajara Café on May 12, 1971.

"Did you see Mr. Corona?"

"He come in a pickup and asked them if they wanted work."

"What happened then?"

"Riley and Allen got in the back. Smallwood got in the front with Corona and the other man that was with Corona."

Shannon, who knew Paul Allen by his black eye patch, told the jury he had never seen any of the victims again. Trying to attack the witness's credibility, Hawk went over Shannon's prodigious felony record and established numerous inconsistencies in Shannon's story.

Teja proved that the bullet found in one victim's skull was the same caliber and maybe even the same make as the bullets found in Corona's pistol. But Hawk noted that the bullet couldn't be matched to any particular gun and there were plenty of nine-millimeter pistols and Remington bullets around. Besides, the blood on the pistol's barrel didn't match the blood type of the only victim shot.

Teja said, "There is no evidence the pistol wasn't used as a bludgeon on some other victim." An autopsy surgeon said he had "found nothing to suggest" that the victims' wounds had been caused by such a bludgeon.

Deputies had found a machete in Corona's van. Metal tools such as machetes leave unique "striation" marks on solid things they cut. Corona's had been tested on Kenny Whitacre's skull, and it was definitely not the machete that chopped Whitacre. Nor had the prosecution produced any other weapons that might have caused the victims' head wounds.

The jury

But the jurors said they were satisfied with Teja's arguments. They were satisfied that Corona had left his signed and dated meat receipts, his deposit slips, in graves, even though Hawk had established that the four-day-old receipts might have been found with a body that was more than four days dead. The jurors said the meat receipts and the blood evidence were "damning," that the ledger was "a definite link between Corona and some of the dead men." "It was just impossible to explain away," said the jury foreman, Ernest Phillips, speaking of the evidence in general.

The jurors had seen enough evidence to make them suspicious about Corona, and it was their job to decide whether Hawk's inferences "pointing toward innocence" were "reasonable" or not. But after the trial many jurors revealed that they

had rejected many of Hawk's inferences because he hadn't proved they were true. They reached their decision in that way even though the judge had told them that the defense was not required to prove anything, that the burden of proof rested solely on the prosecution.

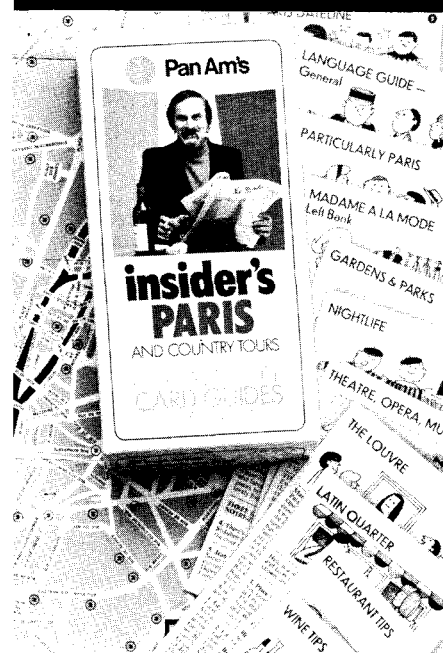
Because Hawk did not produce evidence of his own, they felt they had to convict Corona. "We had nothing for Corona," Naomi Underwood said, when asked why the jury had voted for conviction, why, among other reasons, she had given in. "All we had was prosecution evidence."

Long before the trial Hawk had been worried that the almost palpable presence of twenty-five corpses might lead the jury to demand some substantial proof that Corona was innocent. Hawk felt he had to give the jury other suspects. For one thing, his defense against the meat receipts had to rest on the notion that someone had planted them.

The state's witness, Byron Shannon, had said there was another man besides Corona in the truck that picked up Paul Allen and two other victims. What Hawk needed was suspects, and so when he questioned Shannon about this other man in the pickup truck, Hawk brought up the name Emilio Rangel. Through his questions to Shannon and other witnesses, Hawk made it clear that Rangel had been Corona's crew chief, that he had lived in a little house on the Sullivan Ranch where some bloody clothes were found, and that he had disappeared a few weeks after Corona's arrest.

The prosecution claimed that Corona was the only good suspect who had access to the Sullivan Ranch. Hawk argued that men like Rangel had free access. And so did Ray Duron, Hawk said. Duron is foreman of the Sullivan Ranch and was in business long ago with Natividad Corona, a professed homosexual. Hawk tried to cast suspicion on Duron with questions to police witnesses such as, "Did you know Ray Duron was in business with a well-known homosexual?" And because Duron and his workers had helped police find a number of the graves, Hawk asked witnesses, "Ray Duron. Pretty helpful finding graves, wasn't he?"

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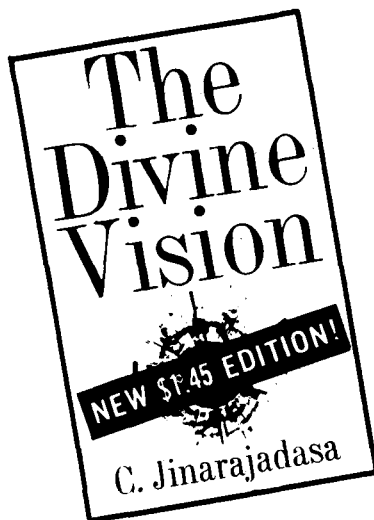
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JUAN CORONA

But Hawk had someone more important in mind than either Duron or Rangel. In his opening statement Hawk told the jurors that he was going to show that the murders were homosexual. Hawk said that when his case started, he was going to call an expert on homosexuality who would tell the jury about the Mexican *pasivo* homosexual.

"She will tell you that these men are driven by masochistic tendencies. That in Mexico the ultimate act of humiliation is to play the part of a female. That underneath this masochistic tendency is a broiling, bellowing rage, and that it is not uncommon at all for the *pasivo* homosexual to turn, to turn into a homicidal rage and destroy or mutilate the man he has just had intercourse with." Everyone, except possibly some jurors, knew that Hawk's murderous *pasivo* was Natividad Corona. And transcripts show that in chambers Hawk told the judge, "I truthfully believe that Natividad Corona is the one that killed these people."

Natividad once owned the Guadalajara Café in Marysville. He fled to Guadalajara, Mexico, in December of 1970, after he was named as the man who chopped up José Raya. According to Raya, Natividad had propositioned him just before the attack. And police reports show that before he left for Mexico, Natividad voluntarily gave information to the police against Juan, information concerning the Raya incident.

Transcripts show that in chambers Bart Williams argued that Natividad was in Mexico in 1971, the year of the murders. Hawk claimed he could prove Natividad was in the Yuba City area that year. The judge said he had seen no proof that Natividad was involved in the murders. And Hawk was not allowed to speak of him directly in front of the jurors.

One time, in open court with the jurors absent, Hawk managed to bring out some of Raya's previous statements about Natividad. And he was able several times to refer to him obliquely during his cross-examination.

Hawk asked deputies to describe the victims' clothing. Many victims

had been partly undressed and one man had been found in long johns with the backflap buttoned up but his penis hanging out. Hawk said that this man's "state of disrobe" showed that the victim had played the male role with the "female" killer. Now and then Hawk went on from there and asked the witnesses if they knew about the well-known homosexual who once owned the Guadalajara Café.

Natividad vehemently denies that he was anywhere but Mexico in 1971. He never appeared in court, nor did Rangel. As for Ray Duron, to the jury he seemed a credible witness. Hawk's innuendos about these men remained vague in court and had less effect on the jury than they did on the general public.

By the end, none of the things Hawk did affected the jurors as much as the things he failed to do. As Naomi Underwood put it, "We figured Mr. Hawk should've come through with certain promises."

In his opening statement Hawk said it would be obvious that the murderer was homosexual. Pacing around in front of the jury box, Hawk said his homosexuality expert had examined Juan. "And this same expert will tell you that Juan Corona is helplessly heterosexual." Hawk said that when the prosecution's case ended and it was his turn to call witnesses, he would produce a worker who had been injured and had bled in Corona's van, a pathologist (Dr. Loquavm) who would say that no matter which body the four-day-old meat receipts had been found with, all the bodies on the riverbank could have been dead for more than four days. Hawk said he would prove that Corona had been innocently working on a screen door the afternoon of May 19, when Kenny Whitacre was killed. Hawk had seemed eager to make clear that he was going to shoulder some part of the burden of proof. "I don't have to prove Juan's innocent," Hawk told a TV newsman. "But I will."

By Christmas there wasn't much left of the prosecution's case, just a few witnesses and some intrigue in the judge's chambers. The prosecutors rested their case on January 3, 1973. Then it was time to hear defense witnesses, and the judge leaned down from his high bench

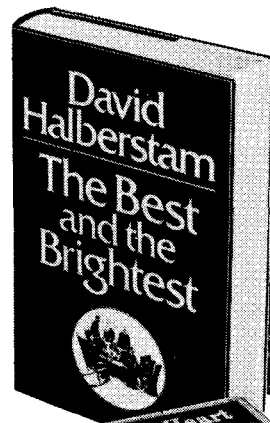
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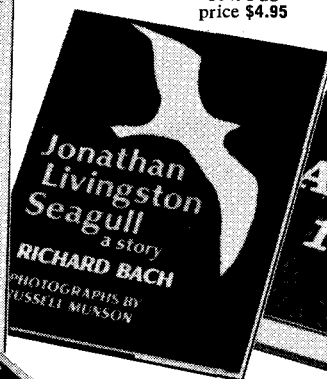
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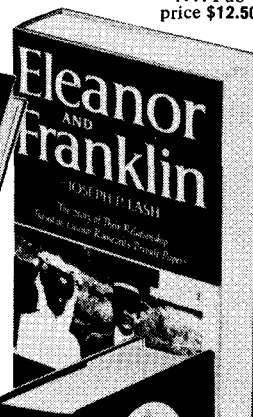
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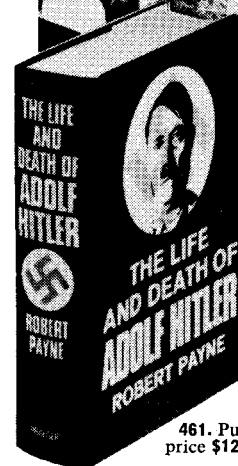


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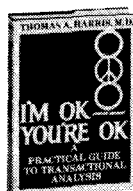
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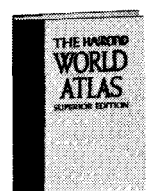
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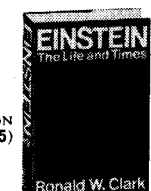
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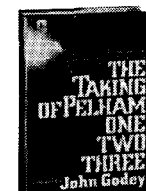
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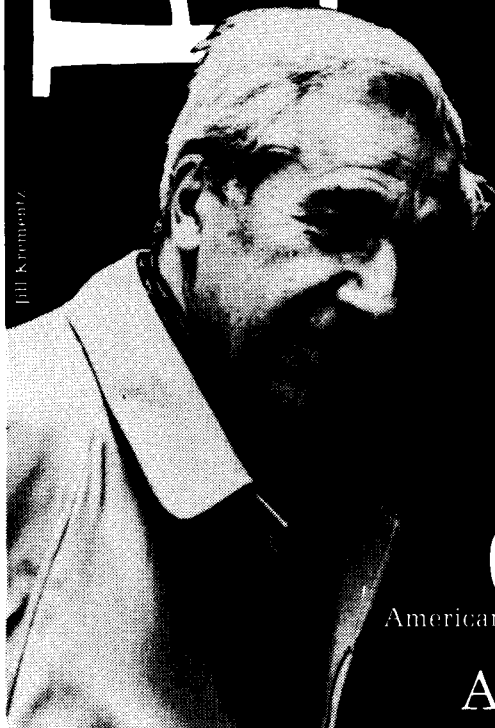
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JUAN CORONA

and said, "Are you ready to begin now, Mr. Hawk?"

"Yes, your honor." Hawk took off his glasses. "The defense rests."

After the trial, Teja speculated that Hawk's homosexuality expert was backing out on him, and that was why Hawk rested without calling any witnesses. Hawk said he felt he was winning and didn't need to put on a case.

But Hawk himself hinted that there might have been other reasons. Once he said to me, "If I get a hung jury, people'll say it's because I didn't put on a case. But maybe I knew some things they don't know." He gave his emphatic wink and walked away.

Whatever his reasons, it was a dangerous move, because he had already committed himself. He had promised the jury evidence, and now, having failed to produce it, it was as if he were telling them that the evidence didn't exist.

Hawk also gave the prosecution a weapon for their closing arguments, and Teja did not hesitate to use it.

Speaking to the jury from a portable podium, Teja opened the state's final arguments with remarks such as: "The defense's unfulfilled promises here amount to quite a few." "Where is the evidence that the defendant did not kill twenty-five men?"

When Teja said that Corona was now "stripped" of his presumption of innocence, Judge Patton responded to Hawk's objection by stopping Teja and telling the jury that Corona was presumed innocent until proven guilty. In chambers the judge said to the prosecutors, "I think you are on very delicate and very dangerous ground, and it really almost suggests to me that the People are inclined to just risk anything to get a conviction in this case."

Teja spoke for a day and a half.

Then Hawk got up and compared Teja to "a serpent." He said that if Teja had his way and shifted the burden of proof to the defense, the dawn of a new fascist era was at hand. Hawk went over the evidence and told the jury that he didn't put on a case because through cross-examination he had already proven

"a whole bunch of reasonable doubt" about Corona's guilt.

Ronald Fahey, who delivered the prosecution's rebuttal, agreed with Hawk that cross-examination was a sure "test of truth" and said he wished the prosecution had gotten a chance to try it. Fahey excused the state's failure to provide a motive for the killings. It would take "ten psychiatrists" to figure out what was going on in the mind of a mass-murderer like Corona. "Experts still don't agree on why Hitler wanted to conquer the world."

Of the three arguments, Fahey's was the most effective, and jurors said it helped to sway them. Fahey reviewed the evidence as if he were a policeman discovering it piece by piece, and when he was done everything seemed unusually still for a moment in the courtroom.

Then Judge Patton turned to the ten men and two women, who sat stiffly in the jury box, and read them their instructions. Among other things, he said the defendant's failure to testify must not be held against him. But later, when the jury foreman, Ernest Phillips, was asked, "Did it have a big effect on you that Mr. Corona didn't testify?" Phillips said, "It sure did. As I'm sure it did on all of you."

Judge Patton said that the fact that the defense did not put on a case must not be held against Corona. But when he was asked if Hawk's failure to produce witnesses had affected his decision, juror Richard Bremen said, "I can't say it didn't have any influence on me."

Judge Patton told the jury that the lack of a proven motive could tend to establish the defendant's innocence. He also told them that their decision must be based solely on the evidence presented in court. Meanwhile, at least one juror had figured out for himself that Corona killed the victims because he didn't like winos.

The jury deliberated for seven days. "First day," said Naomi Underwood, "it was seven to five for not guilty. It went back and forth awhile until it winded up eleven to one. That was for guilty. The TV had it wrong."

They took secret ballots, but someone knew her writing and, as they voted again and again and it kept turning up eleven to one, a

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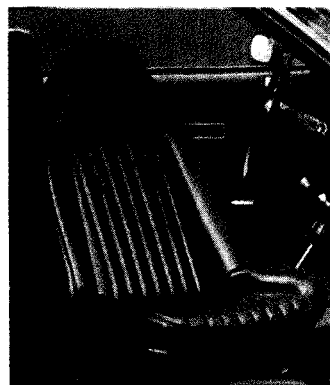
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JUAN CORONA

certain juror would point at her and say, "There's the one!"

Naomi said, "I don't know why I kept having the feeling that they wanted out of it quick."

In the evenings the jurors and their police guards went to various hotels, where, in spite of the judge's repeated warnings, several jurors watched the Corona news on TV. The last evening a conversation took place between Naomi Underwood and a police matron. The matron claims she didn't say anything specific about the case but only tried to soothe Naomi. According to Naomi, the matron told her not to worry about voting for conviction, and said that the police hadn't found a lot of blood on Corona's clothes because his wife had washed it all away. But Naomi said it didn't matter, she had already made up her mind, she would give in the next day. Among other things, she wanted to get home; she was worried about her cats.

And so on the seventh day the jury came in and handed over the verdict sheets. The judge read silently, then looked up and read aloud: "As to the first count of the indictment herein, which said count accuses Juan Vallejo Corona of the murder of Kenneth Edward Whitacre . . . we the jury find as follows. Guilty of murder in the first degree." The Corona women began to weep; so did Hawk's daughter and a newsman who was drunk. For half an hour the judge's even voice read out the twenty-five guilty verdicts, and the only other sound came from the women. They wailed like a Greek chorus.

It was over then except for the sentencing, which the judge accomplished two weeks later. First he said that Teja's final argument had stayed, just barely, within the law, and that he wasn't satisfied that jury-tampering by the matron had occurred. So he denied Hawk's first appeal. Then he sentenced Corona to twenty-five consecutive life terms. The sentence was meaningless, because under California law consecutive life sentences are automatically merged into a single life sentence. But Judge Patton's intentions were clear.

As he was led away, Corona carried his Bible and smiled for the demonstrators, who yelled things like, "Viva Corona! Viva Corona!" Another appeal began its tortuous way toward the higher court; it was expected to take a year getting there.

Teja popped some champagne, and later he went back to Yuba City, where he will no doubt be the D.A. for a long time to come. Hawk went to jail for contempt but stayed only a day before an appeals judge released him on bail. A month later he was arraigned on the charge of "willfully failing to file returns" on about \$100,000 of income. He pleaded innocent. Months later, while the contempt and income-tax charges were still pending, Juan Corona and his family grew disenchanted with Hawk. They began to look for a new lawyer.

In his home in Fairfield, a juror, George Muller, hunted in his mind for the right words. "I think myself and other people more or less thought Corona was guilty, but I think everybody, even today—of course, it's my opinion and only my opinion—but none of us knows for sure."

Last winter, almost two years of harvests since Kenny Whitacre's body was found, a tombstone was placed at Sutter Cemetery. Underneath it, two to every vault, were the unclaimed and the four unidentified victims. They were some of America's last bindle stiffs, and the epitaph on the tombstone took note of their occupation:

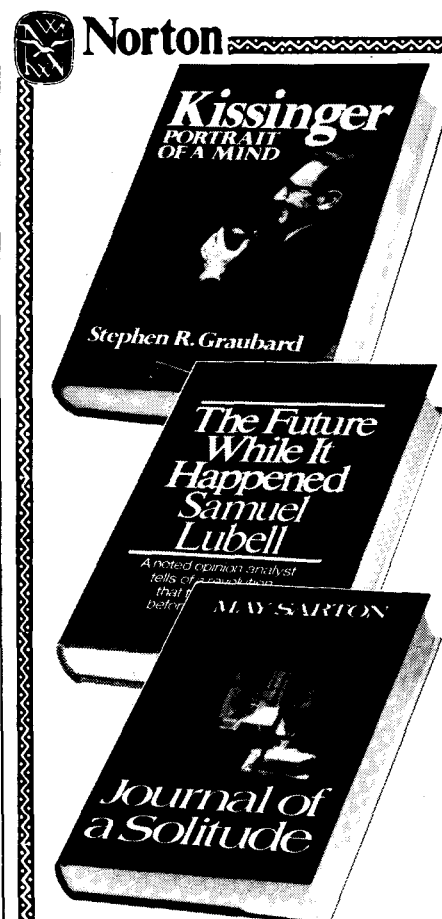
HERE LIE FOURTEEN MEN OF THE
SOD
FOUR OF THEM KNOWN ONLY TO
GOD

Three local preachers and a woman who headed the victims' fund-raising committee presided over the ceremony. There were three spectators, two of them local newsmen.

It was a clear winter day. But the wind was blowing out of the north, so when the preachers said their prayers over the stone, they kept them short, about a minute apiece. Then they shook hands. "Our work is done here," one of them said, and everyone hurried away.

—TRACY KIDDER

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTOR
Tracy Kidder is at work on a book about the Juan Corona case.



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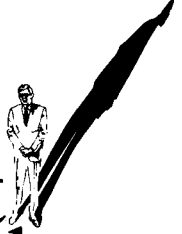
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Innocent Bystander

Hypmatized

by L. E. Sissman

Let us go, then, you and I, hand in hand into the New England summer of 1947, reeking Cheeverishly of mud flats and clam beds at low tide, colored above by the prematurely autumnal blue of the August sky, colored at eye level by the neon swirls and poster-paint squiggles of hot-dog, shooting-gallery, fried-clams signs, dwindling down the stony strand of Revere Beach like barkers into the eastward twilight where the ocean hove.

My dear friend Harry Brorby, the painter, and I had decided we needed a vacation from our summer vacation from school. Drawn, like so many Midwestern young men in those days, to the randy, yet Puritanic, residue of an older New England along its shores—the sagging, weathered ranks of modest cottages, the big gabled shingle houses on the piny points, the commercial tenderloins picked out with sideshow lights in between, the smells of beer and fish—we gravitated to the nearest of these pleasure domes, the people's beach just outside Boston, where old women in babushkas raised their skirts to wet their bare calves in the water, and old men, with their trousers rolled, dared to eat a Joe & Nemo's hot while standing knee-deep in the mud-gray brine, and heard, presumably, the juvenile delinquents singing each to each a good deal further out and deeper in.

New England summers take some explaining, too, to those who have not experienced their tentative delights. They are, *au fond*, a tease: summer, but for a few hot, enervating days, never really comes to

those northern shores; there is always a knife, a threat of fall, hiding in the skies just overhead, and summer's fruit is gathered furtively, like a boy's first fumbling sexual encounter. Indeed, there is something covertly sexual about summer at Rye Beach or Nantasket or Rehoboth or Watch Hill; unlike the foisonous strands of Florida and California, where sex, like tropical fruit, is always ripe, to hand, and free for the taking, the beaches of New England create a tense and tantalizing play between the withholding and the granting of love's hasty, sandy favors.

But it was not, this time at least, in hope of any dreamlike pickup and conquest that Harry and I journeyed by whining, wooden, orange streetcar to Revere; we were simply out to sniff the sea and see the sights, to partake of the reassuringly humane low life of the least pretentious of resorts, north, at least, of Coney Island. We disembarked, as I recall, at the south end of the beach toward the end of a cool, clear August afternoon, when the water temperature might easily, and deliciously, have exceeded that of the air; the lights were coming on, and the beach parties, some fully clothed, some in long, absurd, moth-holed, prewar bathing costumes, were falling back on the line of stands for the refreshment of Croft Cream Ale and cotton candy.

Ambling in a kind of overdrive, propelled by a kindly lassitude that just punted us along, Harry and I, with his painterly eye and my neophytic writerly one, busied ourselves being members of the crowd and simply sharing in the harmless pleasures of a proletarian day at the seaside. We had a couple of cream ales—there was something sealike in that sharp, peevish taste of alcohol held less subtly in suspension than in beer—and a couple of dogs to hold them down, dogs slathered with brilliant ocher ballpark mustard as a base for the white cubes of chopped onion and the sweet emeralds of relish. We squeezed off a couple of quarters' worth of .22 longs at a shooting gallery, pinking the occasional tin duck but not winning a bamboo pennant cane, a Kewpie doll, or even a vermilion Revere Beach balloon tied to a stick. We drifted down the narrow,

disaster-courting aisles of a souvenir shack, inspecting the miniature bean pots lettered "You Don't No Beans Til You've Seen Boston," the red-white-and-blue Revere Beach dresser runners, the balsam pillows ("I pine for you"), and the plaster-of-Paris replicas of Boston Light.

Then we moved on, passing a string of semi-winterized taverns with buzzing neon beer signs in their screened windows, a Karmel Korn machine on wheels, and — with an anti-superstitious picking up of pace—the bead-curtained booth of a gypsy fortune-teller. We stopped, for reasons not quite understood by either of us, before a brightly lit and lettered shack proclaiming the presence of Krypto the Hypnotist, Master of Human Suggestion. The primitive art beneath the sign showed Krypto, a goateed Mediterranean in a white, jeweled turban and a blue-black dinner suit, gesturing mesmerically toward the passersby, thus acting as his own inanimate barker. Hypnosis interested both of us; here was a chance to test the skill, or otherwise, of a small-time grifter, or otherwise; we paid our quarter each and passed in through the navy velvet curtain.

Inside, dispelling our ideas of dim-lit drama, was a small, bright, red-and-yellow beaverboard room about ten by twenty-five, with a low stage, or platform, along one twenty-five-foot side. Upon this stage, Krypto—for it must have been he, though this was a young man in his early twenties, dressed in a turtleneck and gray-flannel jacket over chinos and quite unlike his come-on portrait, except for the long, sallow face and neat goatee—exhorted a small, dubious audience of twenty or so, including many sailors (for the fleet was in), to provide a subject for his art. As he fingered various members of the crowd, they fell back in turn, not wishing to chance their luck at Krypto's rather grubby hands. Finally, the moving finger came to me; after a short, acrimonious internal debate, I found myself volunteering as the subject. Why, I'm not quite sure; I think that I felt a little sorry for this quite possibly inept practitioner; having paid my quarter, I felt, too, a kind

L. E. Sissman's most recent book of poetry is *Pursuit of Honor*.

BYSTANDER

of complicity, as if I wished him to succeed enough to make his success a mission of my own. So I clambered to the stage.

I should explain that in those days I was as tall as I am now and, at two hundred pounds or so, a good bit heftier; at six feet four, I found myself towering over my would-be hypnotist, who seemed almost toylike now that we stood on the same level. This was adjusted for by our both taking seats—wire-backed soda-parlor chairs—facing each other on the stage. The festivities began with an order for me to empty my mind and concentrate on my mentor's commands. I must wish, he said, "to be hypmatized" in order for the thing to come to pass. I was, he assured me repeatedly, becoming drowsy; I was, he added, falling farther and farther under his spell. He rose sinuously, like a snake charmer's cobra, the better to enforce his will, and stood over me, making presumably Svengali-like orchestra-conducting gestures with his hands, all the while fixing me with what must have been a genuinely hypnotic stare from his brown, liquid, quasi-Oriental eyes.

After about five minutes of this trance-inducing behavior on his part, I came to the sudden realization that, for reasons traceable either to his technique or my immalleability, nothing was happening; quite clearly, it was just not going to take. This was followed with a rising desire to laugh uproariously at the whole farcical proceeding, thwarted by an even stronger order from my superego to play the good subject and see the damned thing through. Just as I had resolved upon this course—I felt his *honor* was at stake and must be vindicated—he nearly blew the gaff (and my resolve) by telling me, "You are now in a psychotic state." Converting an involuntary snort into a deep-sleeper's sigh, I solidered on. In my psychotic state—eyes tightly shut, ticklishly close to gales of mirth—I gathered that I was to obey his every whim. First, as I recall, I shuffled somnambulistically across the stage, bearing various props from one place to another at his direction. The next, and far

tougher, piece of acting called for me to demonstrate that hypnotic subjects will refuse commands repugnant to their moral sense. A volunteer—Harry, I could see under my eyelids—was called up from the audience; I was told that this was my worst enemy and invited to assault him with a knife. I flexed my left, or stabbing, hand vengefully, getting into the spirit of the act. A rubber dagger, of the kind sold to small boys in dime stores, was thrust into it; I raised my arm high over my head, bringing it down toward where Harry's innocent chest must have been. Then, in a superb bit of melodrama, if I say so myself, I faltered, wincing gravely, caused my hand to shake with a gross tremor two inches from his chest, and dropped the dagger with the dulltest thud I've heard. This achievement brought a small round of applause, and I was off on the toughest test of all. I was to make myself rigid—"ab-so-lu-tely rid-gid"—at the hypmatist's command, arranging myself between the two chairs. This might theoretically be possible for a man in Olympic physical condition or

one genuinely hypnotized, but it was nearly impossible for me. In short, I gagged.

My involuntary laxity apparently escaped detection; next thing I knew, I was lifted, feet and shoulders, by two volunteer sailors, and carried, like a coffin, twice around the stage. Keeping rigid under these conditions called up the most strenuous and painful physical effort I've ever made; I just barely managed to avoid folding into a V until the blessed moment, when, to a good hand of clapping and a few enthusiastic whistles, I was set down upon a chair again. Krypto had come through. I was awakened and thanked for my cooperation.

I was stiff when Harry—who had of course realized that I was faking—and I limped, exhausted, to the streetcar. I was also sore for a week afterward. I was sadder and wiser, too. The moral I derived from this experience—and have furbished to a luster ever since—is this: don't do unto strange hypnotists as you would have them do unto you. Stick to the cream ale and the chili dogs and let the occult go hang.

How the English keep dry.

THE MAIL

THE HERBERT AFFAIR

SIR: Barry Lando's exposé of "The Herbert Affair" (May *Atlantic*) was disturbing; but less so for the shadow cast over former Colonel Herbert than for the shadow cast by the Pentagon over journalism.

As Lando noted without comment, in October, 1971, the Army arranged interviews for officers who refuted Herbert's charges and "produced an official 'fact sheet' disputing Herbert's claims point by point." Fair enough. But later in his article Lando uses many of these "official" Army accounts, without question, to cast doubt on Herbert's credibility. That Herbert may be a liar is true for all I know. But that the Pentagon has consistently lied about issues and events of this war is demonstratively true (recall the My Lai cover-up), especially when its prestige is at stake. At the very least, Lando asked the wrong questions of the Army, before turning on Herbert. If Herbert was not relieved of command for the reasons he said he was, why was he relieved? Why believe any Army careerist about anything, "impressive" medals or not? Given the Army's penchant for losing key documents (My Lai reports, for instance), why believe a word of any "official" record? Lando does not seem ever to have asked these questions, even of himself.

Forgotten in this sorry story of another sordid Vietnam "affair" is who or what created Herbert into an overnight public martyr-hero in the first place. As a former colleague of Lando's at CBS News (until abruptly dismissed as Pentagon researcher in the fall of 1971, the same time the Army blitz on Herbert began), I lay that responsi-

bility on television and the rest of the national news "media." Herbert may very well have exploited the war crimes issue, for revenge or other reasons, but Herbert could only have become an American household word because of his blind exploitation by the press.

JAN BARRY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR: Mr. Lando's article "The Herbert Affair" appears to prove that Lieutenant Colonel Herbert would make a poor witness in court in a mass murder trial. It also makes clear that he was a superb combat officer.

Similarly, try though he may, Mr. Lando is not a first-class investigative reporter. He is, presumably, a capable producer for CBS. So a man who desires to be an investigative reporter "exposes" a career officer who really is misplaced in front of the bright lights and the merciless questioning of Mike Wallace. One might question the ethics of producers and stars who put such men as Colonel Herbert in the dock when they have already decided they are lying.

Finally, may I call your attention to the one statement in Mr. Lando's article which would have struck the interest of a true reporter at once: "the Army admitted that some of those [atrocities] described by Herbert did happen. . . ." It was just this kind of lead which led a curious and conscientious young soldier to My Lai—or have we forgotten? When I think of the millions spent by Mr. Lando, CBS, and now *The Atlantic* to disprove what actually happened, I am almost converted to the conspiracy theory of history, which in this case would hold that you are all conspiring to bury the

evidence of several other My Lai massacres. Mr. Lando seems not to have awakened to the truth that the horrors of this war must be divulged not by confused lieutenant colonels but by the Pentagon whence the orders came. I'm sorry for Colonel Herbert but more sorry for Mr. Lando.

REV. DR. RALPH DOUGLAS HYSLOP
Union Theological Seminary
New York City

Barry Lando replies:

My feeling is that Jan Barry and Reverend Hyslop neither really read nor understood my article on Tony Herbert. Barry, for instance, attacks the media for having blindly exploited Herbert; that was exactly the point of my article. If Barry, as he says, knew of reports that "in fact seemed to implicate Herbert" in some of the atrocities committed by the 173rd, why did neither he nor anyone else in the antiwar movement blow the whistle on Herbert and the media? Or did it better serve their purposes to exploit Herbert and his charges themselves?

The charge that I used official Army accounts without question also ignores what I wrote in the article. Just because I did *not* trust those official accounts, I spent several months and spoke to more than 120 people to check out Herbert's story. There is no question that the media did a poor job in investigating war crimes charges, but that is not to say that we did nothing. I am only one of several CBS newsmen who did a number of reports focusing on American atrocities in Vietnam. The Herbert story, in fact, started out to be a profile of Tony Herbert as "war crimes martyr." The truth turned out to be something else.

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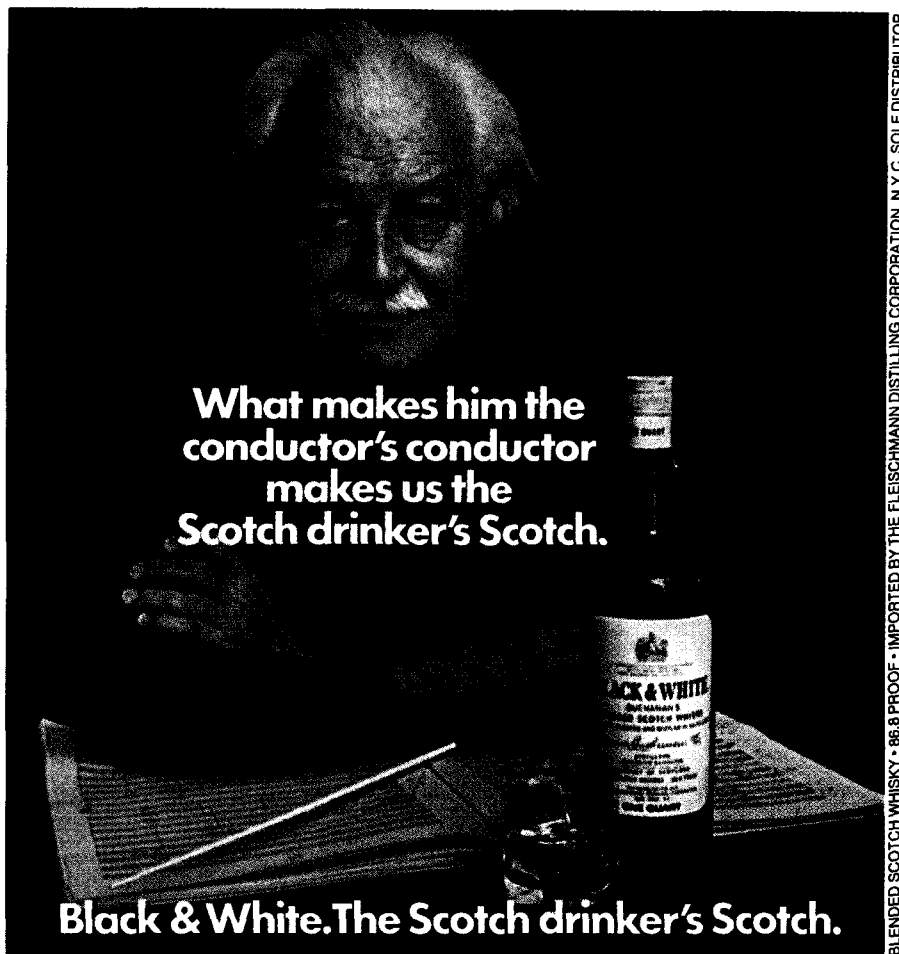
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But one gets the impression that what many who criticize my and *Sixty Minutes'* handling of Herbert would like is not so much a press free to seek out all the truth, but just that portion of the truth that bolsters their particular cause. Information that might "hurt" that cause should be ignored. With that view I cannot agree.

PING PONG

SIR: Regarding the story "Project for a Trip to China" by Susan Sontag in the April *Atlantic*. Never in all my life have I ever read such an unintelligible jumble of words. How a prestigious magazine like *The Atlantic* ever came to publish such doggerel is beyond my understanding.

IRA C. FRENDBERG
Grand Forks, N.D.

SIR: Thanks for including Susan Sontag's story in your April issue. She is such an artist!

AVERY DIAMONDSTEIN
San Francisco, Calif.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: While I was pleased by the attention and space given to my book, *The Politics of Broadcasting*, in the May issue of *The Atlantic* ("Cucumbers into Sunbeams," by John Lord), I was less gratified by the substance of the review.

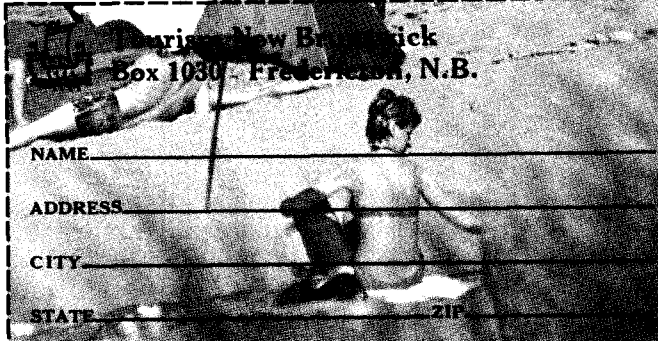
I respect Mr. Lord's right to limit his concern for broadcast journalism to a few rather special areas and gerrymander them to his own purposes, and I realize I must also put up with his misreading of the intent of my book. However, I would like to object to one quite damaging error which implies a serious oversight on my part, and makes me wonder if Mr. Lord read the book with the attention I feel it deserves.

Toward the end of his review, Mr. Lord singles out as "perhaps the most important consideration of all" the drop in TV newscast audiences and states that my book ignores it. I feel obliged to point out that as early as page 6 in *The Politics of Broadcasting* this phenomenon was reported with an accompanying graph, statistical footnote, and comment as to the possible cause. As a matter of fact, this sec-



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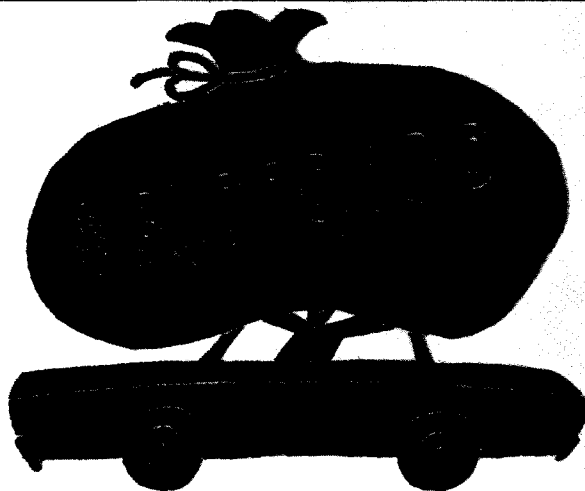


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tion of the survey was focused on by most of the newspaper and broadcast reports on the book which appeared in February and March.

MARVIN BARRETT
Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York City

SIR: For the second time in as many months your magazine has helped reduce my feeling of shame and disgust vis-à-vis the government's attacks on our Constitution and media. I think it would be an act of charity were you to send complimentary copies of your April issue to both the appropriate members of our Supreme Court and the now disgraced members of the President's personal staff. I doubt that the latter group has the requisite subtlety to appreciate this gesture, but you never can tell.

WILLIAM D. ELLIOT
Warren, R.I.

SIR: Jessica Mitford ("Experiments Behind Bars," January *Atlantic*) appears to believe that a primary motive for the pharmaceutical industry's reliance on prisoners for testing of drugs is to save money. Not true. The pay scales followed reflect typical or improved prison compensation rates—which we also believe should be substantially upgraded as part of prison reform.

She makes little reference to the fact that, with rare exceptions, our firms have had nothing to do with poorly designed or poorly conducted studies in prisons. Nor did she mention that many firms have a practical problem in being able to monitor only from a distance, so to speak, because of the nature of a system of deference toward investigators of established repute. The overwhelming majority of studies sponsored by our firms have been conducted with a decent regard for prisoners. This is not to say that some firms have never been sponsors of poor studies, wittingly or otherwise. Nor can responsibility be shifted entirely to the investigator. Hence we recommend guidelines for even closer monitoring in the future.

In her apparent zeal to ban any and all testing in prisons, she gives too little credit to responsible studies and to the model programs that some of our firms have established.

Miss Mitford overstates the significance of the "secrecy" surrounding the drug research. The protocols and data, in detail, are always submitted to the Food and Drug Administration.

What troubles me particularly is the implication of her proposal for the complete banning of prisoner participation in drug testing.

The pharmaceutical industry could no doubt survive the banning of prisoner testing, but you can be assured that the best of alternatives would slow down and complicate studies—hardly a desirable alternative at all if you concede that we still need better medicines.

Use of prisoners makes sense, provided ethics and decency in treatment prevail. Perhaps at some time in the future research technology may render such a system obsolete. But right now it performs an important role—if the larger interests of society have any relevance at all.

WILLIAM C. CRAY
Vice President, Pharmaceutical
Manufacturers Association
Washington, D.C.

In the June *Atlantic*, we published a chapter from Lillian Hellman's forthcoming book, *Pentimento*. The book was erroneously described as a volume of Miss Hellman's memoirs. It is a series of portraits of some friends and acquaintances.

THE EDITOR.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Milton Glaser

37—Frank Wolfe

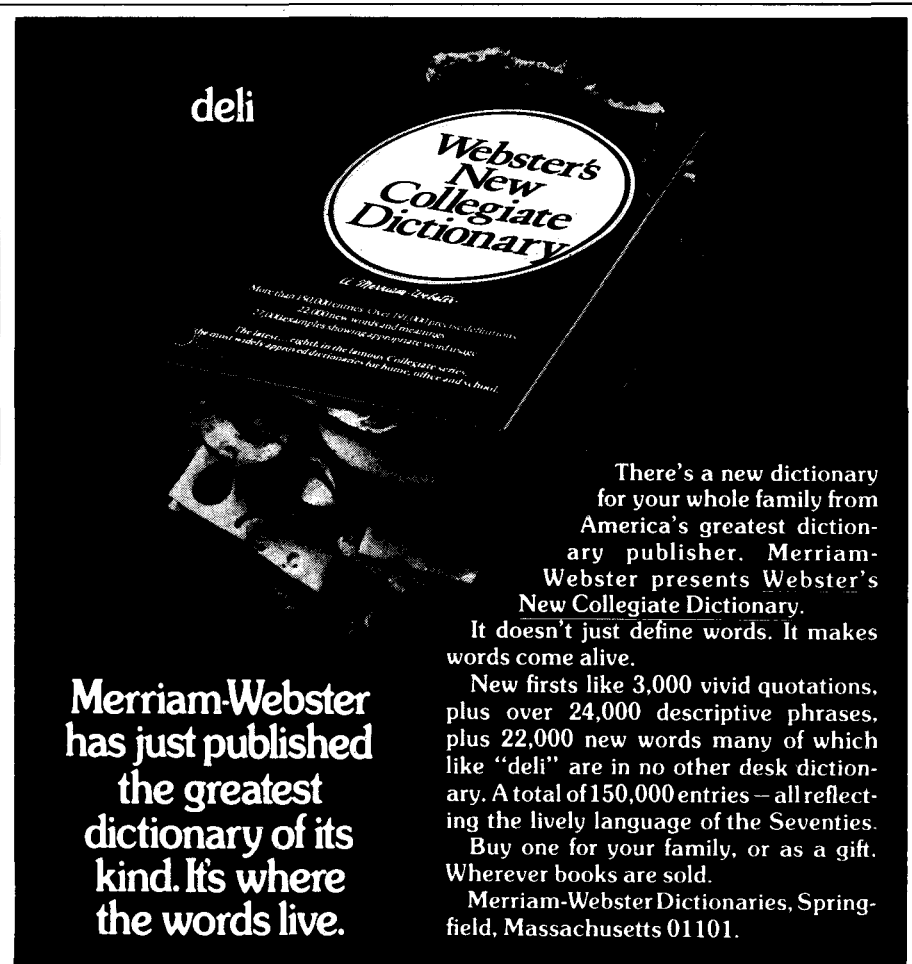
48-49—UPI

62-63—UPI

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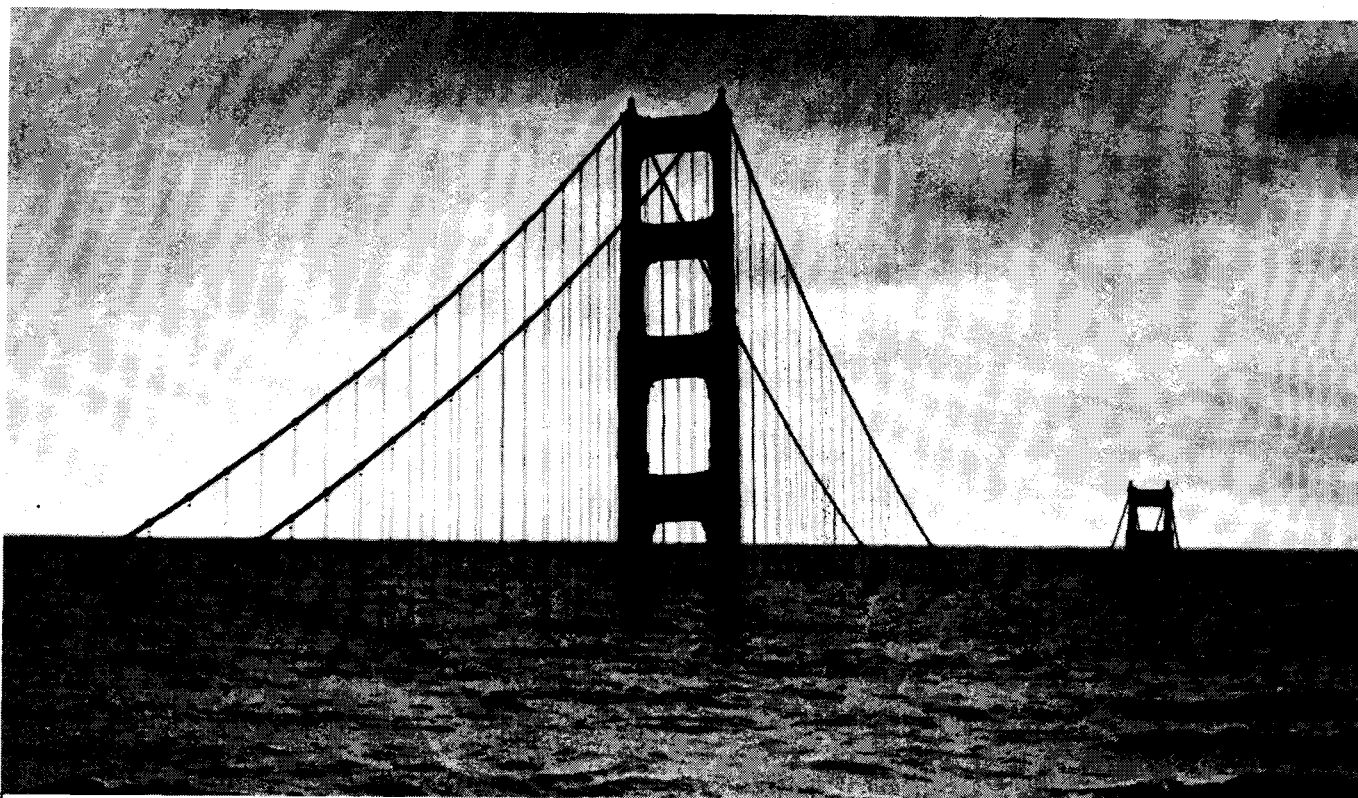
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A probability report.

The Sierra Club doesn't say that our planet is likely to go under at any moment through our heedlessness. The composite photograph above merely depicts a possibility.

The probability is fairly remote.

Every day, however, we are making environmental changes with consequences we still don't understand or even suspect.

Take heat, for example.

Everytime we build a city block of high-rise buildings, we change the wind pattern so there's less wind to carry the heat away.

Everytime we heat or air-condition these buildings, use an electric appliance or light, drive a car or manufacture a product, 100% of that energy eventually winds up in the environment as heat.

And it's not only cities.

We know that when we clear a forest, the land beneath absorbs more heat. And this also happens when we plow fields, defoliate veg-

etation or take the life out of the soil. (One acre of grass, for example, has a potential cooling effect up to that of a 10-ton air conditioner.)

We are eliminating natural cooling systems and creating urban heat islands where the climate is hotter, rainier, cloudier, more humid and, of course, dirtier, too. These artificially created climates, called "micro-climates" are already altering their immediate surrounding environment. And, if we create enough of them, we might alter the temperature of the entire earth.

One day as we approach the global heat limits, the polar ice caps could begin to melt, flooding some cities of the earth.

There are limits to the alterations we can make on our ecosystem. We would do well to slow the pace of change so we can determine these limits scientifically, before we discover them accidentally.

Sierra Club
Mills Tower San Francisco

Finally, a home appliance that talks back.



The home appliance is Phone-mate.

And what it does is answer your phone in your voice and then records the message of your caller. It's that simple.

Then when you return home, or finish what you've been doing around the house, you simply play back your messages.

How's that for back talk.

Pretty good. But answering your phone isn't all that Phone-mate does. It also lets you eavesdrop on a call without the caller knowing that you're there. Then if you want to talk, talk. Otherwise, Phone-mate will do the talking for you.

Phone-mate is easy to use and works with any telephone ... even pushy ones.

With Phone-mate you'll never again miss an important phone call or be interrupted by an unimportant one.

Phone-mate. The most useful appliance you'll ever buy. \$139.50 at fine stores near you.

Phone-mate®

For further information about Phone-mate or for the location of the store nearest you, call the Phone-mate Hotline (213) 320-9800. Copyright 1973, Phone-mate, Inc., Torrance, California 90503. Service centers nation wide.

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Pritikin & Gibbons Buys N.W. Ayer

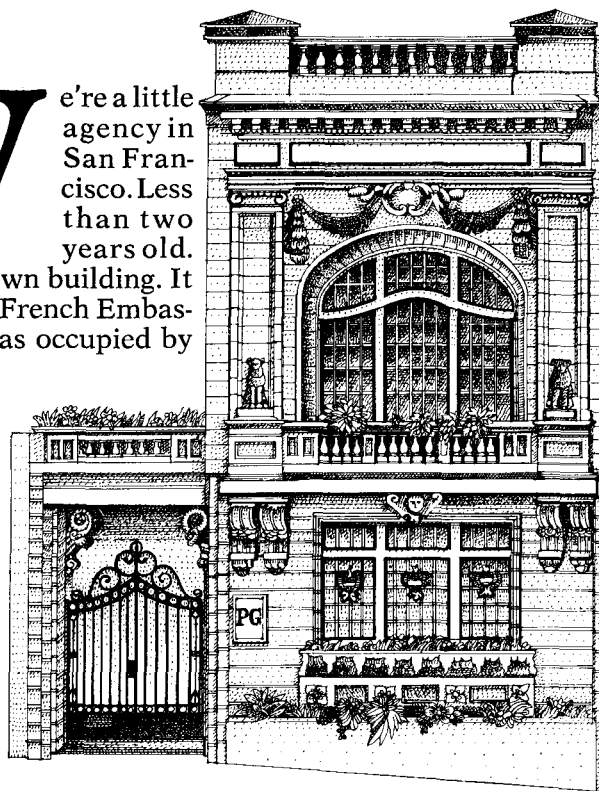
We're a little agency in San Francisco. Less than two years old.

We own our own building. It looks like the French Embassy. Once, it was occupied by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. We have 14 accounts, some of them quite dinky but all of them very big in our book.

The research firm of Crisp/Johnson, Inc., conducted an image

study of leading San Francisco agencies and we scored the highest of all agencies surveyed in "modern and progressive" and "creative." But our image was lower in things like "media capability" and marketing expertise." We truly believe that advertising is the art of business, not the business of art — but our public doesn't believe we believe it.

We decided to do something about our image — even though we know that an image can sometimes be a distorted reflection. We de-



Pritikin & Gibbons Building, San Francisco

cided that our young, upstart image should blend with an older, wiser image. N.W. Ayer is 104 years old. And very wise, indeed. We buy that. And we buy N.W. Ayer for a lot of other reasons. So just imagine our delight when N.W. Ayer told us that they buy us as well.

Now we're Pritikin & Gibbons, A Special Division of N.W. Ayer. It's like we're an agency's agency. Remember the Jack Tinker thing? It's a

little like that but not quite. We will serve as the San Francisco office for N.W. Ayer, applying the same diagnostic approach to communication that has helped our clients and ourselves grow with such inordinate speed and success; and we will provide creative direction for some of Ayer Pacific's national accounts (we might even provide the marketing direction but nobody has to know that). And, of course, we'll maintain our own accounts as well.

If you're a client (do you really think of yourself as a client?) and if you want explosive and adventuresome advertising that has a curious dignity and logic behind it; and if you'd like to try a more daring but highly disciplined approach to solving marketing problems — then perhaps you should be thinking about us. And by us we mean Pritikin & Gibbons Communications and N.W. Ayer. Ayer buys us. We buy Ayer. Maybe you'll buy us both.

Pritikin & Gibbons Communications

A Special Division of N.W. Ayer
2151 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, California 94109
Phone: 563-5727

THE LAST DAYS OF THE PRESIDENT

LBJ in retirement

by Leo Janos

On the night before Christmas, 1971, Lyndon Baines Johnson played the most improbable role of his varied and controversial life. Protected from public view behind the gates of his Texas ranch, and no longer suffering the cloying presence of a battalion of White House reporters, Johnson donned a red suit and false beard, climbed aboard a small tractor, and drove to the hangar adjoining his airstrip. Assembled inside were the families of his ranch hands for what had become a traditional ceremony over the years: receiving greetings and gifts from LBJ. This time, they were so stunned at the sight of the former President ho-ho-hoing aboard a chugging tractor that they greeted his arrival with disbelieving silence. Undeterred, Johnson dismounted the tractor and unloaded a bag of toys for the children, sent to him for the occasion by an old friend, New York toy manufacturer Louis Marx, father of Patricia Marx Ellsberg.

"I'm going to enjoy the time I've got left," Johnson told friends when he left Washington in January, 1969, a worn old man at sixty, consumed by the bitter, often violent, five years of his presidency. He had never doubted that he could have won the 1968 election against Richard Nixon if he had chosen to run for another term. But in 1967 he launched a secret actuarial study on his life expectancy, supplying personal histories of all the males in the recent Johnson line, himself included. "The men in the Johnson family have a history of dying young," he told me at his ranch in the summer of 1971. "My daddy was only sixty-two when he died, and I figured that with my history of heart trouble I'd never live through another four years. The American people had enough of Presidents dying in office." The prediction handed to

Johnson was that he would die at the age of sixty-four. He did.

He returned to the Texas hill country so exhausted by his presidency that it took him nearly a full year to shed the fatigue in his bones. From the outset he issued the sternest orders to his staff that the press was to be totally off limits. "I've served my time with that bunch," he said, "and I give up on them. There's no objectivity left anymore. The new style is advocacy reporting—send some snotty-nosed reporter down here to act like a district attorney and ask me where I was on the night of the twenty-third. I'm always guilty unless I can prove otherwise. So to hell with it." His press grievances were usually accompanied by favorite examples of anti-Johnson stacked decks—among these, the flurry of comment generated when he had lifted his shirt to expose ample belly and fresh surgical scar. He explained: "Rumors were flying that I really had cancer. I had to prove I really had my gall bladder taken out." By contrast Nixon, he thought, had intimidated the press into fair treatment. "The damn press always accused me of things I didn't do. They never once found out about the things I did do," he complained with a smile. One result of such self-righteous bitterness was that the man who had been the world's most powerful and publicized ruler was simply swept down a hole of obscurity, surfacing only occasionally at University of Texas football games or at the funerals of old friends such as Hale Boggs and Harry Truman. A logical surmise was that Johnson was brooding in silence on his ranch porch, pouting at the unfriendly, unloving world beyond his guarded gates. But LBJ's temperament was more complicated than that: relaxed, easy, and friendly for days, he would suddenly lapse into an aloof

and brooding moodiness, only to give way to a period of driving restlessness. He was a seesawing personality for as long as anyone could remember.

His first year in retirement was crowded with projects. He supervised nearly every construction detail of the massive LBJ Library complex on the University of Texas campus, which houses not only thirty-one million documents acquired over thirty-eight years in Washington, but also the LBJ School of Public Affairs. At one point, university regent Frank Erwin approached Johnson about an Indiana educator who was interested in running the LBJ School. Johnson frowned at the mention of the state which sent to the Senate one of Johnson's least favorite persons, and among the most vocal of his war critics, Vance Hartke. "Frank," Johnson responded, "I never met a man from Indiana who was worth a shit."

There was fresh bitterness over a series of hour-long interviews with Walter Cronkite for which Johnson had contracted with CBS before leaving the White House. The first show, on Vietnam, had been a fiasco. "I did lousy," Johnson admitted, and raised hell over what he claimed had been an unfair CBS editing practice—Cronkite refilming new questions to answers he had originally given during the interview at the ranch. "Cronkite came down here all sweetness and light, telling me how he'd love to teach journalism at Texas someday, then he does this to me," he fumed. The critical reaction to his television interview on Vietnam reinforced Johnson's conviction that his presidential memoirs should be divided into two separate books, one on domestic policies, the other on foreign affairs. In this way, he reasoned, the Great Society would be spared from the critical response he anticipated to his explanations of Vietnam policy. His publishers talked him out of separate books, and Johnson cautiously began unfolding his version of his presidential years. Assisted by two trusted staff writers, Robert Hardesty and William Jorden, he issued only one firm guideline, that not one word should appear in the book that could not be corroborated by documentation. To aid in this effort, Johnson threw open to his writers every file and document from his White House years, including telephone conversations he had held as President, which were recorded and transcribed for history. (Exposure to this material was largely for his writers' background information; few revelations or previously unpublished documents appeared in Johnson's book.) Jorden, a former New York Times reporter who had worked as an assistant to Walt Rostow, was particularly impressed with his research reading. "My God," he said, "I thought I knew just about everything involving Vietnam dur-

ing my White House days. I discovered that I had missed a lot."* William Jorden worked on the book's Vietnam chapters, which went to twenty drafts, and were read by McGeorge Bundy, Generals Earle Wheeler and William Westmoreland, and Abe Fortas, LBJ's pre-eminent confidant, among others, before receiving final approval. The result of all this effort was a fully researched but flat and predictable apologia of the Johnson years, most of its vital juices evaporated many drafts ago.

Hurt and disappointed by the adverse critical reaction to his book, *The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency, 1963-1969*, Johnson found solace working the land of his 330-acre ranch, which he bought in 1951. Under a fiery Texas sun, the Pedernales River runs clear and full. Fat cattle graze languidly in the shade of live oaks. Johnson knew that he owned some of the loveliest property in Texas, and unleashed his energies as a working rancher like a restless child entering a playpen. LBJ installed a complex irrigation system (and was observed clad only in paper shorts helping to lay pipe in the middle of the shallow Pedernales), constructed a large hen house, planted acres of experimental grasses sufficiently hardy to withstand severe hill country weather, and built up his cattle herds through shrewd purchases at the weekly cattle auctions near Stonewall. On one occasion, ranch foreman Dale Milenchek talked Johnson into purchasing an \$8000 breeding bull. The massive animal impregnated only a few cows before suffering a fatal leg infection. Johnson complained, "Dale bought me the most expensive sausage in the history of Texas."

No ranch detail escaped his notice. Once, driving some friends around the spread, LBJ suddenly reached for his car radiophone, which crackled just as much in retirement as it had when he was President. "Harold, Harold, over," he barked. "Why is that sign about selling the Herefords still posted? You know we sold them last week. Get it down." At the LBJ State Park, across the road, Johnson enjoyed escorting his guests to a slide show and exhibit on the hill country. On another occasion, I observed Johnson watching a preview of a new slide show with increasing annoyance as the bearded face of a local Stonewall character appeared in various poses, slide after slide. Turning angrily to his park supervisor, Johnson exclaimed: "Will you please tell me why we need six slides of Hondo Crouch?" Another must on a Johnson-chauffeured tour was the family graveyard, a few

*One of the more secretive Presidents, Johnson nevertheless was unexpectedly willing to open up portions of his archives to scholars as quickly as possible. At the time of his death, he had arranged for the LBJ Library curator to meet at the White House with Nixon's then chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, to discuss declassification of Johnson's foreign policy papers. The basis of the meeting was Nixon's new executive order providing more flexible guidelines on declassifying documents. LBJ hoped his papers would meet these new guidelines.

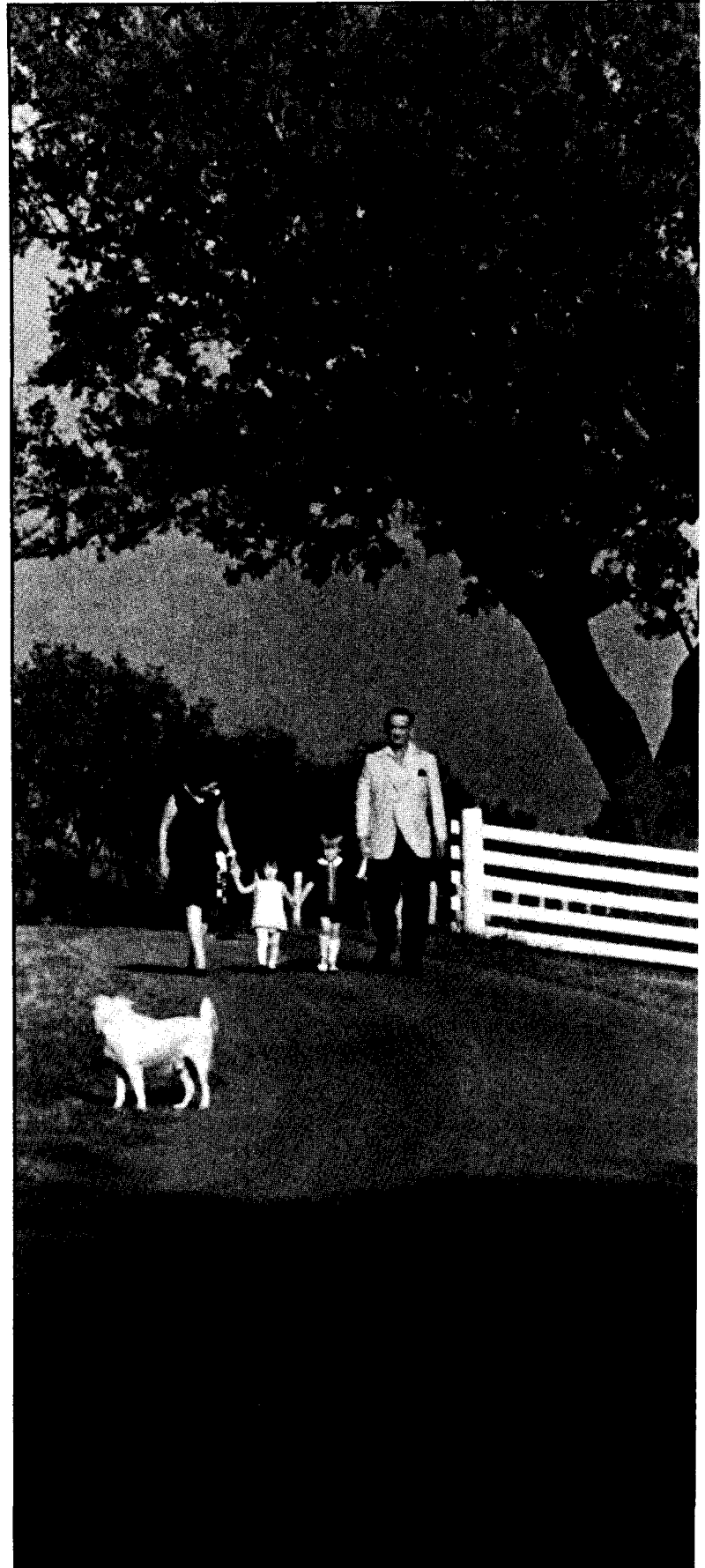
Leo Janos served as a member of President Johnson's staff. Since 1969 he has been a Time correspondent first in Houston, and now in Los Angeles.

hundred yards from his home. "Here's where my mother lies," he solemnly declared. "Here's where my daddy is buried. And here's where I'm gonna be too." Then, a sudden acceleration and the white Lincoln Continental would roar to the cow pastures.

Old friends invited to dine with the squire of the Pedernales would be advised that dinner was at eight. But not until ten or eleven would Johnson appear, happily tired and dung-booted, to regale his guests about the new calf or progress with his egg production. "He's become a goddamn farmer," a friend complained. "I want to talk Democratic politics, he only talks hog prices." Often, Johnson took friends to a favorite hill on his spread to watch the sunset. His Secret Service bodyguard, Mike Howard, unpacked an ice chest and glasses, and the group would relax and drink to the setting sun. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, cook Mary Davis, a keenly intelligent black lady, would begin pressuring Lady Bird to get Johnson and his guests back before dinner was ruined. "Another half hour and I simply cannot be responsible for this roast," Mary would complain. With a sigh, Lady Bird would begin the artful manipulation of her husband. Contacting him on the car radio, she would suggest: "Honey, why don't you take everyone over to Third Fork and show them the deer?" (Third Fork was only a quarter of a mile away, in the direction of home.) Such ploys often failed, however. "Damn it," Johnson would reply, "I'm not going to be pressured into keeping to anyone's schedule but my own."

He was still very much "Mr. President" to the retinue serving him in retirement, including three round-the-clock Secret Service protectors, a Chinese butler named Wong, brought to Texas from the White House, two secretaries, a dozen former White House staffers, who worked at the library but could be tapped for other duties when the occasion demanded, as well as a dozen or so ranch hands who were kept scrambling. A phone call would dispatch an Air Force helicopter to carry him forty miles from his ranch into Austin, where a landing pad had been built on the library roof. For longer trips he used his own twin-engine turboprop. A visitor expressed surprise that LBJ could still summon a helicopter to fly him around the Austin area. An aide responded, "He was living this way when he was in the Senate."

He took up golf, puttering around courses in Fredericksburg, and on trips to Mexico. One day, playing with a few aides and friends, Johnson hit a drive into the rough, retrieved it, and threw the ball back on the fairway. "Are you allowed to do that?" one of the wives whispered to a Secret Service agent. "You are," he replied, "if you play by LBJ rules."



LBJ and Lady Bird with their grandchildren at the ranch

Each December 21 he would host a rollicking party at the Argyle Club in San Antonio to celebrate his wedding anniversary. The guest list was limited to his closest friends, including a Texas businessman named Dan Quinn, who on the day of the wedding had had to run out and buy a ring for Lyndon to give to Lady Bird, since the groom had forgotten that particular detail. The hired band was instructed to play danceable music only, and Johnson, a classy ballroom dancer of the first rank, would dance with every lady present into the wee hours.

Each February Johnson would take over a seaside villa in Acapulco for a month's siege. The exquisite estate is owned by former Mexican President Miguel Alemán, a business partner with LBJ on several Mexican ranchland deals. Johnson would fly in family, friends, and aides, as well as his own cook, food, bottled water, and even air-conditioning units. He brought his own food, water, and liquor to Acapulco to avoid the embarrassment of his 1970 trip when nearly all of his guests developed classic cases of "Mexicali revenge" after being fed local produce. At night, films would be shown, courtesy of LBJ friend Arthur Krim, who would have the newest releases flown down. Johnson also loved to visit Alemán's ranch, Las Pampas, deep in the Mexican interior, enjoying the total isolation and rugged beauty of the place. He was moved by the poverty of some of the ranch hands, who almost invariably had large families. Using an interpreter, Johnson would lecture the wives about birth control and the need to have small families if you are poor. Back in Texas, he began sending the families packages of birth control pills, vitamins, clothing, and blankets. "If I became dictator of the world," he said, "I'd give all the poor on earth a cottage and birth control pills—and I'd make damn sure they didn't get one if they didn't take the other."

Each Friday morning, a White House jet landed at the LBJ ranch, depositing foreign policy briefing papers prepared especially for Johnson by Henry Kissinger's staff. On two occasions Kissinger himself arrived at Johnson's door for personal briefings on the peace talks; twice he sent his deputy, General Alexander Haig. In all, LBJ's relations with the Nixon White House were cordial, although he sensed that the briefing papers told him only what Nixon wanted him to know. His death canceled plans he had negotiated with the White House to entertain Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir in Texas, following her February meeting in Washington with Nixon. Johnson thought it would be a splendid idea to have Mrs. Meir participate in a question-and-answer session with the students of the LBJ School. Through an old supporter, New York industrialist Abe Fein-

berg, he queried Mrs. Meir on the matter and received word she would be delighted to visit with the students and attend a Johnson-hosted luncheon in Austin. The White House arranged to fly Mrs. Meir to Texas. A few weeks before Johnson's death, Richard Nixon called to tell him that a cease-fire was imminent. Johnson got in touch with his veteran speechwriter, Horace Busby, and asked him to prepare a statement on the cease-fire. "Get this thought in," Johnson instructed Busby. "No man worked harder or wanted peace more than I."

Johnson had decidedly mixed emotions about his successor. He was puzzled by Nixon's cold style ("Imagine not inviting one member of Congress to Tricia's wedding. If you don't respect them, they won't respect you") and aghast at some of Nixon's domestic policies. Shortly after leaving the White House, he remarked to a Texas businessman: "When I took over the presidency, Jack Kennedy had left me a stock market of 711. When I left the White House, it was over 900. Now look at it. That's what happens when the Republicans take over—not only Nixon, but any of them. They simply don't know how to manage the economy. They're so busy operating the trickle-down theory, giving the richest corporations the biggest break, that the whole thing goes to hell in a hand-basket." Amused staffers recall that on the trip back to Texas aboard Air Force One, Johnson went up and down the aisles giving financial advice: "Keep all your money in cash," he urged. "Nixon will have us in an inflationary recession before his first year is over." (He had also, he told me, given his outgoing Cabinet members a different, if equally sobering, kind of advice: "Each of you had better leave this town clean as Eisenhower's hound's tooth. The first thing Democrats do when they take power is find where the control levers are. But the first thing Republicans do is investigate Democrats. I don't know why they do it—but you can count on it.")

Johnson gave Nixon "high grades" in foreign policy, but worried intermittently that the President was being pressured into removing U.S. forces too quickly, before the South Vietnamese were really able to defend themselves. "If the South falls to the Communists, we can have a serious backlash here at home," he warned. "When you think of what the South has been through, and what that government is up against, it is nothing short of a miracle that they have kept everything together for as long as they have. Thieu's no saint, but you have got to respect his ability to keep things together under the worst conditions imaginable."

Over a lunch, at which I was a guest, a few days after the first installments of the Pentagon Papers appeared in the *New York Times*, Johnson ruminated about his own Vietnam policies. "We made a couple of key mistakes," he admitted. "To begin

with, Kennedy should have had more than eighteen thousand military advisers there in the early 1960s. And then I made the situation worse by waiting eighteen months before putting more men in. By then, the war was almost lost. Another mistake was not instituting censorship—not to cover up mistakes, but to prevent the other side from knowing what we were going to do next. My God, you can't fight a war by watching it every night on television."

He then launched into a long defense of his policies against the allegations and implications contained in the *Times's* articles. "All the time, in 1964, I really hoped we could negotiate our way out of a major war in Vietnam," he said. "The Russians shared our hope." As the situation deteriorated in Vietnam, he said, he tried, by proceeding with U.S. troop buildups quietly and slowly, to avoid inflaming hawk sentiment at home and, perhaps more important, forcing Hanoi to call on the Chinese for help. "I told my advisers, 'By God, don't come to me with any plans to escalate this war unless you carry with you a joint congressional resolution.' I wasn't going to follow Truman's mistake in Korea when he went in without congressional approval. They claim I used Tonkin Gulf as an excuse. Hell, the Communists hit us there twice. The first time their torpedo boats hit the day before, I did nothing, hoping it was either a mistake or the action would not be repeated. But when they hit us again the very next day, I was forced to act. And just about every member of Congress was marching right along with me." He was particularly ruffled by the accusation that he had been secretly planning to bomb the North at the time of the 1964 campaign, when Barry Goldwater was calling for precisely such an act. "It is absolutely untrue," Johnson said. "On at least five occasions I personally vetoed military requests for retaliation bombing raids in the North. Only late in 1965 did I reluctantly agree to it. Not one of my principal advisers—Rusk, McNamara, Bundy, and George Ball—opposed my decision not to rush into retaliation strikes. We had contingency plans to bomb in the North for retaliation for terrorist raids in the South. But I didn't want to do this. Finally, they attacked our base in Pleiku in February, 1965, destroying many planes and killing a lot of our men. I was forced to act. I felt I had no choice. All of my civilian advisers, every one of them, agreed with me. Dean Rusk told me, 'Mr. President, this is a momentous decision.' I suppose it was."

We were in a private dining room on the third floor of the LBJ Library. Across the hall was a replica of Johnson's White House office. A three-foot electric pepper mill sat at the head of the table, and butler Wong scurried in with a plate of steak and sweet corn. Johnson seated himself ahead of his guests, a presidential practice carried into retirement, and began to eat. Aides arrived to

whisper in his ear about incoming calls. He either shook his head or left the table for many minutes. Secret Service agents haunted the surrounding corridors, walkie-talkies in hand. *Déjà vu* was a decorative theme: on one wall of the dining room were the framed photographs of heads of state whom Johnson visited during his years in office. "Here's my favorite," said Lady Bird, pointing to a photo of South Korea's President, General Chung Hee Park. "He was a real no-nonsense fellow." (Lady Bird was more conservative than the public ever realized.) LBJ laughed. "I remember our trip to Seoul. My God, I've never seen so many people lining the streets. I asked Park, through an interpreter, what would he estimate the crowd to be? The interpreter jabbars a bit and tells me, 'President Park, he say population of Seoul is one million. People on the streets is one million. That's all the people we have. So solly.'"

During coffee, the talk turned to President Kennedy, and Johnson expressed his belief that the assassination in Dallas had been part of a conspiracy. "I never believed that Oswald acted alone, although I can accept that he pulled the trigger." Johnson said that when he had taken office he found that "we had been operating a damned Murder Inc. in the Caribbean." A year or so before Kennedy's death a CIA-backed assassination team had been picked up in Havana. Johnson speculated that Dallas had been a retaliation for this thwarted attempt, although he couldn't prove it. "After the Warren Commission reported in, I asked Ramsey Clark [then Attorney General] to quietly look into the whole thing. Only two weeks later he reported back that he couldn't find anything new." Disgust tinged Johnson's voice as the conversation came to an end. "I thought I had appointed Tom Clark's son—I was wrong."

Johnson rarely worked at the LBJ Library, preferring instead to do business at his comfortable ranch office, where on the wall opposite his large desk hung a painting of a Texas landscape by artist Peter Hurd. At Lady Bird's behest, Hurd had been commissioned to paint the official presidential portrait, resulting in what Johnson called "the ugliest picture I ever saw." Reminiscing, Johnson explained: "He didn't follow the strict rules about size and style laid down about those portraits. I like his scenes much better."

In March, 1970, Johnson was hospitalized at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, after complaining of severe chest pains. Doctors reassured him that he had not suffered a heart attack; instead, the pains were caused by angina, a hardening of the arteries to the heart resulting in an insufficiency of blood to the body's most vital organ. Although there was little that could be done to cure the condition, Johnson was urged to lose

considerable weight. He had grown dangerously heavier since leaving the White House, gaining more than twenty-five pounds and weighing around 235. The following summer, again gripped by chest pains, he embarked on a crash water diet, shedding about fifteen pounds in less than a month. But shortly before Christmas, 1971, he shocked his friends by suddenly resuming cigarette smoking, a habit he had discarded over fifteen years before, following his first, near fatal, heart attack. "I'm an old man, so what's the difference?" he explained. "I've been to the Mayo Clinic twice and the doctors tell me there is nothing they can do for me. My body is just aging in its own way. That's it. And I always loved cigarettes, missed them every day since I quit. Anyway, I don't want to linger the way Eisenhower did. When I go, I want to go fast." He quickly became a chain smoker.

In April, 1972, Johnson experienced a massive heart attack while visiting his daughter, Lynda, in Charlottesville, Virginia. Convinced he was dying, he browbeat Lady Bird and his doctors into allowing him to fly home to Texas. So, late in the night of his third day in intensive care, a desperately sick LBJ was rushed to the airport and ferried back to Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio. The departure was so sudden that the Charlottesville hospital director, hearing a rumor that Johnson might try to leave, rushed to the hospital only to find LBJ's empty wheelchair in the parking lot.

Miraculously he survived, but the remaining seven months of his life became a sad and pain-racked ordeal. "I'm hurting real bad," he confided to friends. The chest pains hit him nearly every afternoon—a series of sharp, jolting pains that left him scared and breathless. A portable oxygen tank stood next to his bed, and Johnson periodically interrupted what he was doing to lie down and don the mask to gulp air. He continued to smoke heavily, and, although placed on a low-calorie, low-cholesterol diet, kept to it only in fits and starts.

Meanwhile, he began experiencing severe stomach pains. Doctors diagnosed this problem as diverticulosis, pouches forming on the intestine. Also symptomatic of the aging process, the condition rapidly worsened and surgery was recommended. Johnson flew to Houston to consult with heart specialist Dr. Michael De Bakey, who decided that Johnson's heart condition presented too great a risk for any sort of surgery, including coronary bypass of two almost totally useless heart arteries.

"I once told Nixon," he said, "that the presidency is like being a jackass caught in a hailstorm. You've got to just stand there and take it. That's what I'm doing now." But he was also busy preparing his estate for his death. During the four years of his retirement he had managed nearly to

double his considerable estate, which included stock in at least nine Texas banks, television interests in Texas, Oklahoma, and Louisiana, a real estate and photographic supply company in Austin, 3700 acres of land in Alabama, and extensive property holdings in Mexico, the Caribbean, and five Texas counties.

The flagship of Johnson's business empire had been the Austin television station, KTBC, which Lady Bird had launched in 1952, nine years after she bought radio station KTBC. In September, 1972, LBJ engineered the station's sale to the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Corporation for nine million dollars, a premium price which impressed several of Texas' shrewdest horse traders. The sale provided Lady Bird with \$4.7 million, and the two Johnson daughters with \$1.3 million each. Working with his most trusted assistant, twenty-nine-year-old Tom Johnson, who had served as assistant White House press secretary (and is the newly appointed editor of the *Dallas Times-Herald*), LBJ negotiated with the National Park Service to take over his ranch home as a national museum after his death and when Lady Bird no longer desired to live there. Most poignant of all, he began a series of tough bargaining sessions with a Tulsa land company to sell the working portion of his beloved ranch. Surprisingly, these financial moves were made without the assistance of his lifelong business partner, Judge A. W. Moursund. "The judge and I have split the blanket," Johnson said. And that is all he would say.

Apparently the two had argued about the purchase of a bank, but, whatever the reason, Johnson and Moursund, a Blanco County judge whom LBJ had known since boyhood and who during LBJ's presidential years had a direct White House line plugged into his hill country ranch, remained totally estranged for the last year of Johnson's life. The split-up offered a rare peek inside Johnson's complicated business empire. Holdings and liabilities jointly filed included more than \$700,000 in loans from federal land banks in Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. Dividing property, Johnson received a 4000-acre ranch and 214 subdivision lots along Lake LBJ in Austin; while the judge received 3200 acres in Oklahoma and more than 2000 acres in a nearby Texas county. All of the loans were listed in the names of Moursund and his wife.

Sick and depressed, Johnson had hoped to attend the 1972 Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach, if only to stand up and take a bow. He needed some warmth and applause, but from Larry O'Brien and others the message filtered back that he had better stay home. The McGovern nomination disgusted him. "Nixon could be defeated if only the Democrats don't go too far left," he had insisted. But to John-

son, party loyalty ranked with mother love, so he was far from pleased to find such old colleagues as George Christian, Leonard Marks, and former Commerce Secretary C. R. Smith working for Nixon against other old friends such as Liz Carpenter and Joe Califano, who campaigned for McGovern. Of John Connally, with whom his relationship had long been complicated, and who he thought would run on the GOP ticket as Nixon's running mate, Johnson remarked philosophically: "John sees a good opportunity." But when another close Texas confidant stretched his endorsement of Nixon to include active support for Texas Republican Senator John Tower, Johnson angrily called the offender and exploded: "You're a fat old whore."

Johnson's choice to beat Nixon was Edmund Muskie. In his view, Senator Muskie was "crucified by the press. They zeroed in on him because he was the front-runner and pounded him out, just like they did to Romney in 1964." His disappointment was mollified slightly by his own estimations of the Maine senator, which he had discussed with friends a few years before. "Muskie," he had said, "will never be President because he doesn't have the instinct to go for his opponent's jugular." Prior to the convention, Johnson held long telephone conversations with both Muskie and Chicago's Mayor Daley on the strategy to stop McGovern. He advised Muskie to stand firm and hold out to see whether there would be a second ballot. But he refused to act on Daley's plea that he, Johnson, take an initiative and speak out against McGovern. "Johnson knows that if he takes such a stand it will be counterproductive," a friend said at the time. "If he goes against McGovern, it will only boost McGovern's stock. Lyndon just doesn't carry any weight in the party anymore, and he knows it. It's a miserable fact for a man who only four years ago was President of the United States. But it is a fact."

So Johnson suffered the election in silence, swallowing his nitroglycerin tablets to thwart continual chest pains, endorsing McGovern through a hill country weekly newspaper, meeting cordially with the candidate at the ranch. The newspapers showed a startling picture of Johnson, his hair almost shoulder-length. Former aide Bob Hardesty takes credit for this development. "We were working together one day," Hardesty recalls, "and he said, in passing, 'Robert, you need a haircut.' I told him, 'Mr. President, I'm letting my hair grow so no one will be able to mistake me for those SOB's in the White House.' He looked startled, so I explained, 'You know, that bunch around Nixon—Haldeman, Ehrlichman—they all have very short hair.' He nodded. The next time I saw him his hair was growing over his collar."

During the final months of his life he was suffering terrible pain. One of his last public appear-

ances, his dramatic speech at the Civil Rights Symposium at the LBJ Library, proved to be so exhausting that he spent the next two days in bed. He filmed a final interview with Cronkite, taking long rests between camera loadings. Against the urgings of his wife and friends, he attended the mass funeral of fourteen Austin youngsters killed in a bus crash. "Those people supported me when I needed them over the years," he insisted, "and I'm going to support them now."

Lady Bird noticed that he was unusually quiet on that cold January morning, but nothing seemed wrong, so she decided to drive into Austin for shopping. At mid-afternoon, on January 22, the Secret Service placed an urgent call to her via the car-telephone, and Lady Bird, in a shaking voice, called aide Tom Johnson at the television station. "Tom," she said, "this time we didn't make it. Lyndon is dead." □

THE GHOSTS

From the field she calls John, John. O
remember then the quick fall
of daylight on her dress, the field
sprigged with blue-eyed grasses.
It is the first morning of the world. Only
here among the bloodroot, under
the thick, white flowers, he sees the sun
pick at a rabbit, left behind
by winter. Memory replaces
worship. And she watches

his thigh pressed to the stove,
the implacable spread of frost
on the windowpane. It is night. The babies
are all gone. Humming she hears the first
star's tentative, hungry words. He has been
held there for years. The moon
has washed his face of all blood.

by Kathryn Ungerer

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE LABOR MOVEMENT?

A report on the state of the unions

by Wilfrid Sheed

(With research by Judith Ramsey)

The leader is half front man, half sultan; he may be a manly old warlord like George Meany or a hard-running young hustler, or the educated type who has to watch his vowels lest he get too many correct. More than half the union members find their leadership only fair to poor, or so their polls say. The rank-and-filers don't go to meetings much. The roly-polies are still generally in charge, and if they have their way, not much will change. All this and more can be learned from this deep study of the labor unions c. 1973 by a distinguished novelist, essayist, and critic.

The leaders: a gross profile

“Let me know if you find an American labor movement,” said Bert Powers of the New York typographers’ union. A quaint assignment for a freshman hazing: like being sent to look for Rousseau’s General Will or the Mystical Body of Christ. The labor movement is on the one hand an act of faith, and on the other a thousand small movements rowing vigorously in their own directions.

What most people have in mind by “Labor” is the AFL-CIO Executive Council, which consists of thirty-five Buddhas (no female Buddhas) who sit calmly above the battle. They bargain not, neither do they strike. (“George Meany never led a strike in his life,” is the cliché knock on the chairman.) They are Labor in the sense that an oil lobby is Oil, or the National Association of Manufacturers is Business: that is, powerful, but not the way Getty or Rockefeller is powerful. Most writing about Labor (which has a dismal sameness about it)¹ overemphasizes these elders because they are

the most tangible aspect of Labor, and its most coherent symbol. George Meany in particular is a godsend to a lazy writer, and to a celebrity culture, and many people have the impression he *is* Labor, all by himself. He isn’t, of course, but when you get past George, it’s like analyzing the Indian Ocean. The ocean is what it’s all about, but one must begin with Meany, and all the little Meanys.

The rank and file may be younger and blacker and less predictable; collective bargaining is certainly more sophisticated, and merged industries are hard to deal with in a back room; but you still have to start with him, the old man of the tribe, the labor leader.

Where a doctor might pass for a lawyer and a lawyer might be a banker, there’s no mistaking this guy. The gravelly voice, abraded in drafty meeting halls, the face of many weathers, and that style—watchful, patient, sufficiently charming for the political side of things. He tends to be built for sit-

¹A striking exception is the *Wall Street Journal* labor reporting, which I have scavenged more than once in preparing this article.

The American labor leader is part of a vanishing species that never quite seems to vanish.

ting up all night, like a beer bottle, and his backside is probably as callused by now as his hands. He is past sixty-five, but has no thoughts of retiring. "What to?" says one labor leader—referring to another one.

The American labor leader is part of a vanishing species that never quite seems to vanish. For years now, there's been talk of a new breed, but when the new breed comes along, it always turns out to be past sixty-five and bottle-shaped. Visit a dynamic young leader like Albert Shanker, with teachers, not mine workers, in back of him, and the reflective indoor physiognomy of a teacher, and you'll find him halfway into the gravelly voice, the face, the style. No one has yet found a better model, and one hopes for purely aesthetic reasons they never do. How many American originals hold up so well?

In the larger unions, the leader now sits on a bureaucracy much like any other and spouts lesser men's briefings on pension plans and guidelines and other complexities. Yet his is the face that Labor shows the world—and itself—and he remains important for that. Labor-talk always comes down to leader-talk, funny and gossipy as a Dublin pub. Why does George Meany do such and such? Well, you know old George. Old George's crotchets may in fact serve as a cover for Labor's true interests. But they are also a factor in themselves. The labor movement remains uniquely personal and man to man. To rise in it you need, to be sure, toughness and guile—but the boys better like you as well. The fact that they didn't like George McGovern still complicates any reading of their political interest: although maybe not quite as much as they'd like you to think.

Anyway, let's take a slightly closer look at the old boy, half front man, half sultan. From the several labor leaders I've met and the many I've heard about, I'd say that he hits it off well with his staff, especially the priest's-housekeeper-type secretary (it's taboo to marry the girl), and takes a fatherly, or godfatherly, view of his membership. His office tends to be functional but homey, informing you that power has not made him uppity. He officially distrusts intellectuals, but his picture of them is so grotesque that a real one has nothing to fear: you won't be spotted. Besides, his son goes to Amherst. And deep down, he is too sensible and practiced in human affairs to hate anyone, unless there's a tangible advantage in it.

He also distrusts journalists, and will tell you how consistently they misrepresent Labor. This

gives him an excuse to refuse interviews (I have never received such cumbersome runarounds: George Meany's secretary could not fit me in for weeks on end, until time ran out) when delicate matters are in the air, and to deny the ones he has given afterwards. Naturally, this adds to the useful legend that the press misrepresents Labor. Yet his forte is besting people with his tongue, and he may be tempted to have a go at you. In which case his pride proves well placed. Although he is a politician with a narrow constituency, and can be a little uncertain with strangers, he is excellent company, often a barroom wit, profoundly cocky but amiable, and he controls interviews beautifully. He tells you exactly what he set out to tell you, no more, no less, quite regardless of the questions. Some of his answers even sound memorized and you'll find them again in the union newspaper. One fresh pearl to an interview is about all you can expect.

If you dig any harder you will hit hostility almost immediately. The kind of mild adversary questioning on which reporting depends reminds him like a fire bell that Labor is embattled and that you've probably been sent here to make trouble. "What do you mean by that? I don't understand the question." You wait meekly for the secretary to buzz you out.

This paranoia may vary somewhat according to status within the movement. One young leader, who is a careerist playing a very difficult game, actually wrote the editor of this magazine to protest my fiendish interrogation. Naturally, I rushed to the tape, hoping he'd blurted something I'd missed. Nothing, of course: it was a milk-and-water job all the way. He had talked affably for two hours and was still talking on the way out and was probably afraid he'd been too friendly for his own good. (Incidentally, a couple of other spokesmen cancelled appointments after this, suggesting that our boy may have alerted the whole fraternity.)

Contrariwise, the majestic Paul Hall of the Seafarers' International Union takes a publish-and-bedamned attitude. A writer has to like Hall the way a fisherman likes a giant tuna: a marvelous talker, colorful, funny, indiscreet, Hall might break the writer's legs but would never hold a grudge. These are the two extremes, the anxious young hustler and the manly old warlord. But in between there is more caution than not.

The labor leader is also designed for function, which is why he survives. For instance, although his machismo is probably second nature, an educated man like Lane Kirkland (Meany's putative successor) has to watch his vowels in case he gets

too many of them correct. And Gus Tyler, the friendly philosopher of the International Ladies' Garment Workers (ILGWU), says it never hurts to seem tougher than you are. "When Mike Quill, the New York transit workers' leader, would stand up at those Garden meetings and really lace into Lindsay and let the other guys have it, the members would stand there and cheer and yell. He didn't have to call a strike. And he didn't. If they didn't have a chance to ventilate, he'd get the strike and it'd go wildcat." The rank and file must never suspect the chief of selling them down river to the boss: so if he doesn't give them a strike, he had better give them a display of bristling menace. (One leader, who was caught smiling recently, playfully accused the photographer of "ruining my image.")

Thus, to please the members, it is often necessary to irritate the public. Bad public relations is built into the situation, although those grunts and snarls may not be aimed at you at all, but at the membership. Union men sometimes complain that the public doesn't understand them, but maybe it's just as well. The ones you love to hate, like Mike Quill, do not necessarily get the biggest contracts. The Auto Workers, Tyler points out, with their silky-smooth negotiators, might call fewer strikes if the members had more chance "to ventilate"—an omen, perhaps, if the bureaucrats ever take over from the roly-polies.

According to a recent poll, 59 percent of rank-and-filers consider their leadership fair to poor. Whether this is just the nature of rank-and-filers, or the fruit of real observation, is difficult to say: they don't go to meetings much, and it's hard to tell what they're thinking unless they launch a wildcat strike in a given factory, as the Auto Workers have taken to doing lately. In which case, leadership hurriedly adjusts its robes and pretends to lead.

The usual charge is that the old boys are out of date. But as one raised in a Church where the leaders are perennially out of date, I have to wonder whether there isn't some advantage in this condition. "George Meany's last hurrah," say his supporters. And we think, Well, let him enjoy it. A marvelous character, George. Nobody minds waiting a few years for his vibrant successor. And so change never comes.

Seeming to be the last of the breed and perhaps even a little bit barmy is a trick worthy of the British House of Lords. Actually, in terms of Labor's practical interests, the current leaders are nothing like the doddering codgers they're made out to be. They have delivered quite well, politi-

cally and economically. Walter Reuther once called them "old fogies," but as we shall see, the old fogies were more than a match for Reuther. People talk about the unprecedented power of the labor movement, but then fail to connect it with the supposedly senile leadership. The leadership, senile like a fox, doesn't mind what you think. Here, for instance, is George Meany on worldly vanity. "Let the politicians have the glory," he says; "they'll feel better about us when we come ask them for something." Vintage Meany, vintage labor leader.

Things may seem fairly quiet at the top. Who will replace George Meany? Well, let's see now. A question for the third beer. The power struggle up there is almost imperceptible. But further down in the Big Muddy "it is as complicated and as tough and as sophisticated as the politics of the Borgias," says the whimsical Gus Tyler. Promising young leaders prefer to stay down there where the power is small but real. "Maurice Hutcheson [once the top cheese; since, ironically, retired] has the same relationship to the carpenters' union as the Queen of England has to the British Empire. He's there. And they'll keep him there forever, and his son, and his son's son, provided that he doesn't tell the affiliates what to do."

This is worth bearing in mind when next you hear about the gerontology of labor leadership. Nobody down there is scuffling for Meany's job. A local fief can't take his treasury and his political contacts up the greasy pole with him. "He knows [his lieutenants] are dying for him to become president, because the moment he leaves this area, after two years he's lost his base," says Tyler.

Still, that's only part of it. Local leaders are fiercely parochial, and they may not know what they're missing nationally. One asks expert after expert to define the power of the Executive Council, and specifically of George Meany, and a vaguer set of answers you never heard. It boils down to a nebulous network of favors which may retire when George does. "He can call off the cops for you," if that's your problem, "he can legitimize a shaky strike," "he can fight for legislation." "He can embarrass you," says columnist Murray Kempton, which, in a business where Face is half the battle, may be the biggest gun of all.

Whatever the exact nature of Meany's power, real or totemistic, it reflects like the sun off the faces of his followers, who chorus his praises repeatedly and sometimes downright fulsomely. Even independents like the Auto Workers would not, in my hearing, say a word against him—possibly be-

To please the members, it is often necessary to irritate the public.

cause they might want to get back into the AFL-CIO someday. Only the odd maverick voice, in horrible isolation, will say something like David Jenkins (a former legislative aide to Harry Bridges of the Longshoremen): "We recognize he is as paranoid as Joe Stalin." Or Leon Davis of Local 1199, the New York Drug and Hospital Union: "He couldn't get two votes for dogcatcher in our local."

How much of Meany's mystical power is shared by his cardinals on the Executive Council is hard to judge. One interesting clue is that, however much or little there may be, it's enough to make someone as shrewd as Albert Shanker of the New York teachers' union want it, even to the point of elbowing past his own national leader, David Selden, to get on the Executive Council. This seems at first blush like an odd ambition. Council members are unsalaried and untenured, and the only power they appear to have is the power to agree with George Meany. (Even a feisty dissident like Jerry Wurf of the Municipal Employees protests his admiration for the boss, and rations his dissents to no more than one a year.) They do have some prestige, for what that's worth, and broader interests than the local *capos*. They have quotable opinions on national elections as well as next year's contracts, on Japan as well as Dearborn. Up there, one can even believe in a labor movement.

Labor and the liberals

The political clout, real or fancied, of Meany and his Council, and the direction it seems to be taking, is what worries liberals the most. (In what follows, the word "meany" will sometimes be used generically, like *caesar*, denoting the whole imperium. At such times, a lower-case *m* is used for ungainly convenience.) Labor people will tell you that liberals gave up on them long ago "because we became successful—they only like glorious failures like Chavez," but in my experience this is only glancingly true. To be sure, Stalinist intellectuals, that phantom, infinitely expandable band, gave up on Labor in the forties, when Reuther et al became such majestic anti-Communists. But your regular cuddly liberal confined himself to fretful tut-tuts over union abuses, and took no action at all. Of course, the kind of full-bodied support Labor used to need it no longer gets from anyone, and some Labor romantics, who would like to be figures in a WPA mural forever, may resent this. But in recent conversations with ivory tower friends, when the question came up, "Would you cross a picket line?" the answer was: "Just about never."

It would be truer to say, on behalf of the wishy-washy liberals, that Labor has pulled away from them. Liberal loyalty has tended to be stubborn to the point of sentimentality. If you are a liblab over forty, you will have weathered quite a few temptations to abandon it. The day you sensed that they were making more money than you was a rough one—but you swallowed it: the latest raise still left them some ways behind the chairman of ITT or Sammy Davis at The Sands. And when the plumber refused to make a house call—OK, you can't blame a whole movement for that. And when the subway went on the fritz and the teachers and the garbage . . .

Still OK. They're striking me this time and not some fat-faced boss. But a liberal mustn't be selfish. Besides, the rising cost of corruption and official boobery probably hits me harder and I don't even know it. (In fact, I suspect these service unions have brought the most ill will down on Labor for the smallest return. Liberals aren't *that* unselfish.) Groggy by now, but determined—Hoffa, there's one in every crowd. Segregation in the building trades? You should see the Social Register.

But in the last year or two, the old faithful have begun to wonder whether they weren't being even more gullible than tradition demands (the kids may have caught on quicker). When the New York AFL-CIO dumped their old pal Arthur Goldberg in favor of Nelson Rockefeller for Governor, one eye opened. When Meany himself declared neutral for Nixon, the last veil seemed to come off. It wasn't just the decision or nondecision, it was the unavoidable crassness of it all. McGovern had compiled a 93 percent pro-Labor voting record; Nixon made 13 percent. A fragrant fact sheet on McGovern, taking trade-off votes out of context, was circulated among Labor delegates in Miami—and later traced to the building of the busy Committee for the Re-Election of the President in Washington. Meany's own favorite excuse, that McGovern let him down on a make-or-break vote in 1965, hardly stacks up against Nixon's 13 percent. Yet so passionate was George Meany's neutrality that he later tried to punish his Colorado affiliate for endorsing McGovern, and is still trying at this writing, although his own team "won 80-0," as Moe Foner of the New York Drug and Hospital Union (1199) put it. (Constitutionally he may be entitled to do this, hinging on the sense of the word "affiliate"; but a less thorough man could always drop the matter.)

American Labor travels light ideologically and can swap beads with just about anybody—except possibly with an ideologue, like McGovern.

Hastily, the apologists fell back on the cloudy issue of style—it was the feminists and fags and abortionists (all of whom were rebuffed by McGovern in Miami); it was the generation gap and the elitists and God knows what all. The poor old liberals, who'd gone along with Labor so far, were rounded on as snobs and dreamers, which possibly served them right.

Meanwhile, the *Wall Street Journal* calmly published some, on the whole, less moonstruck reasons for Labor's position. The Administration had in the last year or so:

(1) Allowed Meany's pet construction unions a separate pay board, which rode looser on the wage-control guidelines than the regular one did.

(2) Relaxed pressure on these same unions to integrate. New York Plans, Philadelphia Plans, et cetera, went into deep freeze.

(3) Dropped anti-transport strike legislation that would have inconvenienced the Teamsters, and showed uncharacteristic clemency to James Hoffa. (Hoffa's parole seemed at first glance calculated to embarrass the current boss, Frank Fitzsimmons. But I have it on good authority that Fitzsimmons wanted Hoffa out of jail, where he was rapidly becoming a saint to the membership.)

(4) Assured the Seafarers that a good piece of the merchandise in the Russian wheat deal would be carried in American bottoms.

(5) Benignly witnessed the Justice Department's clearance of Paul Hall, the Seafarers' boss, from indictment for illegal campaign funding. (Since misuse of funds is the common cold of Labor, it gives politicians their most reliable bargaining handle.)

And so on. By chance, these were the unions which also felt the most violent antipathy to long hair and fags. Those less blessed, like the Meat Cutters and Machinists, felt they could live with hair down to your fanny. (One demonologist suggests that Meany's recent demand for food-price controls may be a negative payoff for the Meat Cutters' McGovernism. I cite it here mainly for the rich quality of the paranoia.)

Why does Labor feel obliged to go through these contortions to conceal its real interests—even when these seem legitimate? The Seafarers' deal, for instance, needed no cumbersome camouflage. For years (if boss Paul Hall speaks true) our State Department had allowed foreign ships to carry the bulk of our overseas trade, for good diplomatic reasons. (Hall may exaggerate this imbalance, especially in the case of wheat, which has traditionally traveled in U.S. bottoms. Anyway, it is the case he makes.) Now with our wheat on the way

to Commie rats the unions could righteously close down the docks, and rediscover the evils of Communism one more time. This gave them new bargaining power, and they used it. ("If money would have bought them [the longshoremen], Nixon would have given a billion dollars a guy, from a pure political necessity."—Hall.)

Still, Labor gropes for high-minded excuses, and finds them. Whether it's anti-Communism or the work ethic—anything is better than admitting you just want the money. Maybe there is enough idealism in their own membership, or their own memories, to require some minimal lip service. Or maybe some deeper sense in organized labor acquires its legitimacy (not to mention occasional governmental funding) from idealism. Whatever it is, the result is too often a threadbare hypocrisy that makes Labor look worse than it is. Its gross spokesmen, already grossly profiled above, develop the heavy disingenuousness of mobsters and bishops. The ever-refreshing Paul Hall admits frankly that he doesn't give a damn about long hair or homosexuals, so long as they don't disturb the rest of the crew and keep it awake at night. And even those who use style as an excuse will admit with the next breath that unions have more serious fish to fry than that.

They will also tell you they are not paid to be idealists. As Albert Shanker puts it: "Most teachers join our union because we have a contract, we process their grievances, and we manage a welfare fund, and we get them salary increases. They didn't join because they want us to support great social legislation." Precisely. And why should we expect more, from any sector of society? Even liberals have interests, but they're too noble to admit it.

One hears this same tune in different voices. The gist: "Why expect us to be better than you? We're just like anyone else—bakers, candlestick makers." (Someday, I'm going to check out candlestick makers. There's something fishy about the way they kept coming up in these interviews.) The point is incontestable. And when they follow with a list of the social legislation Labor has supported anyway, one has to wonder why they *are* better than us, if they don't have to be.

But then why, if their real business is union business, did Peter Brennan—then head of the New York City Building and Construction Trades Council, now Secretary of Labor—declare the Vietnam War the "main issue" of the last election? What conceivable effect did the war have on the construction business in New York—unless possibly a bad one? And why did the New York teachers consider the war none of their business, while the

national AFT came out against it? Idealism seems to go on and off like a tap in these matters.

Or again, there was George Meany, going straight for the Vietnam War in his Election Day wrap-up, as if it were burning a hole in the AFL agenda. Why? Well, George is a lifelong anti-Communist, like Peter. Remember the troubles he's seen when Communists tried to take over the movement. Yes, that was some time ago—but George has a long memory.

This kind of argument makes Labor sound almost as fatuous and otherworldly as the liberals they mock. Meany's anti-Communism certainly runs deep and strong. Yet in March of last year he backed any Democrat, except Wallace or Lindsay, against Nixon. So a short memory would be the issue here, not a long one. To be sure, McGovern's labor relations were as clumsy as most of his other relations (he even managed to leave his staunchest union supporter, Jerry Wurf of the Municipal Employees, off his labor advisory board), but Meany's touchiness is an even weaker reed than his anti-Communism. His regal indignation was a sight to see in Miami: it was George the Character at his finest. But he played it too broad, snorting and no-commenting and refusing to leave his hotel. As if he really had nothing to say.

What did he (and his AFL-CIO colleagues) really want: renewed control of the Democratic Party? He hinted as much after the election, although the more usual line is that American Labor resists party affiliation. It weakens you too much—look at Britain, where Labor has all the force of the Church of England. An official Labor Party can sell you out at leisure because you have no place else to go. American Labor travels light ideologically and can swap beads with just about anybody—except possibly with an ideologue, like McGovern.

A beachhead in the Republican Party then? Well, that would be handy too. But the question seems none too pressing to our spokesman—suggesting that one isn't phrasing it right. The relationship with either party is more ad hoc and fragmentary than any European model. It consists of scores of separate relationships with local politicians, most of whom happen obviously to be Democrats, but some of whom (especially if you're in the building trades) are not. It was this network of private understandings that McGovern (and the Democratic Party reforms identified with his name) threatened, and Lonesome George himself could not make enough deals to remove the threat, so long as his young followers manned the club-

AN AFL-CIO PRIMER

The AFL-CIO is a union of unions. Each of its 116 affiliates is autonomous, except for constitutional strictures with regard to corruption, discrimination, and Communism.

Policy in matters affecting the federation is made at biennial conventions at which each affiliate is represented in proportion to its membership. The convention also elects the president and secretary-treasurer, invariably George Meany, 78, and Lane Kirkland, 51. It also elects thirty-three vice presidents, most of them presidents of their own unions. Seven vice presidents come from the building trades. Implementation of policy is carried out by the AFL-CIO Executive Council, comprised of the above-mentioned officers. Only George Meany (\$90,000 annually) and Lane Kirkland (\$60,000) have salaried jobs; the others are paid by their union.

Then there are the departments and their directors. Alexander Barkan heads COPE, the Committee on Political Education, which pours millions of dollars and much manpower into the political campaigns of candidates supported by Labor. In 1972 COPE put \$4 million into the congressional races but remained "neutral" on the presidency. Andrew Biemiller, the chief labor lobbyist on Capitol Hill, runs the department of legislation. Nathaniel Goldfinger, an economist, is in charge of

the department of research and works with government officials on wage-price control matters. Jay Lovestone runs the department of foreign affairs, and Donald Slaiman the department of civil rights. There are others, but these are probably the most important.

For AFL-CIO affiliates with strong common interests there are six constitutional departments with their own officers, rules, and dues structures. The most important are Building and Construction, the Industrial Union, the Maritime Trades, and the Metal Trades. These departments, which are generally not answerable to the Executive Council, deal with matters of concern to their own constituency—for example, in the case of Metal Trades, the threat of companies that move their plants to foreign countries, thereby displacing American workers.

The same federation principle exists in microcosm on state and local levels, where central labor bodies are chartered by the AFL-CIO. The federations lobby for and implement legislative programs at the state level.

City and county central labor bodies unite the political efforts of local unions. However, the locals are not bound to affiliate with them. In fact, in certain areas the local central body is much more powerful than the state federation. This is certainly true in New York City, and in Cook County, Illinois. —J.R.



houses. They, you'll remember, had no mystique of the labor movement. Their idea of a labor hero was Cesar Chavez, and their obsession with boycotting lettuce must have grated on the elders much more than their long hair. Cesar Chavez is emphatically *not* what the labor movement is all about.

So to some extent this is just more nontalk for the basic Labor article, "Is Labor returning to the Democratic fold?" which appears about twice a month in your favorite newspaper. "Strong sentimental ties" are cited among the old softies, although assorted builders and teamsters have been voting Republican for years. Well, the Democrats certainly need Labor funding, and Labor needs friendly politicians. And it's always nice to control a party. But Labor can probably live for now without it. In 1972, COPE—the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, Labor's collective funding device—supported a motley collection of good old boys, and got very much the mixture it wanted, plus two presidential candidates competing furiously for future favors. So who needs a party? "We reward our friends and punish our enemies," Hall quotes Samuel Gompers. And a Republican friend is as good as a Democrat, if possibly a little harder to find. A Labor contribution looks bigger in a Democrat's hope chest, where it doesn't have to compete with an industrialist's, and the Democratic link will no doubt continue in some form. By 1974, according to one prophet, Meany will announce that the Republicans have betrayed him (Watergate is hurrying the timetable) and by 1976, God willing, he will be talking about the Democrats coming home, and he will presumably deliver as much rank and file as in 1972, when 71 percent of workers said that Meany's opinion had no influence whatever on their votes.

The one noteworthy development of 1972 was a more efficient marshaling of votes for local rumblers. Traditionally, unions are organized around the shop rather than the neighborhood, so they cannot deliver much of anything in the workers' home districts. But this time, by means of the new-fangled telephone and other twentieth-century devices, they were able to defeat the reformer Allard Lowenstein in Brooklyn. And if Labor could shake off its endearing parochialism, it might someday become an electoral force commensurate with its twenty million bodies. But so far, this power has

followed a terribly narrow pattern of rewards and punishments: Congressman John Rooney of Brooklyn kept the Brooklyn Navy Yard open (he lost anyway), while Bella Abzug crossed a teachers' picket line (she won anyway). Forget the mighty winds from on top. Labor's politics is petty and intimate down to the smallest quid pro quo.

Our gross spokesman gives you a look that says, "You know all this, don't you? Or are you too dumb to bother with?" He believes as sincerely as Richard Daley that the country depends on a system of deals. If he is a building tradesman like Meany, used to trading with government *and* business, he probably finds a world without deals almost inconceivable, and a nondealing candidate like McGovern near to a half-wit. Fags and lifestyle are thus code words for "the deal is off this year." "They'll grow up" means: if we can't get rid of the kids, four years in the clubhouse may wise them up anyway. "More and more of our membership is voting Republican" means: the situation is so serious we may have to fall back on that excuse. In fact, the membership's opinion is rarely consulted on political endorsements. One leader looked blank when asked how his rank and file had voted; and when I suggested he poll them *before* endorsing someone, he said, "Hey, that's an interesting idea."

Again, none of this would seem half so sinister if anyone admitted it was going on. And there are signs that in the Nixon era of neo-realism, self-interest may come out of the closet partway—unless Watergate drives it back in, like a groundhog's shadow. According to our gross spokesman, the unions need to do all the wheeling and dealing they can just to keep up with merged industries and merged government. Their anti-Communism may be part window dressing but their interest in, say, protective legislation is dead serious. When Nissan Motor Co. Ltd. makes a car in Japan (the Datsun) exclusively for the U.S. market, and when 95 percent of our baseball gloves are made abroad, talk of excessive union power strikes our spokesman as laughable.

Viewed in this light, Meany's Vietnamese fixation may make a little more sense. Meany has frequently declared his opposition to any government that does not permit a free trade union movement. But Communism has a special place in his cosmos. He did, as his fans will tell you and tell you again,



*From left to right:
George Meany, Peter Brennan,
Leonard Woodcock, Arnold Miller,
Tony Boyle, the late Walter Reuther.*

oppose the French in Algeria and he takes a sour view of Franco and the Greek colonels; but he would never make the colonels a leading U.S. election issue.

Essentially, Communism is a rival International, capable at best of closing off succulent markets and at worst of flooding the United States with cheap bicycles, chopsticks, and bamboo hats. Meany was infuriated by Nixon's visit to China, but again Pecksniffian hypocrisy obscured the motive. "He's afraid that people will forget the slave labor camps, et cetera," says Albert Shanker piously, but Shanker "did not know" if Meany had taken any political steps against repression in, say, Greece, outside of glaring fiercely at it.

Meany's anti-Communism is undoubtedly sincere; and, primed by his guru Jay Lovestone, it is even relatively sophisticated. (Murray Kempton maintains that, like most ex-Communists, Lovestone portrays the Communist Party as preternaturally clever, and George is duly impressed.) But the cold war has also served Labor's purposes much as it has served the government's, not only creating jobs but giving the work force a little of the urgent national importance it had in World War II. And if Nixon wants to liquidate it, he will have to be very nice to Labor; he will have to—do just about what he's done.

The AFL has generally supported an expansionist foreign policy from its earliest days under its first president, Samuel Gompers.² When you hear the Democratic Party described as the party of war, it may not be quite the evil Republican smear you once thought it was. Some (not all) of the Democratic Party's friends in Labor have favored a pugnacious foreign policy dating from the annexation of the Philippines. This is not just from native bellicosity or a desire to unionize the world (Labor doesn't *think* about the world that much, to my experience); but wars, or at least wartime Presidents, have been good for Labor. World War I was a boom period, with meatcutters and electrical workers and name it organizing frantically, and with government obliged for the first time to talk to Labor like a grown-up. Woodrow

²Not so the CIO. It may be significant that when the two merged, the AFL man Meany prevailed over the dovish CIO man Walter Reuther.

Wilson's War Labor Board set the style for the New Deal (depressions have their uses too), and in between there was the sour taste of Republican peace, when Labor was set back a generation. The Depression emphasized another dazzling new concept: the working man as consumer (*somebody* had to buy the goods). And in 1935, after much bloody skirmishing with management, the Wagner Act was passed, defining the right to organize, strike, and close a shop, all the prerogatives that now seem prehistoric. Then in World War II, Franklin D. Roosevelt paid through the pince-nez for Labor cooperation. And it was natural to suppose that a cold war would do more of the same—better at least than another Coolidge era.

There was a further urgency in the postwar era. Labor greeted the springtime of peace, and the lifting of a no-strike concordat, with a record number of strikes (4985, unless I've missed one), and the nation felt hobbled and testy, not enjoying its peace as much as it expected. In 1947, a Republican Congress rammed home the Taft-Hartley Act over President Truman's veto—a law which proved tame enough in execution, but which had Labor screaming murder at the time. The so-called "slave-labor law" brought Labor into politics on a full-time basis, and established the terms. Labor would not tolerate legislators who passed such bills and would help any—even Southern Bourbons from nonunionized areas—who opposed them. Everything else was decoration.

Taft-Hartley summed up the no fewer than 230 attempts to repeal the Wagner Act in the previous twelve years, which indicates that Labor is always under pressure even on its good days. It made possible state right-to-work (or anti-closed shop) laws—which a number of states adopted, though some later repealed them; it called for eighty-day injunctions and emergency strikes—not so bad: better than compulsory arbitration, at least; it forbade secondary boycotts—and this was more serious. But in other respects its ineffectiveness left the toothache about where it was for next time.

In 1959, with a lull between wars and America turned inward, legislation struck again. This time, the emphasis was on corruption. The McClellan investigations had released some pretty ripe smells, and even congressional Democrats were moved to legislate. The Landrum-Griffin Act beefed up Taft-Hartley a touch, but its main concern was with

union democracy, or rather with curbing the power of the warlords within their own bailiwicks.³ Lower-case meany was in a pickle this time, because the bill actually favored his membership over him. His solution was to denounce outside interference of *any* kind—a view that has ossified like a gargoyle's grimace, as we'll see in discussing union democracy.

A rhythm is discerned in Labor's ups and downs, a spurt of power followed by a flurry of public alarm. And this has coincided by chance with the rhythm of our wars.

The revisionists of the Left, with their mania for structures shaped like a human head, tend to feel that Labor systematically courts these misfortunes it thrives on. But Labor has an interesting pacifist streak alongside the other one. In 1940, the AFL did not conspicuously want war, and the CIO was vociferously against it. Prompted by a strong Communist element, the latter followed the twistings of Stalinism as best it could, and preached isolationism until Russia was invaded. And recently you would find doves even in war-related industries. I once witnessed a boilermaker in submarine work take a poke at an electrician on this score, and the Connecticut Labor Council almost came to massed blows before endorsing Joe Duffey, a peace candidate, for U.S. Senator in 1970.

The only sense in which Labor is institutionally prowar is the sense in which meany (and Meany) have been for so long and profitably in partnership with wartime Presidents. For the old established leadership there is a special advantage to this. A mobilized, slightly rigid wartime posture temporarily *organizes* this gypsy gold-mine country of ours and legitimizes the Labor hierarchy, making it almost a branch of government.

But since most of our recent wars have seemed pretty good to liberals, the nature and strength of this partnership was shrouded for a while. Vietnam blew the cover. Here was a completely hopeless war, and organized labor was defiantly supporting it—and even (laying it on with a high good humor) calling it the main order of business. Liberals who had conspired in the charade so far, voting time after time for antiwar Democrats only to find themselves deeper and deeper in mud, awoke at last, blinking like Harold Lloyd, to the jeers and catcalls of the good old Labor boys—whose further pleasantry it was to accuse the Liberals of deserting *them*.

³The AFL-CIO had a 70 percent score in the 1958 elections. But they may have been *too* successful. By defeating right-to-work laws in various states, they exasperated the demand for strengthening Taft-Hartley.

How we got here—a historical time-out

Labor and idealism have gotten along over the years about the same as Christianity and idealism: let's call it up and down. The original craftworkers who scratched and bit to become the Noble and Holy Order of the Knights of Labor in 1869 were all the idealists you could want: they favored a system of cooperatives, worker ownership of production, and share-the-wealth. The AFL, which came along in 1886, was more down-to-earth: all it wanted, in Samuel Gompers' word, was "more." These two spirits have been seesawing ever since.

For the romantic view of Labor, you select from Column A: that is, the International Workers of the World (or Wobblies) under Big Bill Haywood, who wanted to unionize *everybody* in one great brotherhood, and who swept the West like a grass fire; and martyr Joe Hill, "who never died"; and—letting out the hair shirt a bit—John L. Lewis, who formed the CIO in 1935 and struck the holy places, rubber and steel and General Motors, and won the boss of U.S. Steel round by admiring his tapestries—Lewis, a Shakespeare-quoting, head-bashing lion; and Lewis' boys, the grim-faced strikers of Flint, Michigan, who turned their hoses on the cops and strikebreakers; and so many others.

All this is very well, and meany honors it, like a cardinal washing the feet of the poor at Easter, in imitation of Christ. But the outfit that Meany heads up is a little bit different. The AFL never wanted to unionize everybody. It limited itself to the crafts, with the exclusiveness which that implies, and in fact some of the union affiliates were specifically formed to keep out immigrants and, in the postbellum South, Negroes. It was also anti-socialist, getting some of this from Catholics in the building trades, like George Meany.

The pattern is already familiar. When the Wobblies came roaring out of California like so many yippies or beatniks, the AFL took the same dowager's view of it that we saw repeated in Miami last year. The Wobblies were romantic socialists, who didn't even believe in contracts and often took a royal rooking in consequence. The conflict shouldn't be exaggerated, but the AFL did break a couple of Wobbly strikes, on the grounds that they would lead to a two-union system that management could exploit. And eventually, in another familiar pattern, the IWW burned itself out, splitting into factions left, leftier, and leftest, and fading away completely in the superpatriotism of World War I.

The same two-unions argument was raised

Labor and idealism have gotten along over the years about the same as Christianity and idealism: let's call it up and down.

against the CIO in the thirties. But by now the AFL, with its sagging leadership, and its old anti-industrial bias, had shown it couldn't cope with the big companies above the craft level. The Depression had unleashed a generation of despair that demanded a force equal to it, and the force was John L. Lewis.

At first, the CIO embodied some of the romantic radicalism that liberals crave, not to mention a number of outright Communists. But the Communists, as usual, promptly proceeded to give radicalism a bad name. After opposing World War II extravagantly, pursuant to the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, they went roaring off in the other direction, as Stalin suddenly began demanding more and more American war matériel; they even favored incentive pay for productivity, one of management's trustiest weapons against Labor. The romantic tradition had hooked into the Kremlin and short-circuited, and there was no leftist "model" left, unless you can believe a Stalinist Wobbly.

By the late forties, a coherent radicalism was as hard to find in Labor as anywhere else in America. The closest thing to it, Walter Reuther, rose to power in the Auto Workers partly by scourging Communists—a necessary exercise at first, but later a tactical convenience, as Red-baiting became the national blood sport.

Reuther was the liberals' darling, and he certainly did wonders in humanizing UAW contracts, and by extension other contracts, but on the larger political scale he could do little more than go to international conferences and issue statements. As head of the CIO, he was "just a pile of press clippings" to Meany. Mrs. Roosevelt admired him, and so did the Europeans, but his colleagues weren't impressed. The end of ideology had arrived and it suited George Meany, who had never even been there, much better than the saintly Walter Reuther.

By the early fifties, the CIO had purged most of its Communists, leaving scorched earth and Reuther on the left. The United Electrical Workers were expelled to outer darkness and later ten others, including Harry Bridges' West Coast longshoremen. So by the time the CIO and AFL hooked up in 1955, there were no insurmountable ideological impediments, except Walter Reuther's mouth. The hierarchy was similar in substance and style to the present one, and in fact Labor is still in that era—the tail end perhaps; or perhaps not.

The breakup of Meany and Reuther was the usual strange mixture of personality and power politics. Reuther's holy arrogance was no match for Meany's earthy ironies. So when Walter began

skipping Executive Council meetings, it could have been fear of personal humiliation, as Meany raked him over and the old boys chuckled. It could also have been a certainty that he couldn't get the votes. For instance, he wanted American Labor to stay in the ILO (International Labor Organization), which Meany considered Communist, even though it included AFL members (you can't be too careful). At the meeting devoted to this subject, he didn't show, and Meany, shooting sarcasms from the hip, won unanimous approval. Eventually, in 1968, Reuther pulled his Auto Workers out of the AFL-CIO (Meany had suspended him anyway), and the strongest potential dove was gone from the scene, leaving the Council looking a lot more like the old AFL than the young CIO: that is, not wanting to unionize everybody, emphasizing autonomy over solidarity, and, incidentally, ready to pursue a Gompers-like foreign policy in Vietnam or anywhere else.

Movement? What movement?

The AFL-CIO Executive Council meeting in Miami last February was back to business as usual, lots of Phase 3 and Burke-Hartke trade bill, and Vietnam all but forgotten. How important is Labor's overseas interest anyway? Walter Reuther's brother Victor lashed Meany for his CIA connections in the sixties, but everyone who *was* anyone had CIA connections in the sixties. What about now? Everyone I asked maintained that too much fuss had been made about it, that a writer like Ronald Radosh who stirs these ashes "is blowing it out of all proportion" (a favorite phrase). Yet a quarter of the AFL-CIO budget goes into foreign matters, so let's hope the membership is getting *something* out of it.

Such discussions usually end with the man saying, "It's not CIA money. It's over the table"—which, Radosh retorts, doesn't tell you much. Only a very old-fashioned organization would still get its money from the CIA. The money now comes openly from AID, the Agency for International Development (who's looking anyway?), and can be assumed to be spent in our national interest, as cleared by Washington. But if the AFL is still active in counterinsurgency, as it was in, for instance, Guatemala, precious few people in Labor seem either to know or to care.

Most of Labor's foreign policy seems relatively open and benign these days: education programs in Africa, encouragement of strikes in Japan (the Japanese prefer to strike at night, when everyone has gone home, says Hall; a politeness that drasti-

You could say that Meany is the movement—if there was a movement.

cally limits their effectiveness and drives down the price of catchers' mitts), and perhaps some quiet, ugly Americans nosing about in South America—presumably nothing on the ITT scale. Europe gets only token attention, partly because European unions are too leftishly doctrinaire for the likes of Meany, and partly because the job is already done: after a flurry of involvement in the forties and fifties, Europe wound up as unionized as you could want. The aim now is to unionize such of the Third World as affects us, so that G.M. and Singer don't spring a lot of coolie-made Buicks and sewing machines on us. If the result is a class of millionaire auto workers on the fringe of a jungle—well, why not? Other nations' economic stability seems to worry meany almost as little as it worries—what's the word? geneen?

To domestic Labor, all this is pretty much in the nature of a hobby, anyway: Jay Lovestone's toy train. The International Sheet Metal Workers held a conference in San Francisco last fall to discuss the possibility of international strikes—a logical move against international mergers—but you can't rouse any interest in it among Labor interviewees. Whatever its policy and its rhetoric, Labor's mood is isolationist. Meany did not have a representative at San Francisco or at the various Geneva conferences on international unionism, though this would seem like legitimate union business, as opposed to subsidized cloak-and-dagger stuff. Only Leonard Woodcock of the UAW (who happens to double as president of the Metal Workers) has done much of anything about the multinationals, and most of that is talk—arranging conferences and study groups in the best Walter Reuther tradition. A few other U.S. unions have taken a friendly interest. Steel has shown the Japanese how to cool off (literally) a closed plant, and the International Association of Machinists and two electrical workers' unions have shared know-how and goodwill. But this is a far cry from sympathy strikes and agreed-upon living standards. In action, the Europeans are way ahead of us: for example, German Ford workers refused to work overtime during a British Ford strike; but then their situation with the multinationals is more desperate. The multis will have to plunder us silly before U.S. Labor wakes from its domestic slumbers.

The local boys have enough trouble bringing a semblance of unity to their own movement. Bert Powers complains that printers in Philadelphia will do the same job for a dollar less an hour than his men get in New York. Fat chance, then, of coordinating with Japan.

The only sense in which most of the movement

is a movement at all, except in the sense that even people who deny it use the term, like atheists swearing, is that unions don't interfere with each other. This principle at least has a religious force. You do not talk evil of another man's strike, however destructive or goofy. Even though a corrupt union may be hurting a whole trade (let's say by making housing too expensive and driving jobs out of a particular city), the brother unions will stand grimly by. When Frank Schonfeld exposed corruption among his own New York painters, it was no use his waving for help from the movement; it goes out of existence on such occasions. Conversely, a Cesar Chavez, however unpopular, will get no trouble from the movement either. He may be a romantic revolutionary with a bedraggled membership and hippie appeal, but when the Teamsters tried to muscle in on his union, they got a reprimand from Meany. "Vicious strikebreakers," he called them, and his Council later voted \$1.6 million "or whatever it takes" to keep Chavez in business: an open declaration of war with the Teamsters, as some saw it.

You could say that Meany is the movement—if there was a movement. His support of the Hospital Union helped them to bust open Charleston and Baltimore and to weather a make-or-break strike in New York—and yet remember, it was Leon Davis of that union who said Meany couldn't get two votes for dogcatcher. Why? Because for all his earlier help, they feel that Meany sold them out with his support for Nixon's Phase 3, which removed mandatory wage and price controls except in three fields, one of which was health care. "It was politically popular to control medical costs," says Davis. "In fact, hospital workers earn a national average of \$106 a week. And only ten percent are unionized anyway." So the effect on inflation would be minimal. Was this vindictive on Meany's part? Davis didn't think so ("although we did disagree about the war"). Meany had to trade someone to Nixon, and hospital workers are too weak to put up a struggle. One is reminded slightly of Sidney Greenstreet selling Elisha Cook, Jr., to Bogart in *The Maltese Falcon* ("I love Wilbur like my own son"). Anyway, it's that kind of movement.

Which is not to say that unions do not help their embattled brothers with funds from time to time. But it would surely be saner to consider these as favors to be remembered and cashed when needed. Some gifts are indeed hard to explain cynically—for instance, the unromantic Harry Van Arsdale, president of the New York City Central Labor Council, sent money cross-country to

(continued on page 57)

A SHORT GUIDE TO UNIONLAND

Labor, unlike industry, still has its parochial side. The last *Who's Who in Labor* was published in 1946. Labor Department and AFL-CIO directories are not up to date, so dozens of phone calls had to be made to compile this roster. Responses were predictable. One Teamster official snarled: "Don't think you're doing us a favor putting us in your guide." (It never occurred to us.) And in this old boys' club where many of the most prominent members are over 70, union public relations types were often reluctant to reveal their bosses' age.

The federal government lists more than 80 million Americans currently in the work force. Under 20 million—fewer than one out of every four—belong to trade unions. Of these, 13,600,000 are members of the 116 unions making up the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations (AFL-CIO). Its members range from the Steelworkers with over a million members, to the Horseshoers with less than 350, to actors, barbers, teachers, policemen, carpenters, and people in almost every walk of life. Then there are the independent unions and employee organizations operating outside AFL-CIO jurisdiction, of which the Teamsters, Auto Workers, Mine Workers, and National Education Association are the largest.

Seventy-five percent of labor membership is concentrated in 10 large industrial states. There are more union members in New York than in 11 Southern states, including Texas.

Here is a partial listing of major unions and employee organizations and their leaders, those likely to have the greatest impact on your life:

BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION

This industry does a \$100-billion annual business, greater than auto and steel combined. The unionized work force is divided into 17 crafts and 10,000 locals—representing more than 3 million workers—who bargain with most of the nation's 870,000 contractors. About 500,000 construction workers are not union members.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America

Mergers in recent years have increased membership to 825,000, incorporating many small locals, millwrights, pile drivers, millmen, lumber and saw mill operators, to name just a few. After a long dynastic reign, Maurice Hutcheson, who succeeded his father William as president, stepped down at age 74. The appointed president is William Siddell, 58—not Hutcheson's son (see page 44). As with the Mafia, rumors of nepotism are sometimes exaggerated. The Carpenters are a stronghold of Republican unionism, with paradoxically socialist underpinnings in New York and Philadelphia.

International Union of Operating Engineers

Conservative, with some allegedly corrupt locals where payoffs and collusive deals are a way of life, this union wields a lot of power in the building trades. Its 400,000 members are engaged in all types of construction, from buildings to highways. Its president, Hunter P. Wharton, gets \$75,000 a year, plus full expenses.

United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipe Fitting Industry of the United States and Canada

The union where Meany germinated. The plumbers are predominantly a craft union with 90,000 of its

300,000 members in construction. The new president, Martin Ward, is progressive by building trade standards.

International Brotherhood of Painters and Allied Trades

The painters' union (250,000 members) is made up of autonomous locals; a few of them have been linked with kickbacks and payoffs. President Frank Raftery covets Meany's job, but insiders say this is a pipe dream.

International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Iron Workers

Among the most highly paid of the building trades union members, iron workers earn \$10-\$11 per hour. The membership is 177,000 members. President John H. Lyons, who represents the cleaner elements in the building trades, reportedly calls Negroes "niggers." If the building tradesmen and more conservative leaders in the AFL-CIO back him, he is a contender for Meany's job.

Laborers' International Union of North America

With about 80 percent of its 600,000 members employed in construction, this is one building trade union with substantial black membership—mostly in unskilled, low-paying jobs. Leadership in East Coast locals is primarily Italian, reportedly with some mob connections. President Peter Fosco, about 70, is an outspoken hawk even compared to other hard-line labor leaders. Last fall, several days after he received a "good citizen" award from the Nixon Administration, Fosco endorsed Nixon.

Sheet Metal Workers' International Association

Despite some reported petty corruption on the local level, this 150,000-member union is felt to be reasonably honest. Asked about the best way to become a union president, union president Eddie Carrough (39) replied: "Your rise in the union is rapid when your father happens to be president." (He succeeded his father.) Carrough is acceptable to a large segment of the building trades although he is a man of progressive ideas. Despite long hair and mod attire, he is conceivably a dark-horse candidate for Meany's job.

International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

A large craft and industrial union (980,000 members), the IBEW swings weight in the AFL-CIO Building Trades Department largely because of the personal force of its secretary, Joseph Keenan (78, a former golfing companion of Meany's), who overshadows president Charles Pillard. Labor talk has it that Keenan now is out of favor with Meany, possibly because he supported McGovern. Treasurer Harry Van Arsdale (68) heads the million-member New York City Central Labor Council. He's so powerful that in 1962 he was able to get a 25-hour work week for his electricians, over the protests of JFK and Meany.

MANUFACTURING

United Automobile, Aerospace and Agricultural Implement Workers of America*

This union has maintained the democratic, progressive tradition associated with Walter Reuther. It pioneered and set standards for other industrial unions in negotiating contracts on matters beyond the traditional wage-hours haggle such as cost-of-living wage increases and

*Indicates union which is not a member of AFL-CIO.

health care benefits. Today its 1.4 million members are largely engaged in the powerful automotive industry, but also make agricultural implements and road equipment—in fact, everything from cradles to grave vaults. Having won worker benefits, union leaders are now concerned with growing worker unrest and the threat of foreign imports.

The union is also undergoing a leadership shake-up. When Reuther was killed in a plane crash, Leonard Woodcock (62) beat Doug Frazier, head of the Chrysler division, by one executive board vote, cast by Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer, who is influential in top leadership. Operating in Reuther's shadow, Woodcock has never been a dynamic leader; what's more, he is now only a few years away from mandatory retirement. Union officials are already lining up. Apart from Frazier, potential contenders are Pat Greathouse, head of organizing activities and a vice president, and Irving Bluestone, head of the G.M. division.

United Steelworkers of America

With a membership of 1.4 million, the steel union always has been an important force in the labor movement. It has lost some clout recently because of competition from foreign imports, lack of modernization, and substitutes for steel in many products. President I. W. Abel (64) used to be touted as a likely successor to Meany, but the fact that he's near retirement age probably rules him out. On the other hand, this rules out almost all the other candidates too. Abel is moving closer to cooperation with management. The Steelworkers and U.S. Steel jointly sponsored the film *Where's Joe?*, with menacing shots of Asian and German workers, proclaiming the threat of foreign imports and urging greater productivity at home.

United Mine Workers*

It took three murders (UMW executive board member Jock Yablonski and his wife and daughter in 1969) and costly Labor Department intervention to get a fair election, in which 49-year-old Arnold Miller, a disabled miner from West Virginia, wrested control of the UMW from Tony Boyle (70). It may be the first victory of a dissident rank-and-file leader over any union's incumbent president in recent years. Boyle, who took office in 1963, continued John L. Lewis' policies of flagrant paternalism, nepotism, and worse, without Lewis' compensatory vision. Boyle is faced with a prison sentence for making illegal political campaign contributions and has been implicated in the Yablonski murders. Miller began his presidency of the 207,000-member union (including pensioners) by trimming costs—including his own salary.

International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers

This 285,000-member union is in trouble. Major employers—such as Westinghouse, General Electric, Motorola, and Singer—have moved many plants overseas. It now bargains collectively with its long-term arch enemy, the United Electrical Workers (see below). President Paul Jennings defeated former president James Carey in a palace revolution with the help of Meany, who reportedly dislikes Carey and wanted to bump him from the AFL-CIO Executive Council.

United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America*

Left of left by Labor's standards, the 165,000-member UE was ousted from the CIO in 1949 during the McCarthy anti-Communist era. Its current president, Al-

bert Fitzgerald (65), and secretary-treasurer James Matles have been outspoken antiwar critics.

United Rubber, Cork, Linoleum and Plastic Workers of America

The threat of foreign imports is a small but real problem. Worker unrest is high; most of the 200,000 members are paid a basic wage plus piecework incentive (so much per tire, for example), an exhausting way to earn. They are pressing for earlier retirement and bigger pensions. President Peter Bommarito, a decent but not decisive man, is in trouble. The rubber contract he negotiated was rejected by big Goodyear Local 2 in Akron, Ohio, and subsequently by the Goodrich workers, who went on nationwide strike.

International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers

Originally a railroad craft union, it has since shifted to aerospace. With the loss of many aerospace and defense contracts following the winding down of the war and many job layoffs, membership dropped slightly from over a million to 927,000. President Floyd Smith, only a couple of years from mandatory retirement, is likely to be replaced by William Winpisinger, general vice president. The union is working closely with the UAW on political and economic issues. And there's talk of merger, which would make it the largest American union.

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

The leaders of this union have long held that job security is predicated upon survival of the industry, and have therefore been more open to automation and job cutbacks than some other unions. Although it represents an industry employing women (80%), many of whom are black or Puerto Rican, the ILGWU has few women, blacks, and Puerto Ricans in prominent positions. Current president is Louis Stulberg (72). The man slated to replace Stulberg is Sol Chaiken (55). Asked to name the labor movement's leading philosopher, education director Gus Tyler (61) said "Me" with a grin.

Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America

This year Jacob Potofsky finally stepped down at 78, turning the presidency over to Murray Finley. The 375,000-member union has been locked in a bitter strike with Farah, manufacturer of work pants and inexpensive slacks, which maintains plants in the southwestern United States, employing Chicanos at low wages. The clothing workers vow either to win their strike or destroy Farah. Both the Amalgamated Clothing and ILGWU workers face stiff competition from foreign-made goods.

TRANSPORTATION

International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America*

The Teamsters were thrown out of the old AFL in 1955 for corruption when president Dave Beck was exposed as an embezzler. James Hoffa took over and negotiated excellent contracts for his elite members, the more than 100,000 over-the-road truckers. Non-truckers, such as laborers and warehouse people, consistently got inferior contracts. Graft and corruption flourished, and mob ties have been alleged in most big cities. However, West Coast locals under the leadership of regional di-

rector Einar Mohn and St. Louis locals headed by the once powerful Harold Gibbons are reputed to be relatively honest unions. In 1972 they were among McGovern's staunchest supporters. Their support of Teamster attempts to break Cesar Chavez indicates the complexity of the union's power politics.

When Hoffa was jailed for misappropriation of funds, Frank Fitzsimmons took over and reactivated the old baronies, consolidating his position with business agents and regional directors. His salary is \$125,000; he is reported to have a fleet of Cadillacs and a jet plane at his disposal. (By contrast, Cesar Chavez' salary is \$5144.) Fitzsimmons has one big worry: Hoffa may try to stage a comeback, and he is very popular with members.

Free of AFL-CIO jurisdictional strictures, the Teamsters have gobbled up small locals all over the country, bringing membership to over 2 million.

Fitzsimmons is now the only labor leader with easy access to the White House. In the past five years, the Teamsters have been charged with more Landrum-Griffin violations than all other unions combined, but to date have escaped any serious consequences.

National Maritime Union of America

Dwindling membership (down to 50,000), rising costs, and decline of the U.S. Merchant Marine have meant trouble for the NMU, which pays a very large percentage of its per capita dues to elected officials. After a long rule of 36 years, former president Joseph Curran retired with a royal pension, \$55,000 annual pension for life, which is now in litigation. Their membership is comprised mainly of unlicensed seamen and Panamanian workers.

Seafarers' International Union of North America

Another union with dwindling membership (now 80,000), its remaining strength is largely its effective and popular president Paul Hall, 58. He heads the AFL-CIO Maritime Trades Department, is a friend of Meany's, but also (at times) champion of the underdog. After blasting Chavez at an AFL-CIO Executive Council meeting for being erratic and irresponsible (supporting the Black Panthers, for one thing), he gave a rousing pitch for the support of Chavez' union, personally pledging \$25,000 and muscle from the Seafarers. Hall has to be considered a potential successor to Meany; he gets along well with the building tradesmen.

Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees

This 150,000-member union has lost out in recent years. The bankruptcy of major railroads has meant job layoffs, and the airlines have proved stubborn bargainers.

International Longshoremen's Association

Led by flag-waving, right-wing Thomas Gleason (72), this 115,000-member East Coast union was once expelled from the AFL-CIO for being racketeer-dominated.

International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union*

Ousted from the CIO in 1949 during Red-baiting days under the individualistic and concerned leadership of Harry Bridges—a pre-New Deal leftist—this union overcame automation of the docks. Bridges is still in charge, despite repeated attempts by the government to deport him. At their convention this spring, the 55,000-member union decided against continuing merger talks with the Teamsters.

PUBLIC EMPLOYEES AND SERVICE WORKERS

Public employees are not protected by labor legislation on the state and federal levels. These unions, therefore, are prone to strikes, nearly always illegal, which irritate the public to madness.

American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees

The fifth largest and fastest-growing union (average may be better than 1000 new members a week), these 612,000 workers include engineers, medical technicians, zoo keepers, scientists, pothole patchers, and policemen. Contrary to general belief, roughly 60 percent of the members are blue-collar workers. Membership is one-third black and one-third female. Members are scattered throughout the country, but most are concentrated in the Northeast and Midwest. An offshoot of the La Follette administration in Wisconsin in the early 1930s, AFSCME has consistently been one of the most progressive and militant unions in the AFL-CIO. It was one of the first to endorse McGovern.

President Jerry Wurf, 53, a capable leader, is regarded as a maverick with a fast mouth and plenty of admirers and critics. He is quick to admit that his chances for Meany's job are very, very slim. "If it were reasonable to be ambitious for it, I would be ambitious." Secretary-treasurer Bill Lucy is 39 and black. In New York, Vic Gotbaum heads up politically active District 37, which invariably backs Democratic reform candidates. The district's associate director is 45-year-old Lillian Roberts, a very able black. The State and County union has about 150,000 members in health services.

American Federation of Government Employees

Since the Kennedy executive order (10988) in 1961 enabling federal employees legally to join unions, this one has grown rapidly. Responsive largely to employees in defense and Pentagon installations, the 300,000-member union has provoked criticism from HEW, OEO, and HUD workers who are pushing for collective bargaining. Its president John Griner became ill and recently was replaced by Clyde Webber. Despite rapid growth, it has financial problems. Griner was voted down at the convention when he tried to put through a per capita dues increase. The opposition is confused, and cannot unify behind a single program or candidate.

American Postal Workers Union

Although their destinies are irrevocably tied together, the 285,000 members of the Postal Workers and the Letter Carriers (see below) can't solve differences. So the Postal Workers and Letter Carriers are discussing merger with the Communications Workers instead. In 1970 the postal service became a private operation. President Francis Filbey is having a hard time; several smaller postal unions merged in the late 1960s, and the various factions have never been united.

National Association of Letter Carriers of the U.S.A.

Same problems. President James H. Rademacher is a Nixon man. Membership: 220,000.

Fraternal Order of Police*

An employee organization of about 100,000 members with no national power. Headquarters in Cleveland. There is no single big police organization in the nation. Some police belong to the State, County and Municipal

Employees, others to the Teamsters; still others have organized (as in New York) in Benevolent Order of Police groups.

American Federation of Teachers

The second fastest-growing union in the nation, the AFT's 380,000 members are not evenly distributed throughout the country; half of them are in New York State, about a third in New York City. That's one reason why Albert Shanker, 44, head of United Federation of Teachers in New York, and vice president of New York State United Teachers, is more powerful than 58-year-old AFT president Dave Selden. Shanker rode to fame during the Ocean Hill-Brownsville controversy on school decentralization and aspires to a place on the AFL-CIO Executive Council, which would be unique for the head of a local—if he remains that. Shanker is extraordinarily ambitious, on good terms with Peter Brennan and Harry Van Arsdale, and reportedly aspires to Meany's job—though as one union leader put it, "Those guys'll never let a teacher run them."

National Education Association*

With its membership of 1.2 million, the NEA is larger than the AFT. The latter wants a merger, but the NEA is divided. Some of its members favor merger, others want it but without AFL-CIO affiliation, still others—primarily in the South—want to stay independent. A merger within AFL-CIO would make them the largest union in the federation. The sensitive question is who would be on top. The odds favor Shanker over any NEA president, if only because the latter has just a one-year term of office. The current one is Catharine Barrett.

International Association of Fire Fighters

One of the more conservative unions in the field, its 165,000 members are mostly white. (In several big cities black firemen are not hired.) For what it's worth, president W. Howard McClellan is the only union president who picked up his own phone when we called.

SERVICE UNIONS

Service Employees' International Union

Made up of building service employees and custodial and maintenance workers, the 480,000-member Service Employees' has branched out to include a variety of service industries—from redcaps and skycaps to hospital workers. President George Hardy, 58, comes from San Francisco in a state where the union is very strong.

Retail Clerks International Association

This 400,000-member union has grown rapidly in recent years, organizing low-paid workers in supermarkets and retail stores. President James Housewright has shown moderately progressive leadership.

Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union

Organizing a variety of industries in retail and wholesale trades, this 150,000-member union has an affiliate—Local 1199, Drug and Hospital Union. 1199 has sparked the formation of a 90,000-member national union of hospital and nursing-home employees, a division of RWDSU, and the name of 1199 became a symbol—rare for a local. The Hospital Union—whose membership is predominantly black and Puerto Rican women—has organized in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. 1199 president in New York, Leon Davis, a be-

nign, rabbinical figure, has become a labor hero to many black workers and middle-class liberals alike.

Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union

Rising food costs affect these workers' wages; they are in for a hard time. Membership: 450,000.

MISCELLANEOUS UNIONS

Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America

An amalgam of 550,000 workers, the Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen absorbed the smaller packing-house workers' union. These days a supermarket is more likely to hire meat cutters than skilled butchers. A few New York locals have been linked with payoffs. On the national scene secretary-treasurer Pat Gorman (80), an old-time socialist and no friend of Meany's, overshadows union president Joseph Belsky.

Communications Workers of America

For many years this was a company union, doing what was good for Ma Bell. Today it is more worker-oriented, with 550,000 members primarily in telephone and electronics as well as some hospital workers. President Joseph Beirne, 62—erratic, first a vigorous hawk, then supporter of McGovern—may have had his last hurrah. He was publicly humiliated by Meany at this year's AFL-CIO convention in Florida, thereby wiping out his chances to succeed Meany.

Graphic Arts International Union

An amalgam of lithographers, photoengravers, and bookbinders, this 120,000-member union has been absorbing craft unions threatened by automation. President Ken Brown has been talking merger with the American Newspaper Guild.

International Typographical Union

An old craft union, it vigorously resisted automation and modern technology—and has paid a high price for its intransigence. Its strikes helped put a number of newspapers out of business. It is best known on the local level—particularly in New York City, where Bert Powers, president of Local 6, keeps everyone quaking when newspaper contracts run out. Membership: 112,000.

United Farm Workers

The survival of this 40,000-member union is in doubt. Labor's dispossessed, the Farm Workers triumphed in organizing migrant grape and lettuce pickers—primarily Chicano and Filipino workers—through the successful use of the strike and grape boycott, with nationwide liberal support. The Farm Workers brought the pickers a hiring hall and many fringe benefits. Then in the spring of 1973, just when the table grape contracts were about to expire, the Teamsters moved in and persuaded growers to sign with them. Immediately the United Farm Workers struck all the growers who signed a labor agreement with the Teamsters.

With fresh AFL-CIO support of \$1.6 million, the UFW is preparing for a long hard fight and another grape boycott. President Cesar Chavez, himself a former migrant worker with only a seventh-grade education, has to cope with issues such as separate rest rooms and child labor that other unions consider part of the Stone Age.

—JUDITH RAMSEY

Compared with Big Business, Labor is like a Victorian cottage industry.

Chavez—and it would probably be too smart-ass revisionist to dismiss sentiment altogether. There is a magnanimity built into the life itself—there being no such thing as a self-made labor leader—and we need not think of their favors as chilly transactions between electric typewriters. Still, favors real and possible are the oil of the movement, and it is so much old labor blarney to suppose they are not mostly self-interest.

And solidarity usually stops at the checkbook. The Taft-Hartley ruling against secondary boycotts put a stop to sympathy strikes, and thus weakened the movement in its very soul. A Paul Hall will send his boys anywhere to picket, just to keep in practice, and observers may wonder what those “little stocky guys from Minnesota and Wisconsin, with crew cuts and little caps” (a lawyer’s description) are doing walking out with the bra manufacturers (a maritime affiliate, believe it or not). But a picket line as such has lost its symbolic power; you can hire a couple of janitors and no one will notice. What the unions cannot do is close a diversified shop. They can close a newspaper, but not the chain of theaters, paper mills, and Venezuelan bowling alleys that the paper owns, and which supports the company during the strike. However many crazy-quilt unions the mariners or Teamsters can stitch together, they cannot, legally, keep up with a merged industry by tracking it down to its various haunts. Compared with Big Business, Labor is like a Victorian cottage industry. A company that can afford an indefinite strike, or even close down the offending branch, upsets the balance of nature. And Labor will need all its money, friendly politicians, and overseas operatives to restore it. When they say, “We’re no worse than the others,” you should see the others.

What will not come back to help them (to the extent it was ever there) is the old brothers-in-arms solidarity of the days when the unions were still fighting for their lives. Unions tended to be ethnically solid then; so you were surrounded by your own people. Nowadays, there is a greater ethnic mix and probably just enough racism to make such brotherhood unlikely; and there is much less chance of a healing physical confrontation with management. Still, a whiff of battle remains, like the smell of Absorbine Jr. in a deserted locker room, if only in talk. Hall reminisces about heads he has busted and still expects to bust. “It still comes down to that,” he says.

Maybe for Seafarers it does—though the membership is shrinking and getting a bit old for such larks.⁴ But then, on another day, at the office of a very different sort of union, discussing the fine

points of Phase 2, a cultivated black woman burst in and announced primly, “I guess we’ll have to beat some ass up there.” It seemed that McGovern headquarters in Harlem had just been burned down. The host, raising his voice only slightly, said, “I’ll have the cocksucker’s balls for this,” and more, in that wistful vein. Plans were hatched to send up a posse of their toughest members, “and beat us some ass,” as the lady repeated. Next day I checked the paper to see if ass was truly beat, but neither the fire nor the vengeance was reported. “He was really worried about the fire insurance,” said jolly Gus Tyler on the way out. (It wasn’t Tyler’s union, by the way.)

So violence is still there, like an old sacramental, though it has less and less relevance to Labor’s current business. Conservatives used to cluck about the core of violence in Labor, but every government has a core of violence to it. The core is covered now in financial and political power and respectability. But the boys like to remind themselves, and you, that the core is there.

A loyal opposition? You’re kidding.

George Meany did not speak for the whole of Labor, or anything like it, in his views on the Vietnam War and McGovern. His subtle Lovestone-ite views about Labor interests overseas actually made pretty good sense, and were quite close to those of the Best and the Brightest, but they were so artfully concealed that a good segment of Labor just thought he was nuts, which probably suits him fine. If his views had been clearer, they might have been even less popular. The boys are readier to indulge an old man’s whim than a calculated desire to keep the cold war alive. Thirty-five national unions opposed Meany, whim or no, and raised \$250,000 for McGovern’s campaign—chicken feed compared with Humphrey’s \$5 million, but remember, they were reduced to legitimate fund-raising and, more seriously, could not get their hands on the AFL-CIO-controlled COPE.

Did this represent a serious split in Labor, or was it a one-shot tantrum? “There’s no split that wasn’t there before,” said one leader. What split was that? Left and right, of course—but what kind of left and right? Sun King Meany has supported all manner of liberal legislation, from civil rights to the guaranteed income. Vic Gotbaum of the New

⁴Hall is very proud of his training school in Piney Point, Maryland, which turns problem boys into disciplined head-thumpers, and sounds truly impressive. But he’ll need an awful lot of wheat deals to rejuvenate his membership.

York Municipal Employees has called for "a loyal opposition" to Meany. But Shanker says if he got one, it would come from the Right rather than the Left. The workers who defected to George Wallace may see Meany as something of a liberal do-gooder. His support for a high minimum wage, for instance, has a quixotic aspect: no self-respecting union would settle for anything as puny as the legal minimum wage.

Whether you call Meany a man of the Left or the Right depends on what you call the New Deal, for Meany is planted square in the middle of that. His mania is stability and maintaining the system. If poverty threatens it, throw the poor a bone. Otherwise they'll start forming *unions*. George is quite content that only 25 percent of the work force is unionized. "Why should we worry about organizing groups of people who do not appear to want to be organized? If they prefer to have others speak for them and make the decisions which affect their lives without effective participation on their part, that is their right." His defenders say he couldn't have said that; it would mean that unionism's crusading phase is through for fair; but he said it all right.

Much good time is wasted analyzing Meany's soul—to his, no doubt, great amusement. Does he really care about the poor and the blacks? The question can be left between him and his hat. Subtracting George from the situation, one can see that an electrician cannot ask \$11 an hour when you can hire a scab for a buck fifty. The bottom must be raised before the top can go higher. Meany's 25 percent are the aristocrats of the work force (although some of them don't feel it) and they have to look after the peasants. Meany's liberalism needs no profounder explanation than that—though it may have one. It serves his purposes to appear complicated.

So if Meany gets opposition from the Right, look for something truly troglodytic and regressive. The Left? Only Victor Gotbaum, of those leaders interviewed, thought sustained opposition was possible. Leon Davis, a natural for it, says it's against nature. "Alone we're nothing, together we're everything—it's the whole philosophy of Labor." In other words, there may not be a movement, but nobody wants to leave it. Even Gotbaum, a most articulate man, is hard put to state where the opposition would come from and how it would function. The Auto Workers, everybody's nice-guy union, are currently outside the AFL-CIO and would make a dandy spearhead; but the people I talked to there could only repeat what a great guy Meany was. As long as George is around, with his

mystic powers, he acts as an anti-coagulant to opposition. When he goes, who knows? "Maybe it'll break down to various duchies," says Davis. The new Meany will have to start all over, building his own sand castle.

But this is opposition on the Executive Council, or frosty tip, of Labor. Murray Kempton says the Council reminds him of the joke about the man who makes all the big decisions, such as ending the war and devaluing the dollar, while his wife makes the little ones, such as where they live and what they eat. Well, not quite, of course. The Council controls COPE, through Meany's calculatedly hysterical mouthpiece Al Barkan, and COPE pays for the politicians. Yet there is a sense in which a rival or shadow Executive Council would be like a second Swiss navy, solemnly announcing alternate foreign policies and wage guidelines to a bored world. The result could only weaken both bodies.

Joe Rauh and his Rauhdiets: the OUTSIDERS are coming.

Labor's foreign policy is not the real issue, but only the outward and visible sign of two different views of unionism, stemming from its two ancestors, pragmatism and idealism. These are summed up to some extent in the question of union democracy, and in the spectacular case of the United Mine Workers' election last winter.

To a liberal's eye, this election was as clear a case of right and wrong as the Vietnam War, and a splendid chance for unionism to vindicate itself and put us back to sleep. The squalid murder of the Yablonski family in 1969 had alerted even the flaccid Labor Department into torpid action, and they were calling for a new, supervised election in the UMW. Even leaving aside the Yablonski evidence, which placed the killing barely a Watergate away from Tony Boyle's throne, there were multiple fractures of the Landrum-Griffin law of 1959, with its fair-elections provisions, and Tony Boyle was now enjoying a swaggering unaccountability in consequence.

A ringing voice (there is only one) from the Labor establishment in favor of Arnold Miller and the insurgents would have bought back public goodwill at practically no cost: just the slightest concession of sovereignty in cases where murder is involved. To be sure, the UMW does not belong to the AFL-CIO, but Mr. Meany has seldom been shy about such questions of protocol: observe his recent dressing down of the Teamsters over Chavez. But now, with the whole image of Labor at stake, Meany was silent, which meant neutral for Boyle.

**As long as George is around, with his mystic
powers, he acts as an anti-coagulant to opposition.
When he goes, who knows?**

Why? Hardly out of love for Tony. You'd have to travel far with Virgil and Dante to hear a good word for Boyle from anyone. "Wears silk shirts . . . absenteeism . . . never went near a mine" is more like it. And finally, "To think he succeeded John L. Lewis!" Judging from Meany's own temperament, which is boisterously puritanical in the Irish style, Boyle would not have been much missed there either. Yet, as in the case of Nixon, Meany's neutrality for Boyle was so fierce that no one on his Executive Council raised the minimal peep. Wurf, the maverick, is reported to have said, "I can't oppose Meany on everything" (the McGovern campaign had used up his allotment); I. W. Abel, the Steelworkers' boss, and once a reformer's darling, even apologized personally to Boyle because one of his own assistants had split to work for the insurgents. Liberal friends of Labor I spoke to found the attitude of the Council almost unbelievable. Even the journalist, teacher, and former official of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, ultra neo-realist Arnold Beichman, expressed shock—which shows how little the Council is understood, even by its admirers.

Were they *trying* to alienate liberal opinion? Let's say the question is not uppermost in their minds, one way or the other. What they are concerned about is liberal meddling. Chief "meddler" was Joe Rauh, moving force in the Americans for Democratic Action and lawyer for the victorious UMW insurgents, who looks uncannily like Arthur Goldberg. The Mine Workers' journal captured this concern in graffiti form for Boyle's campaign commercials. Here's a typical whiff: "Clarice Feldman, Joe Rauh's chubby dragon lady, who lives on rich-man foundation money . . . so she can devote herself to attacking the UMWA, thinks [the Miller ticket] is going to win the UMWA election because 'the kids are doing such a good job.' What kids is she talking about? Why, the college kids and hippy types who have gathered round Joe Rauh, the No. 1 OUTSIDER [their caps], to seize control of your Union so that Rauh can tell the coal miners what's good for them." And so on, not all of it so mild and urbane as this.

The word OUTSIDERS went screaming through their flack bi-week after bi-week in the largest type on the eye-chart. After a passing mild defense of Boyle ("He's only been indicted once"), they would swing into their real pitch, which was: those OUTSIDERS led by Joe Rauh and his Rauh-dies, kids and pink fat cats, bringing legal aid and funding to the challengers.

They might put it less coarsely on the Executive Council, but the sentiment would be about the

same. (Rauh: "If I understand that meeting, I really got it.") Joe Rauh carries the tattered idealist flag, which still requires an automatic salute, but he was carrying it from outside, which is out of the question; he was interfering in Union Business, of whatever quality, and the sacred principle of noninterference was being threatened. Suddenly the movement was there, in all its majestic inertia. Powerless to do anything much about union malfeasance or corruption, it still rises like a ghostly policeman to prevent anyone else from doing anything either.

Rauh is a hardy soul sufficiently inured to kicks in the head, and he affably admits he had some outside money—pray, where was he going to get any inside money? Boyle had all of that tied up in a silk sock. But Rauh was bringing in something much worse than money: he was bringing in the law. And this Labor is bound to resist, atavistically, with its survival instincts up and roaring.

Worse still, he was bringing in a new law that hadn't really been tested yet and was still malleable. Labor had managed effectively to dilute Taft-Hartley by opposing its execution in every possible instance. This was their first major crack at the machinery of Landrum-Griffin, their chance to show it its place; and though this might not be the battlefield of their choosing, it was the one they had. If Landrum-Griffin won here, it would be back tomorrow, and the next day, and Meany's crown would hang from a holly bush.

The Labor Department did its level bureaucratic best to make Meany look justified. It moved in with both feet to supervise the miners' election and was soon parked officiously in the UMW headquarters supervising the hell out of it. "Do you want that to happen to your union?" (a cloud for the Jerry Wurfs to escape under). But Rauh claims: "I told a lot of them when this thing started that if they didn't clean up the Mine Workers I was going to make a lot of laws that they wouldn't like . . . at any stage that the labor movement had indicated that they would support us we could have cleaned up on Tony Boyle without making all this law." Labor movement? Anybody see a labor movement?

Rauh claims that Meany had a good two and a half years to help straighten out the Mine Workers and that his rigid noninterference led to the law—that is, the application of Landrum-Griffin—he now detests. Fair or not, this raises the basic question: who will regulate the unions if they won't regulate themselves? Is any institution so innately good that it can survive without inside or outside monitors? Catholics will recognize the question: for years the

“Even a democratic mechanism may not militate in favor of bringing women and blacks up. . . .”

Church would neither accept criticism nor generate its own. And great was the dry rot therein when the windows were finally opened.

The Mine Workers episode took Labor a step in the direction of government regulation, but it's a funny kind of step when the government turns out to be Peter Brennan; a union insurgent appealing for a fair election this year might feel like an escaped convict finding the warden grinning at the end of the tunnel. All you can say is that the Landrum-Griffin machinery has been observed to work and precedents have been established. The old guard will now have to concentrate that much harder on keeping the machinery out of the wrong hands. In this sense, Brennan is probably no accident. Long before the election, rumor had it that part of Meany's terms for supporting Nixon was a say in the choice of the next Secretary of Labor. No doubt the hope is that this will harden instantly into a precedent and that the job will become Meany's baby in perpetuity. But do not judge these things too quickly. Early rumor also has it that Brennan was not Meany's first choice (he didn't want a union man, only a fellow traveler); and late rumor has it that Brennan will be out before his first year is up.

“There's such a thing as too much democracy.”

Friends of union democracy don't much relish calling in the law either. Herman Benson, the peppery editor of *Union Democracy Review*, believes ardently in a self-reliant movement as it was dreamed of in the thirties, cleaning its own house as it goes. Meeting Benson in his rumpled suit, hat, shoes, it's impossible to feel he is less a pure union man than Meany. But some houses just won't clean themselves, says Benson. A reformer in a building trades union, for instance, might simply find himself laid off work, by joint agreement of labor and management. For such cases, Benson would favor a union democracy apparatus, similar to the Civil Liberties Union, which could provide moral support and, if absolutely necessary, legal aid to the complainant.

Benson is the most optimistic man this side of author and former Socialist Party chairman Michael Harrington, and his faith in unions makes you want to believe too. But there are so far pitifully few successes to point to. Frank Schonfeld of the painters' union, who fought for the autonomy of his own local, was cut off at the knees by a trial board from the International Brotherhood of Painters, which forbade him to run for office for five

years. He's appealing the case in court and so far it's cost him \$12,000. The only cause for encouragement remains Arnold Miller of the Mine Workers, who did win, though at a cost of millions and three Yablonski lives. But Miller talked immediately of applying for membership in the AFL-CIO. And if he gets it, nobody had better insurgence against *him*. (Meany might kick him out himself, but there'll be no cops in the lobby.) Just to show who was who, Meany refused to be photographed with Miller even after he'd won, though he consented to a private lunch. “He wants something,” Miller was heard to say.

Benson's dream calls for a succession of insurgent heroes, as well as a sympathetic Labor Department, two long-shots in the same race. Joe Rauh hopes to get permanent foundation support for legal appeals, and maybe lead a sort of Rauh's Raiders on union malpractice that Meany will just have to get used to. But his crusade can only skirmish the borders at the moment. The new reading of Landrum-Griffin merely allows that a complainant may be physically present when the Labor Department takes his case to court; it does not guarantee that his case will get there, that it will be acted on, or that he will live happily ever after. The obstacles are endless. If his challenge concerns an election, he must wait until the election is over, even if fraud is going on under his nose; which means that before the case is aired, the defendant will most likely be in full control of the union, and of the union newspaper—and of Meany's implicit patronage. His sins will be washed clean, even as Tony Boyle's. He will be part of the labor movement, and the plaintiff will be a union buster.

The complainant must also gird himself for the law's delays. One Angel Roman of the Amalgamated Machine, Instrument and Metal Local 485 N.Y.C., who is applying for reinstatement as business agent (an official of a local union whose duties include adjustment of grievances and *enforcement* of agreements) has been waiting two years to be heard—a long time in the life of a working man. Meanwhile, a union can reach into its pocket for any number of appeals. A Joe Rauh might match them, but he'd have to do it again and again. It speaks well of the toughness of American workers that Rauh and Benson both anticipate their cooperation in these marathons.

Surprisingly, they may be right, in cases where it's even possible. Jim Morrissey of the National Maritime Union, who had his head stove in by goons after opposing the ineffable Joe Curran some years back, has made a courageous comeback

inspired by Miller and the Mine Workers. Boss Curran recently retired claiming a pension that would startle a Woolworth heir, and Morrissey is opposing his picked slate of successors. At this writing, Morrissey is trying to avoid the tiresome requirement of losing the election before he can be heard. He is appealing to the courts for the same fair-election guarantees that the Mine Workers got. And if he gets them, it will mean another big step forward for Landrum-Griffin, and the pro-democrats will be beside themselves.

It doesn't look likely, though. (Soon you'll know for sure.) The Labor Department still says it can't investigate before an election. The National Maritime Union (NMU) has folded its paper, *The Pilot*, rather than give equal space to Morrissey. And if the latter loses, he will have to go through the grotesque motions of appealing the election to the winners, before throwing himself on the mercies of—Peter Brennan.

So that's how it stands with outside regulation right now. And even these very small advances have depended on favorable circumstances. The NMU is a small union where a small challenge can make a big splash. A similar convulsion in, say, the Steelworkers would be something to shout about. (Rauh thinks it just might happen.) But national leaderships are generally harder for an insurgent to get at.

Moreover, the miners and mariners had a common piece of good fortune: they both made the headlines. Joe Curran's spectacular resignation, dripping gold from every pocket as he kissed his poorish union goodbye, caught the public's sleepy attention as the Yablonski murders had. Morrissey could lose the union newspaper, but the members could still read about him in the *New York Daily News*. (The Curran-ites could trundle out their trusty paranoia about outsiders as much as they liked—that pension of Curran's, \$55,000 a year for life, had to make a poor mariner's eyes bulge, wherever he read about it.)

But does it always take a sexy scandal to bring public action? Unfortunately, most corruption is pretty dull, a matter of bookkeeping, and the public can only take so much of it for entertainment. Reform by headline is piecemeal, but so far it's all we've got.

"Don't worry," says the gross spokesman, "government interference would be worse. Can you imagine what political use Nixon would make of it? Besides, the market keeps us in line. We can't afford to be that corrupt; it'd put us out of business." And in some lines of work that's true.

But don't bring it up to someone who wants to put up middle-income housing in New York or have his lamb chops carried by truck.

You get to the top by having a big mouth.

But if all goes well, and you get democracy all over, what have you got? According to even such a practicing democrat as Gotbaum, you may get racism: "For instance, Walter Reuther with an excellent record in terms of blacks couldn't get a black on the Executive Council, because democratically they couldn't be elected on the board." On the same principle, you may get sexism. Even in a union like the ILGWU (Ladies' Garment Workers), which is both democratic and packed with women, you find precious few women officials, though their training institute has some comers. Workers can be as reactionary as anyone else, even as their own leaders, and the fact that the United Auto Workers are theoretically the most enlightened of unions did not keep the members from voting against busing or for Wallace as the mood took them.

In fact, these arguments are only pertinent to a Civics I view of democracy as Mr. Clean, the wonder detergent. Democratic unions are probably a little better than the others on sex and race, but not enough to crow about. Gotbaum says, "Even a democratic mechanism may not militate in favor of bringing women and blacks up . . . in terms of women we're better than the rest, but we're bad, because the rest is so very, very bad." Racism is finally determined by the number of blacks the job calls for; where they're needed, they're welcome. On a narrow scaffolding, they're not. Sexism is determined by the rate of seepage of middle-class ideas. The first Women's Libbers got a raucous comeuppance from the female Municipal Employees because they talked a life-style out of Mars. There are signs they know better already, in terms of particular situations, if not in grand strategy. Meanwhile, all that democracy guarantees anyone is a fuller hall (sometimes) and members who like to talk, and possibly a bright union newspaper that somebody may read.

In any case, the first point of democracy is not character-building but responsive government, and here a more realistic case against union democracy arises. The business of unions is bargaining, which can be as delicate as brain surgery. A responsive membership craning its necks and shouting advice can play hell with the operation.

For instance, Arnold Beichman, a very plausible anti-democrat, maintains that New York City may be down to its present three newspapers because the members of Bert Powers' typographers' union wanted more blood than the stone had to offer that year. Powers had done everything he could,

From left to right:
I. W. Abel, Albert Shanker, Cesar Chavez,
James Hoffa, Theodore Kheel,
Frank Fitzsimmons



alienating the whole reading public, to the saturnine pleasure of his members (to this day, he finds himself hissed in the street), but when he took back his final hard-won agreement with the publishers, the members howled for more. And it was too much.

That is certainly the worst that can happen. Powers had enemies to the left in his own union, ready to outbid his wildest dreams. Meanwhile, he had patiently to explain the economics of each new offer to his members—and they never did get it straight, even in terms of their own interests, let alone the public's. How, a Beichman might say, can you possibly expect such people to cope with wage-price guidelines, acceptable inflation rates, and Japanese competition?

You can't, of course, though you try with worker education programs and articles in that yellowing scrap of newspaper that sits in unread piles in the front office. Even in the Mine Workers' election, with the volume up high and half the union paper given over by law to Arnold Miller's insurgents, 18 percent of the members hadn't heard of Miller on election eve (it seems, luckily, they couldn't find the polling place either).

From the viewpoint of public interest, an unsophisticated membership could be a menace. In a normal round of strikes, there is an accustomed rhythm which everyone is used to. One union sets the pace—say the Auto Workers on the national scene, or the garbage men in New York City—for the others to measure themselves by. Then the others fall in behind, snapping and snarling, but about the usual distance from the one in front.

Now just one desperate demagogue with a kamikaze union at his back can destroy this whole chain and drive the economy crazy. The same goes for an inept bargainer on management's side. When John DeLury of the New York City sanitation workers held up young Mayor Lindsay for ransom, the cry went up—"You pay that to a garbage man? I risk my life fightin' fires" or whatever. And neither John Lindsay nor the city ever recovered. Were the unions grateful? No, they were embarrassed. They despised Lindsay for giving in to them and dislocating the order of nature.

So much for the case against union democracy. Actually, neither the desperate demagogue nor the

wild-eyed membership is ever likely to materialize above the local level, democracy or no. In the final crunch, a democrat like Leonard Woodcock bargains like a Teamster; conversely, the sloppiest bargainer around, according to master negotiator Ted Kheel, represents an autocratic union. He just "signs and runs." As to flashing gold coins at the members in return for votes: top leadership turnover remains just about as sluggish in democratic unions as it is in the others—or in the People's Democracies. And for the same reasons. The boss controls the newspaper and assorted promo material, which is likely to feature pictures of himself peering knowingly into a mine face or welding machine, like a bishop at a confirmation. (In the Steelworkers, I'm told, a man could go mad staring at I. W. Abel. It's worse than *Muhammad Speaks*.) The boss's travels and latest thoughts are dutifully recorded. He is the only candidate most locals will ever see in person. A rival would need a small private fortune to counter these advantages.

And, according to anti-democrats, most members are not that interested in union politics anyway. It's not that they're stupid, it's just that they have other lives to lead, and their interest is sporadic and of a kibitzing nature. "Like a child in a family," to quote the President on the average American. Nixon's flirtation with Meany was made in heaven.

So the issue of union democracy may seem at first glance like an internal matter, rightly settled internally, as Meany insists. But there remain a couple of powerful rebuttals to this as there are to even the most benign fascisms.

One is that truly gross corruption on the Hoffa-esque scale is less likely in a democratic union, and this is a matter of record. Even a somewhat empty display of accountability to the voters seems to prevent such Caligula-like activities. Landrum-Griffin is easier to invoke in an open-mouth shop. A czarist outfit like the Teamsters may have some pretty cocky locals who will tell the Big Man to get lost, but in a pinch he can always take control by putting them in trusteeship, which can't happen in democratic unions, and run them out of his own hat. (Incidentally, this is what Meany tried to do to his Colorado affiliate when it endorsed McGovern.) Also the Teamsters' Fitzsimmons, and previously Hoffa, is entitled by union constitution



to lay paws on international funds without explanation. (Conversely, when the democratic Auto Workers sent some cash to Arnold Miller, they were investigated by the FBI for misuse of funds.) All this goes into the price of trucking, and of everything that goes into a truck.

Nobody could be as corrupt as the Teamsters are believed to be—and they're presumably not so themselves, although newspaper accounts have suggested that they may have had a finger in the Watergate, and don't even have time to deny all the reported Mafia links—but nobody knows for sure because of their murky constitutional procedure. And this cruddy reputation hurts the whole labor movement and brings on the clamor for outside interference. If meany proceeds to dilute Landrum-Griffin as he did Taft-Hartley, he will have to face the whole rumpus again when the tide turns—and maybe a rumpus with teeth in it, if that's your kind of metaphor.

Secondly, a boss like Tony Boyle not only lines his own pockets, he also signs bad contracts for his men. Arnold Miller accused him of ignoring work-safety rules, pensions, and just about everything else. Boyle, as ever, is an extreme example: but work safety is something of a symbol. Remote, autocratic unions, such as the building trades', are often careless about it (hence the tardy recognition of asbestos poisoning cases in construction). A lazy negotiator may sacrifice it for the sake of a gleaming pay packet, which actually costs the company less. A responsive membership might look at its contracts more closely.

A less conclusive reason would be that democracy is somehow what unions are all about, in the public mind at least—if not historically as an ideal. If you want to go on singing about Joe Hill and the Wobblies, you'd better believe that Arnold Miller is a better man than Tony Boyle, for all the bullyboy swagger of Boyle's public relations. Meany would like to have it both ways: the defiant comradely tradition and the simplicities of one-man rule. I don't know if meany still sings Joe Hill—maybe he does, like an old hymn in another language; but anyway he should, because old Joe has bought him credit, the way saints buy credit for the Vatican. And meany had better make pretty good friends with Mammon if he plans to give up that credit.

The blue-collar worker as sociologists' plaything.

Studies of the blue-collar worker tend inevitably to be either too vague or too narrow. A mine worker may live in a different time capsule from a skilled auto worker, with a world view geared to the 1900s; so there's not much point in talking about increased blue-collar restlessness and alienation, as government reports tend so gravely to do. Conversely, polling a hundred paper workers in Vermont gives you nothing but poetry, if that; it doesn't tell you about paper workers in Oregon, let alone garment workers in New York. The wild variety of work in America is flattened out by the very word "blue-collar." Another bottomless well has been opened up for the social sciences, without much in it for the rest of us.

The recent discovery of job discontent is especially unstartling. In a craft union, it may be significant—maybe the old boys *did* like painting in the corners as much as they now think they did and maybe their sons *are* even lazier than old men have always thought young men to be. But on the assembly line, discontent is a constant, and the only change has been in the freedom to express it. Few sane men would work on the line if they didn't have to.⁵ So if absenteeism and alcoholism are on the increase, as reported, it should be recalled that these practices once got a man fired on the spot. Unions have steadily expanded their say in hiring and firing matters; and what with review boards and delays, an employer may feel that firing a drunk is more trouble than it's worth. (If this keeps up, line workers may begin to rival writers in these particular vices.)

The issue of hiring and firing happens to be a major cause of resentment against organized labor. A restaurant owner I know pays way above union rates for the privilege of controlling his staff, and there must be many like him. Yet union spokesmen seem reluctant to discuss it at all.

"No one likes to negotiate for the incompetent

⁵ "You would think that twenty to twenty-five years ago, workers in the Ford and G.M. plants got finished in a day and thought, Well, I've done a day's work. That's great. Bullshit. They always hated the line."—Brendan Sexton, former Education Director, UAW.

worker," says B. J. Widick, professor of industrial relations in the Graduate School of Business at Columbia University. And as unionism approaches such skilled professions as teaching, the question becomes ever more delicate. Albert Shanker takes the view that college presidents, high school principals, and so on are no more interested in quality hiring than unions are; but this presupposes a heap of vindictiveness and favoritism in management. Anyway, the real problem is quality firing (one department chairman I know is worn to a shadow trying to replace a knuckle-headed language teacher). And here Shanker acknowledges difficulties, although not half as many as his critics. In general, is it possible to say that some workers have gone from too little protection to too much? Presumably if the boss can no longer discipline his employees, there's no one to do it but the union. But it's hard to find cases where this happens. Again, the noninterfering vacuum obtains: nobody else can and we won't. So the goof-off worker is blamed on the culture, the long-haired life-style, instead.

Can one go even further and say that Labor is slyly contributing to the permissiveness its leaders denounce? It would be surprising if not. That is Labor's natural object: to shorten working hours, lengthen vacations, and hasten retirement, and to bargain for all the permissiveness it can get. Cant about the work ethic notwithstanding, unionism has done as much as anything to upend those famous Old Values and loosen the Iron Grip of Authority. The pathos is that the old boys don't like what they've wrought and hence groan about a decline in the national life, as if they had nothing to do with the national life themselves.

One of the things that make American collective bargaining an art rather than a routine is that the bosses are bargaining precisely for the kind of welfare that governments commonly provide in other Western countries. Labor is a welfare state, for its own members at least, and the complaints about the young are about what you'd expect in a welfare state.

If workers cannot be bullied into proper behavior, the logical thing to do would be to make the work itself more appealing. But many's puritanical soul resists this kind of mushy Deweyism. "If you want to enrich the job, enrich the paycheck," says William Winpisinger of the Machinists, in that hearty, good-dose-of-castor-oil style (quoted, with much of what follows, from Byron E. Calame's labor column in the *Wall Street Journal* of February 26, 1973). "The better the wage, the greater the job satisfaction." In doubt, many reaches back for

Gompers' simple slogan "more." And a bluff, no-nonsense approach to social engineering always goes down well with the boys.

Faced with the looming threat of job enrichment, the gross spokesman will even deny that there is such a thing as worker discontent. The generally enlightened Leonard Woodcock of the UAW lashes out at the trusty old target, "elitist academics," for talking "a lot of nonsense about job enrichment," while Professor Irving Kristol accuses the social scientists of practically inventing the problem. (When the elitists are invoked, Labor is down to its last argument.)

Now while I yield to just about everyone in my respect for social scientists in bulk, there really is such a thing as blue-collar blues, as bad as ever and less passive in expression, and many knows it. "There is something there and we need to know more about it," Jacob Clayman, head of the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department, says cautiously. Unfortunately, most of the ideas for job enrichment have come from management, and are automatically suspect. Job enrichment is just "a stop-watch in sheep's clothing," says Winpisinger. An enriched worker is tempted to overproduce. And management, in sheep's clothing, may ask him to do two or three jobs for the sake of "variety" and personality development, while quietly cutting down staff. Whatever one may think about unions, there really is a big bad wolf out there.

Management is certainly not to be trusted single-handed with the problem. But again, Labor is slow with its own ideas. Older workers, of the kind the leaders are most in touch with, don't want job enrichment anyway. It's just a distraction in their anesthetic rounds. More profoundly, job enrichment "divides the worker and his union," as another gross spokesman puts it. If management begins "designing" the job and rearranging assignments, the worker begins to look to management for his signals, and his own union sinks into shadow. In some cases, he may even cross crafts, and do work proper to another union altogether, in which case paying dues and going to meetings becomes utterly onerous and pointless. The worker's perennial fear of being sold out by his leadership is matched here by the leadership's fear of losing him.

And many knows all this too. His natural mode of operation is to oppose the new with low growls until compromise is reached, and then to proclaim it as if he'd invented it. Woodcock has already professed a grudging willingness to take part in enrichment experiments, and as autos go, so goes America. If the workers want job enrichment,

“No one likes to negotiate for the incompetent worker.”

they'll get it eventually; but the leaders naturally would like to seem to have gotten it for them. If management ever begins to look like the worker's best friend, the unions have had it (and so, eventually, have the workers).

Has the blue-collar worker also undergone some great upheaval in character that makes him different in kind from his old man? It was fashionable a few years ago to say that he had entered the middle class, or was just about to. Now you'll hear that he's taken his six-pack to Grosse Pointe and set up a working-class life-style there. (As a six-pack man myself, I sometimes think this bit of symbolism is overdone.) If “middle-class” means the high incomes that the loftiest unions pull down, then it's true that most other union workers are nowhere near it yet (and a small union is never more on its own from the movement than when it's bargaining); but if it means tea sets in Grosse Pointe, we're talking fashion, and not some deep-set historical pattern. These matters of style fluctuate inconsequentially, and whatever is true today won't be true tomorrow. The image of the hard-hat looking down from a girder has had a big run in TV commercials, and may have affected the reality. And it certainly has its attractions after an overdose of Abbie Hoffman. But the image of the hard-hat at home is less sharp and compelling. Ethnic rediscovery has not yet won out over the Sears Roebuck décor and the five-hour-a-night television set. (Open a Polish folk center and see.) The infatuation with hard-hats is actually a gesture without cultural soil. Unionized teachers and civil servants outnumber builders by a considerable degree, but that man on the girder has the faded glamour of a Western hero.

What may be much more significant is that the white-collar unions are growing in number while some of the old blue-collar are shrinking. This could affect the national profile of Labor and, more immediately, the power balance on the Executive Council. The likes of Joe Beirne of the Communications Workers and Jerry Wurf of the Municipal Employees have enough members to make a tiny stir up there, and as we'll see in a moment, they may have already done so (you won't believe how tiny). Since these unions tend to be more liberal and democratic than most, their influence on the Council may filter down to other unions where it's needed. The Department of Labor may profit from a new ventriloquist. Who knows? The building trades may even cease to be called the lords of the union movement someday, though I doubt it. (The builders have the most intimate links with politicians and will always make out OK.)

Whatever happens up there, most blue-collar workers are likely not to care too much. They live further from the job than their forefathers, and have more to do in the evenings. I suspect the real secret of the blue-collar worker lurks in the tube, along with all our secrets. Television watching is the premier social fact of our time, and I don't see why workers should be spared it. According to Nicholas Johnson of the FCC, “By 1969, over 95 percent of the nation's households spent more than one-fourth of their waking hours in rapt attention before the images on their television screens.” And “the average child of eighteen has spent nearly 25,000 hours in front of the television set, and has seen approximately 350,000 commercials.” (*How to Talk Back to Your Television Set*, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1970.) Anyway, many union meeting halls are languishing right now like Broadway theaters. Some black leaders decided to go it alone on the McGovern campaign, and to remain bonded thereafter to deal with black union interests—but there is no evidence that more blacks are going to meetings. Twenty percent of union workers are women, but they race each other back to their TV's as fast as anyone else. If union democracy falters, it will be partly from worker apathy.

Or is apathy the word? The above-mentioned Mr. Winpisinger, who snorts at job enrichment, concedes “the rising level of contract rejections and the growing number of defeats suffered by long-established business representatives and officers in union elections.” The workers may be bored with meany and the good-old-boy superstructure, but they're not necessarily bored with the actual gristle of unionism, the improvement of job conditions, and the right somehow to impose themselves on their work. If they can't do this through their appointed leaders, and if they can't always be bothered to go to meetings, they may do it themselves anyway, and on the job. Figures on minor job sabotage are hard to obtain, and it could be that they are a constant like suicide. But there's an unsettling amount of it right now. Otherwise, small spontaneous strikes on the local level may be the thing to watch—especially if the national organizations are thinking of abandoning the strike altogether.

Collective bargaining: “If you snooze, you lose.”

Change is often more talked about (and feared) than practiced, and more apparent than real. Take the great American sport of collective bargaining. The early history of this sounds somewhat like the early days of pro foot-

It all comes down to a cool mind and a hard bottom.

ball, with teams like the Canton Bulldogs gloomily slugging it out in the mud. Now the negotiators are urbane professionals who know each other's tricks by heart ("You could play a record from last year," says Bert Powers) and who "know that an agreement must be reached," as negotiator Ted Kheel puts it. In fact, the two sides now understand each other's interests so well that people are beginning to talk.

Still, it all comes down to a cool mind and a hard bottom. Powers, who nearly struck the *New York Times* this spring, is acknowledged king of the latter. He once sat twenty-seven hours at a stretch, and, when necessary, takes catnaps under a blanket of whatever newspapers are still left in New York. "They all come in like lions," he says. "You can't settle anything in the first couple of hours." I asked if his eyes ever glazed over or if boredom crept in, and he seemed amused by the question. Whatever errors of judgment might be coaxed out by ennui will not come from him. ("If you snooze, you lose," says Gomer Goins of the G.M. bargaining team.) Powers and Kheel are the most patient-looking men I've ever seen outside of Lord's Cricket Ground.

Although computers might be expected someday soon to bargain directly with each other, producing exquisitely nuanced solutions, Powers and Kheel are as scornful of this as only professionals can be. Kheel in particular stresses intuition, a sense of the possible, which may turn up like a gift for music in any kid from the shop, and be equally missing from a well-known leader. The best bargainer Kheel ever met was John Gordy of the Detroit Lions, who dabbled in it for a year or two and then quit. "No scruples at all," said Kheel admiringly. The worst bargainer? He grinned. Obviously, he wouldn't want to put such a one out of business.

The trouble with negotiators, as with lawyers and other games players, is that their sport can become the whole world to them. Kheel, for instance, relishes strikes. They are the mustard of his profession, bracing for all concerned, especially the union. A strike may be the only time the rank and file gets to learn union business. And the leader becomes most fully himself. Besides, bargaining without strikes is like a gun without bullets. Both he and Powers throw up their hands in horror at the thought of outside arbitration. How could an outsider have that sense of music, for hitting the curve, that the kid in the shop has? "I don't worry about the money," says Powers. "You know at once how much they've got. It's the other things." The artist plays pension plans against overtime

and work safety and comes out with a contract that is often a genuine original.

With these pros, to call in outside arbitration would be like taking away their ball. Maybe fortunately for the public, it isn't Meany's ball. Remember—"He never led a strike. His rise was purely political." He says now that strikes are almost obsolete and has declared himself in favor of third-party arbitration of a nonbinding sort: another kind of gun without bullets, perhaps.

If Labor wants to lose its abrasive image, Meany is obviously right. As A. J. Liebling pointed out years ago, unions always "demand," while employers "offer"—so that bad publicity is built into even neutral descriptions of strikes. And labor leaders are quick to tell you that newspaper publishers are seldom neutral: by temperament Republican, self-made, dogmatic at table, they are the least union-minded of employers. "You never even get to meet them," says Powers. "They all use agents." Powers adds, interestingly, that TV news may be fairer than newspapers about strikes of all sorts.

Besides the specific irritations of strikes, which seem to drill at each nerve in the body in turn—bad phone service today, long hikes in the snow tomorrow—there is the general sense of threat, as one stage villain replaces another on the evening news, growling his demands.

One anti-Labor result of frequent strikes is that the nonunionized poor are reminded of how little they themselves make. A union is required, by the nature of the game, to ask for much more than it gets, and that's the figure that sticks in the head and the craw. "Did you see the cement workers are asking for such-and-such? Why, Ph.D.'s don't get that much." Neither do cement workers, but the damage is done.

Another result is that the labor-costs component in inflation is always being flashed before the public eye, while the head of G.M. takes his money home quietly. A recent survey of union members shows that 61 percent of *them* believe that excessive union demands are the major cause of inflation. After all, they're consumers themselves half the time, and they are tired of wiping out each other's raises methodically. The have-not unions keep an especially beady eye on the have unions, of which Mr. Meany's pet building trades unions are outstanding—although they may find their hands full competing with the new assembly-line low-cost housing outfits. Workers who have scraped up enough for a house in the suburbs are not happy to learn why they can't afford it after all, or why they can't get a plumber either. Ownership makes capitalists of us all, and as workers move up

the pay scale, they find themselves dealing with more and more unions from a quasi-managerial position, which snarls up the class war as it is always being snarled up in this country.

Arbitration would presumably hush some of this up. It would take some glory from the swashbuckling leaders, but much pressure too: they wouldn't have to bargain for their pants anymore, but could say to their membership in effect, "They made me sign," and then curse the arbitration law, instead of management.

According to the anti-arbitrationists, such shadow-boxing would be even more artificial than Mike Quill's orchestrated tantrums. The leaders under this arrangement would scarcely be accountable to their members at all. They could come out of the back room with whatever deal they liked, blaming it all on the other parties (who would do the same). The workers' latent fear of being sold out to the boss would presumably intensify, and they would either lose interest or start organizing again on lower levels against the whole superstructure.

No wonder Meany hedged the arbitration suggestion with nullifying restrictions. Still, the proposal is there, and has been taken up by other leaders, such as I. W. Abel, in Steel, a symbol of the new syndicalism—an alliance between the bigs of Labor, business, and government against the smaller versions of each. If the AFL-CIO doesn't know that that's what Nixon has been up to, they haven't been paying attention.

If Labor gives up the strike, bargaining will become one more empty ritual, like tossing the coin at football games. And one must assume that it would fix the status of have and have-not unions about as is, screwing them even more definitively than Phase 2 did. It would deal a death blow to union democracy. Who would bother to go to meetings anymore? And it would cement the partnership between Labor and management: meanyism triumphant. As in *Animal Farm*, the pigs at the bargaining table would look just like the people.

Some believe they already do. In his book *The Company and the Union* (Knopf, 1973), about the 1970 G.M. strike, William Serrin quotes a black auto worker as saying, "The union and the company, they're more or less partners." That is, they're in business to perpetuate each other. It is hard to buy this in relation to a sixty-seven-day strike that must have hurt somebody. In fact, the UAW had to take out a mortgage with the Teamsters afterwards. But if collusion can be suspected in a crippling strike, imagine what would be suspected of arbitration.

It seems perverse to miss the old-fashioned strike—as soon miss leprosy—but it is the one earnest of intent that everyone accepts (except the cynics who say that business uses strikes to raise prices twice as much as necessary) and it may just possibly be on the way out. Recently, I. W. Abel agreed with ten major steel companies on an experimental "no strike" guarantee plan, allegedly to head off the stockpiling that can occur when a strike is feared. Steel is an important indicator, being a union that can close down a whole industry and adjoining industries. If wages there are decided by prearranged slide rule, it might be contagious. The strike-happy railroad unions have also agreed to binding arbitration, and if those old feather-bedders can do it, anybody can.

For the plaintiff, it can be pointed out that these are both special cases. Steel loses millions by stockpiling and hedge-buying every time a strike is feared, and those millions come out of the workers' hides one way or another—if only when foreign companies take advantage of our padded prices. "You can't stockpile a hemline" is the word from the garment workers, and you can't stockpile teaching or hospital care either. The gnat-bite municipal strikes will be with us the longest.

Heady prophecies were made, in the wake of Steel's decision, that there would be no more nationwide emergency strikes ever again, but this could be as premature as that "generation of peace" we were going to get. Rubber and Autos have turned down arbitration cold, possibly waiting to see how Steel makes out, more likely because they're not interested, and one awaits their new contracts this year with interest, not to say panic. Finally, Steel has a singularly autocratic boss in Abel, and it is not clear that a more turbulent membership would sit still for arbitration just yet.

The railroad workers accepted arbitration simply because they feared legislation—that old nemesis—which would ban nationwide transit strikes altogether. This still seems the most likely way for arbitration to arrive, if it does: from above. Meanwhile, the public can content itself with the words of Willard Wirtz, former Secretary of Labor: "Sometimes a bad settlement hurts the public worse than a strike." An agreement to soak the consumer hurts worse than a strike, though you can't see it. And workers, who double as members of the public, have several reasons to view the death of the strike with caution, even though it would make them a heck of a lot more popular in the short run.

Whither, and related questions

The new bipartisanship that meany has worked out is a hoary political device, half buried in claptrap. His dynamic progressive centerism still depends squarely on the same liberal sentimentality he sneers at. Americans like a rough-hewn labor leader with all his sins better than a smooth manager, even when both are up to the same tricks. So as long as he stays roughhewn (and meany is great at this, as seen above), his left is safe enough. We may frown over Big Labor, but we don't sick Ralph Nader on it or run candidates against it. McGovern murmured something about running against an abstract called Big Labor but nobody picked it up, and before you knew it, George was promising to remove all wage and price controls in ninety days—more than even Meany asked. (Parson George was a great one for going the extra mile.)

And if all else fails with the middle-class Left, the nonquestion of party affiliation can always be summoned once again. "The Executive Council may be moving left," a friendly intellectual and labor expert told me recently. Why? Because Joe Beirne of the Communications Workers, a rabid hawk, had recently changed feathers and challenged Meany over his Vietnam War position. The thing to note about this is that the war is virtually over, so the challenge was purely academic. Beirne was also accusing Meany of deserting the Democratic Party in the last election—but the election is over too. I asked my friend if any issue of present substance was involved and he said he couldn't think of any offhand.

Being liberal over dead questions is a perfect way to keep the Left happy. And the late war still serves beautifully for empty displays of independence. To see how much it really means to Meany, observe that Vic Gotbaum felt quite free to oppose the boss of bosses on it—he went for McGovern—but has not felt free to support Jim Morrissey's union-democracy challenge, which is a real issue.

Since Beirne's overnight conversion to peace has to be suspect, one must assume he was reaching for the support Meany had lost, without actually giving it anything. This may be interesting in terms of Meany's power on the Council—Beirne can perhaps hope for enough support from Jerry Wurf and Paul Jennings of the Electricians to challenge the king—but not so far, in terms of real political trends. Meany may be threatened, but meany lives on. (In fairness to my informant, a wise man, it would probably make a difference if Meany's successor turns out to be one of the comparative liber-

als on the Council. But it's rather like assuming that a Humphrey will be better than an LBJ. Until liberal labor leaders debate something more vibrant than the last war, we can't guess what they would do to alter the course of Labor. And as long as intellectuals equate Democratic Party affiliation with the Left, they won't really have to do anything.)

With the Left rumbling softly but safe for now, Meany has been free to browse to his right and has done so. Big companies deal more comfortably with big unions anyway. It's tidier and possibly even cheaper. Fewer strikes mean fewer unions playing leapfrog for wage increases. For a politician, it means one box of cigars to give instead of twenty, one deal, one friend. The Right has no reason to dislike big unions. With their bureaucratic accountants and economic advisers, the big labor unions are more sophisticated and aware of the national interest than are the little wildcat outfits.

Yet, unless they are consummate playactors, I have to believe that Labor people found the alliance with Nixon distasteful even before Watergate exploded; a sign of weakness, not strength. Meany would prefer a Democratic Party to his taste, and he continues to make the old partisan noises. Peter Brennan had not been Labor Secretary for long before Meany attacked him for selling out to the Nixon Administration on minimum wage legislation. And, sincere or no, it is the kind of thing Meany has to do if he values his left base at all.

Perhaps as liberals grow older and are replaced (or not replaced), that base could slide away anyhow, leaving meany alone with his new friends, and making Labor officially rightist for the first time, though hardly in control of the GOP. Young lefties may, in turn, celebrate the old Wobbly virtues of César Chavez and the crusading union democrats, and a new movement might conceivably be born under the old one. But with the new politics in its current shell shock, with Chavez on the ropes and the union democrats scrambling for crumbs, it seems pretty remote right now. With meany relatively secure for this year at least, we can take one last look at him in his splendid immobility. For all its faults, the AFL-CIO remains a relatively liberal influence in a business society: it does, for whatever reason, support social legislation, and it has sufficient economic sophistication not to rip off the public unnecessarily. Its major defect is that if it decides to live in a world of its own, no one can stop it.

In the matter of corruption, the AFL-CIO may

Compared with Labor's old boys, the Roman Catholic Curia is downright flighty.

be no worse than the candlestick makers; but unfortunately their only method of dealing with it seems to be expulsion, and their No. 1 Horrible Example, the Teamsters, has flourished exceedingly well on its own. Freed from AFL-CIO jurisdictional taboos, the Teamsters now prowl the work-world like a tomcat, unionizing everything that isn't nailed down and, ironically, advancing the Wobbly ideal of One Big Union much more than the staid old AFL is doing.

The Teamsters are the professional bad boys of American Labor and their treatment of Chavez in the California grape and produce fields (signing a contract without figures on it to beat him out) was breathtaking. Yet they also have some of the best and liveliest of locals, especially on the West Coast and St. Louis, along with the crookedest, in (surprise) New Jersey. Their power is one of the unknowns in the equation; Nixon thinks enough of it to court them every bit as industriously as he courts Meany. And he may know something. Theoretically, they of all unions can paralyze the nation, just by tying up road cargo. Yet they have refrained so far from national strikes, maybe being too rich to need them.

The Auto Workers, or professional good guys, are another unknown. If they come back to the AFL-CIO, they will presumably help democratize it, as they helped Arnold Miller with the Mine Workers, besides rolling Labor's political clout back into one fist. But outside of the occasional trip to Miami, it's hard to see what's in it for Leonard Woodcock. His dues would be close to one million a year—a heavy price to pay for agreeing with meany and sharing his lobbyists—and educated opinion has it that he probably won't go back if Meany is replaced by another building tradesman. (A merger with the Machinists is a possible alternative, which would give us yet another unknown, and an interesting one.)

All my life I've been hearing that Labor is at the crossroads, that it's finally gotten too big for us and must be definitively crushed. The easy thing now, as our President might say, is to announce a Turning Point and say that the crossroads are here. But neither the President nor I ever choose the easy thing. Labor hears those voices too, and knows that when they grow too loud, punitive legislation is on its way. (Labor tries fitfully not to pass this irritation line.) The next wave of resentment may always be the last.

This year, for instance, there was ominous talk about major contracts coming up that would balloon prices and beggar us all. Yet the unions involved have, to this writing, been the soul of reasonableness, even considering dreaded arbitration, as we've seen. Also, in regard to wage-price controls, meany has been as cooperative as his role permits while fulminating for the record about fat cats and capital gains. The real menace, if one has to have one, is not big unionism itself, but the impressment of its leaders into an Establishment troika with business and government, planning the economy from above. In this arrangement, Labor would not be the strong partner. Its so-called power is largely defensive anyway. In fact, it has yet to prove it can flourish full force in a time of peace and plenty, or, more specifically, that it can cope with the multinational companies, or with the superdeals of the superpowers, business and government respectively doing their stuff. Labor may feel itself lucky to be let into the troika at all if this keeps up.

The logical alternative would seem to be a growth in international unionism—"Workers of the world unite" is hardly meany's favorite slogan, but if capital can mate anywhere at will, maybe the work force can get together at least a little. And on the home front, some more conspicuous brotherhood wouldn't hurt. The widespread impression that Labor consists of aging white men guarding their gains may be an exaggeration verging on a libel: but it *is* widespread. And when blue-collar ethnics seem to be consistently at odds with the unskilled minorities, the worker as a political force is weakened. And no short-term bribe from any politician is worth that. Again, meany presumably knows all this. The AFL-CIO has excellent position papers on mergers and multinationals and is theoretically enlightened about race and everything else there is to be enlightened about. Meanwhile, meany moves *slowly*.

Whatever prediction one makes must start with the understanding that if the old boys had their way, nothing would change at all. Compared with them, the Roman Catholic Curia is downright flighty. Changes are still more likely to come from outside—from the kindness of politicians, or from new styles in business, or from a new breed of worker. Predict those and you can predict meany a few feet behind, growling, opposing, accepting. Surviving. □

AUBADE

by W. H. Auden

(In Memoriam Eugene Rosenstok-Huessy)

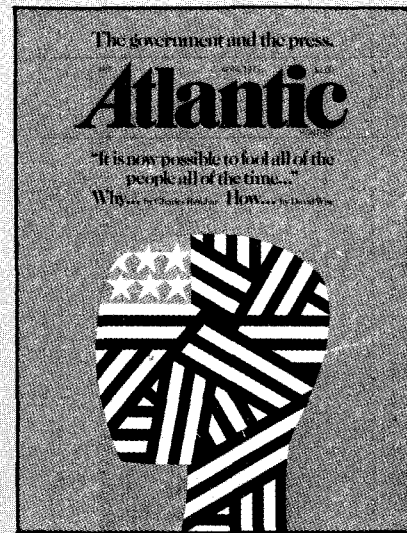
Beckoned anew to a World
where wishes alter nothing,
expelled from the padded cell
of Sleep and re-admitted
to involved Humanity,
again, as wrote Augustine,
I know that I am and will,
I am knowing and willing,
I will to be and to know,
facing in four directions,
outwards and inwards in Space,
observing and reflecting,
backwards and forwards through Time,
recalling and forecasting.

Out There, to the Heart there are
no inanimate objects,
each one has its Proper Name,
there is no Neuter Gender.
Flowers fame their splendid shades,
Trees are proud of their posture,
Stones are delighted to lie
just where they are. Few bodies
comprehend, though, an order,
few can obey or rebel,
so, when they must be managed,
Love is no help: we must opt
to eye them as mere others,
must count, weigh, measure, compel.

Within, a Place, not of Names,
but of Personal Pronouns,
where I hold council with Me
and recognize as present
Thou and Thou, comprising We,
unmindful of the meiny,
all those we think of as They.
No voice is raised in quarrel,
but quietly We converse,
by turns relate tall stories,
at times just sit in silence,
and on fit occasion I
sing verses *sotto-voce*,
made on behalf of Us All.

But Time, the Domain of Deeds,
calls for a complex Grammar
with many Moods and Tenses,
and prime the Imperative.
We are free to choose our paths,
but choose We must, no matter
where they lead, and the tales
we tell of the Past must be true.
Human Time is a City
where each inhabitant has
a political duty
nobody else can perform,
made cogent by Her Motto:
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AN AMERICAN FAMILY & THE FAMILY OF MAN

by Abigail McCarthy

A report on the collision between the Loud family and television.

The death of Edward Steichen brought the faces and forms of his great photographic exhibit, "The Family of Man," crowding back into memory. They rose again from some storing space—the worn faces, the suffering faces, the humble, the proud, the beautiful—each picture telling us, "This is your sister, this is your brother." In the same week the documentary series, *An American Family*, faded from television screens.

An American Family was hailed as a great breakthrough in the use of the camera in the service of knowledge. Craig Gilbert, the producer who conceived the series for public television, and his camera crews spent seven months recording the day-to-day lives of the William C. Loud family of Santa Barbara (seven eventful months, it turned out, in the course of which the Louds were separated). "Nothing like it has ever been done," said Margaret Mead with her characteristic, infectious enthusiasm. "I think it may be as important for our time as were the invention of drama and the novel for earlier generations." Critics wrangled about the Loud series for months. The public imagination had been caught—the ratings of educational television jumped to record levels in some cities. Important figures in the disciplines of psychiatry, anthropology, history, and the arts gathered on panel shows to discuss this use of film. Is it really a new form? they asked. If so, what are its components? Does it reflect or does it distort the family and society in America? Does it, in Edward

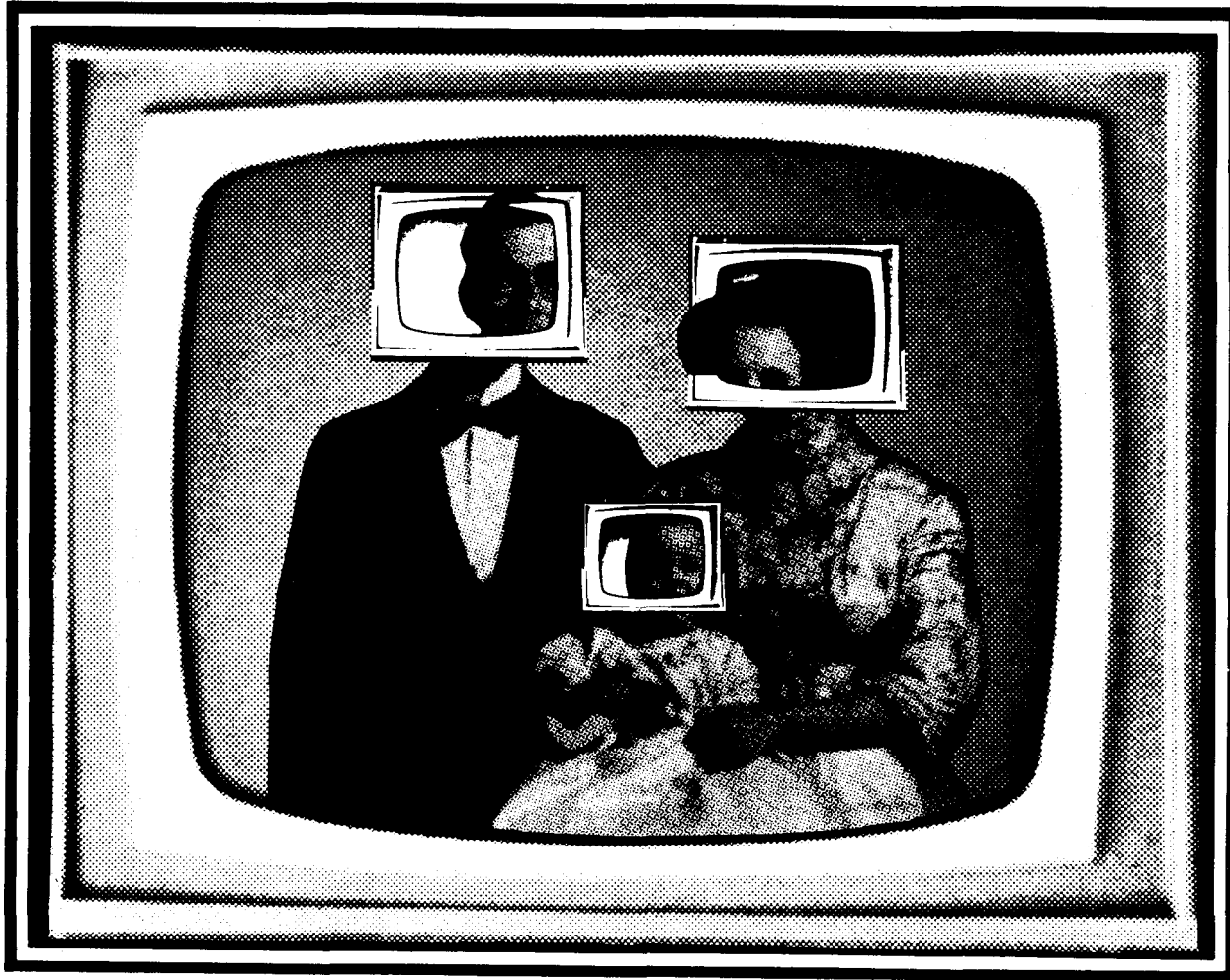
Steichen's words, explain man to man, man to himself?

There was an unsettling quality in these discussions, so afloat in easy conventional wisdom and grandiose claims; thus, for those who sought it, there was a solid point of reference in the commentary occasioned by Steichen's death. As much as any man he had raised the use of the camera to an art form. As much as any man he had used that art form to illumine the image of man.

"The mission of photography is to explain man to man and man to himself. And that is no mean function. Man is the most complicated thing on earth and also as naïve as a tender plant," he had said.

He had insisted, too, that the medium is not an art in itself: "It is the person who creates a work of art." He had honored his art with infinite, exhausting patience, taking hundreds of pictures of one subject before he felt he had it right. He spent every Saturday for a year watching Rodin at work before attempting a portrait. He sifted 10,000 prints to select the 150 for a museum show. He and his assistant, Wayne Miller, devoted three years to gathering and arranging the 503 prints from 68 countries for "The Family of Man." (This patience became the hallmark of similar photographic projects. Similarly, Ken Heyman, working with Margaret Mead on their book *Family*, traveled to forty-five different countries to get the pictures he felt he needed of adults and children.) In the face of such effort, the seven months of filming and the three months of editing which went into the production of television's *An American Family* do not seem excessive labor.

Basic to the exhibit for which Steichen will



above all be remembered was the very idea of *family*. He chose, he said, "photographs of lovers and marriages and child-bearing, of the family unit with its joys, trials and tribulations, its deep-rooted devotions and its antagonisms." Toward the end of the collection he had placed a remarkable series of photographs of aging couples of all countries and races, and captioned it with the verse from Ovid, "We two form a multitude." Man and woman alone together, each pair looks out onto the world into which their children have gone. For us perhaps the most memorable faces are those of the American farm couple photographed by Alfred Eisenstaedt. The father is stubbornly himself with bibbed overall and stubbled chin. There is light and pride in his eyes. The mother stands, hands clasped on his shoulder, face set, sad, serene, accepting. They speak of past American experience, of stability and a coming to terms with life and its limitations. Yes, the picture seems to affirm, we two form a multitude.

All this is called into question by the Loud fam-

Abigail McCarthy's autobiography *Private Faces/ Public Places* was published last year. An excerpt appeared in *The Atlantic*.

ily series. Whereas Steichen found in the family a paradigm of unity, it becomes in *An American Family* a symbol of disintegration and purposelessness in American life. The camera turned on the Louds showed us a biological family whose unity seemed as meaningless and as temporary as last years' leaves heaped, then caught up in a dusty whorl by March winds and strewn abroad. And the image of man is lessened. We feel ourselves diminished and drained as we finish watching. Like the mother, Patricia Loud, we are humiliated by this view of man. "We've lost dignity," she protested in an interview after she saw the completed series, "our honor is in question," and the viewer, who must choose to be either participant or sociological observer, can only agree. But why is this so? That it is so does not necessarily deny the worth of the project.

It is so, it seems to me, because ultimately form shapes content. The content in this case is a living, breathing family, but content all the same. The television documentary is an extension and development of photography, differing in that it must find the significance of man moving, speaking, interacting, but still man in image—pictured, and framed in a quadrangle, and presented for viewing.

"Form," said Ben Shahn, Steichen's contemporary, "is formulation—the turning of content into a material entity, rendering a content accessible to others, giving it permanence, willing it to the race. . . . It is the visible shape of all man's growth; it is the living picture of the tribe at its most primitive, and of his civilization at its most sophisticated state. . . . Form is the very shape of content . . . form is the right and only possible shape of a certain content. . . . So when we sit in judgement on a certain kind of form—what we do is actually sit in judgement upon a certain kind of content."

The problem *An American Family* presents us with is whether *this form* is really the right and only shape of *this content*. In other words, was the creative intelligence successful in formulation—in turning the content into an entity and rendering it accessible? Is television film the right form for this content?

After studying the film series and what has been written about it, and talking to those who made it, I find that there are three different versions of the Loud family. There are the Louds further revealed and more critically revealed in interviews and conversations with those who spent the months working on the film. In this version there are hints of darker motivations and deeper miseries—even of past violence—especially in the story of Lance Loud, the oldest and homosexual son, and his parents' conflict with him and their confusion in dealing with him. Secondly, there are the Louds experienced personally by those who have seen the series—"more attractive," agree the personnel at the WNET studio in New York; "more charming," "even more glowing than on film," say interviewers and publicity people of Pat Loud; all of them are much nicer in real life according to Dick Cavett's assistants, Cavett told the Louds on his talk show. And there is the version of the Louds we see in one series segment after the other—the content shaped by form.

The Louds as perceived on film are, in outline, living clichés. They seem to embody the trite generalizations about the American family grown familiar by repetition in popular psychology and sociology. They are affluent. They are uninvolved. They live beyond their means and for appearances. The parents are in classic middle-aged crisis. The father, Bill Loud (who reminded more than one observer of Willie Loman in *Death of a Salesman*), faces the downhill path to death, not having made it as he had hoped and neither at ease with nor content with his family. Loud resorts to alcohol and infidelity. The mother, at the peak of her physical maturity, faces an empty nest and empty years, is aware of betrayal and unused potentialities. The children, caught in today's prolonged

adolescence, are attractive and unformed, without clear goals. Yet their impact as individuals is what lingers in the viewer's memory.

I approached my viewing at WNET-TV in New York having read very little about the Louds or the series and having seen only one review. I was more interested in the series as a project and in its validity than I was in the family. I was and am, quite frankly, surprised at how interested I became in them and at the impact of certain scenes which stick in my memory. I remember the softening of Pat's overcontrolled face when she is alone with the children, and Bill's stricken eyes at odds with his matter-of-fact acceptance of Pat's request that he leave home. I remember, among other things, the strange way poor Lance lights up the screen and the explosion of vitality when Grant sings with the rock group at the school assembly. But is this because of the intensity of the medium and the cumulative effect of a documentary presented in a series?

Those of us writing about the project found it very hard to find the necessary critical distance. Anne Roiphe, with a novelist's gift for giving flesh to thought, put it one way: "I felt despair and fascination watching the Loud family, and this could only have been caused by vibrations ricocheting down through my own experiences. The Louds are enough like me and mine to create havoc in my head, and I had to fight a constant strong desire to push away those Louds, dismiss them as unique, empty, shallow, unlike others. . . ." This indeed was a general reaction. Most critics seemed to come to terms with this feeling by blaming the Louds for being themselves, and by patronizing them for being the kind of people who would allow themselves to be the subject of such a television series. This last betrays ignorance of the unique hold of the medium on people today. In public life one learns quickly that everyone wants to be on television. There are very few private people left. Let a television crew appear to follow a campaigner and a crowd gathers almost at once, pushing each other, pressing close so that they, too, will be on screen. Appear on a talk show and you take on new reality, even for close friends. In recent months we have seen the wife of a prisoner of war allowing her husband's first phone call to be recorded by a television sound and camera crew—without his knowledge. We have seen parents sobbing and comforting each other as cameras record the dying moments of their young son. Can we condemn the Louds? In justice, we must remember that the series was presented to them as an educational venture, and that even in the late stages of filming, according to the producers' rather scornful account, they were sure that the intent was to record normal, happy family life "with some problems," and that the breakup of the marriage would "spoil" the series. The Louds' innocence may be



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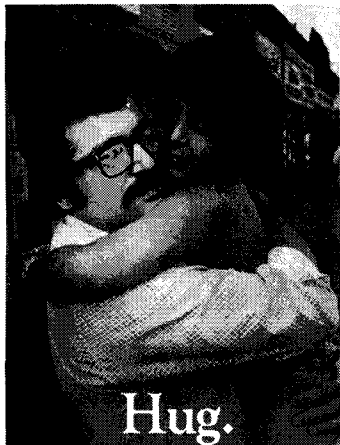
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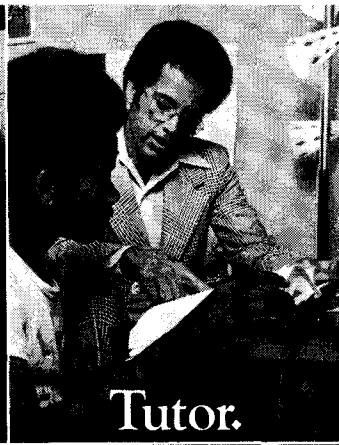
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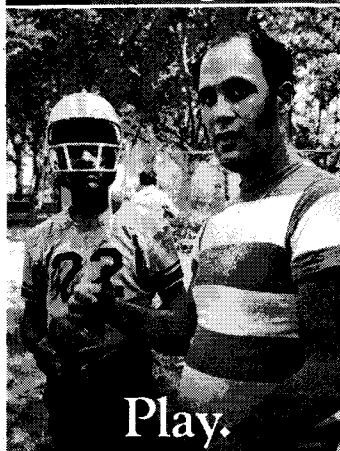
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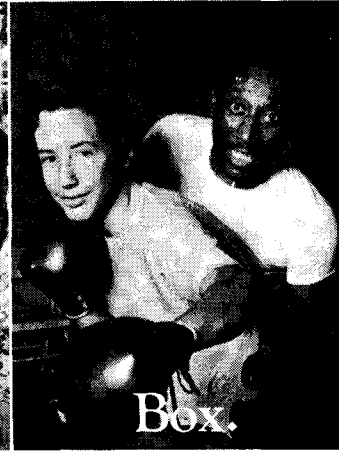
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appalling, but it is not unusual. And is their willingness to be models, to be pictured, really different in kind from the willingness of other models in other eras—from that of Goya's *Naked Maja*, to take a rather farfetched example?

At first Craig Gilbert and his crew seemed satisfied with the reaction to the sociological aspect of the film and to the conception of the project itself. The sociology had been capsulized, and the obvious objections anticipated, in press releases. Why did the Louds do it? "There is no simple answer and, presumably, each of the Louds had a different reason." Didn't the very fact of filming alter what happened? Didn't the fact of observation condition the observed, in the words of the scientist's axiom? "It is undeniable that the presence of the camera affected the family. Although the production crew went about their business as unobtrusively as possible, they were there. . . . If reactions were modified because of the camera, those reactions are still valid." (Surely this assertion can be questioned. Valid in what way?) "Since there were no roles assigned to each member, each individual's response expressed what was felt about himself or herself, which was, of course, one of the basic goals of the project." It is superficially convincing as an argument, but it does not really deal with the profound implications of manipulation which can and does take such varied and subtle forms.

It was only when the Louds began to express dismay at their treatment in the series, and especially at its editing, that Gilbert began to defend his thesis further and to expatiate further on the Louds and their problems to whoever interviewed him: "Pat Loud cares terribly about appearances—Bill tried to co-opt me." The publicity read differently: "The arrangement with the Louds, from the inception to the end of filming, was one based on mutual respect and trust between the family and the production staff and a deep commitment on both sides to the value of the series." The Louds, Gilbert seemed to feel, were betraying their trust, and he did not seem to feel that his explanatory revelations betrayed his. His material was proving retroactively refractory. Content was questioning form.

Craig Gilbert's is the creative intelligence responsible in every way for what we see on the screen. I do not think he is happy with his product, although he insists that the critics are not looking at the film itself. Like many creative people, he is instinctual rather than reflective and he tends to project his dissatisfaction on the Louds. His troubles with form are indicated, however, by the fact that he wanted three more segments to complete the series and tried to raise the money for them, and also by his defensiveness about his method. Alan and Susan Raymond, the talented young camera and sound team who, still in their

twenties, have an impressive list of credits, are frank about their dissatisfaction with the form the series took as their three hundred hours of camera work was edited. "Look at the film—it is Pat Loud's," said Alan. "There was a real producer-star relationship. A family is children. Five of the characters were the children and, except for Lance, they hardly come through as individuals. Of course, Craig [Gilbert] is not a parent." Both Raymonds, from the hard and enviably sure stance of youth, take the position that Bill and Pat Loud are finished as individuals—"nothing can be done for them"—and that the story should be the children's because "theirs is the future."

From what one can surmise from the circumstances surrounding assistant producer Susan Lester's abrupt removal from her position at the Raymonds' insistence, one judges that she would have directed the action somewhat differently. Oh, yes, the action *was* sometimes directed and certain effects were sought, despite all disclaimers. Lance was asked to recreate his initial telephone conversation with his mother and his voice was dubbed into it. Is this what makes Pat's recommendations seem so flat and without feeling? Craig Gilbert told me of the effort he made to persuade Pat, and then her brother and sister-in-law, to let him record the episode in which she visited them and informed them of her decision to divorce Bill and in which she detailed her and Bill's troubles. What conversation went on between Gilbert and Pat on the trip to the brother's home? It has been noted that she referred to this episode as her "best scene." The Raymonds joined in persuading her to tell the completely unprepared Bill of her decision on camera. Assistant producer Susan Lester's intervention seems to have taken the form of raising Pat Loud's consciousness—a rather brash effort for a twenty-two-year-old viewing the problems of a forty-five-year-old mother of a large family, as the Raymonds noted. She was rather unwilling to discuss her relationship with Pat Loud, even to say whether she liked her or not, and would only comment that "Pat was out of touch with her feelings."

Running through all this dissatisfaction with form is the difficulty inherent in the situation. What empathy could the verbal and socially aware New York producers and film crew summon for laconic and largely extroverted Californians who are strangers to self-examination? The experience is different. The educational, historical, and ethnic background is different. The artist's struggle to master materials is, in this case, reflected in finding fault with the materials—faulting, that is, the Louds, the way they lived and met their problems.

An American Family is not a new form. It is the elaboration of a traditional one. How does it

differ from the classic 1920 documentary, *Nanook of the North*, produced, directed, and photographed by Robert Flaherty? "Nanook had no plot in the dramatic sense," wrote Lewis Jacobs in *The Rise of the American Film*, "nor was it fictional in the literary sense. It was a . . . description of the real life of Eskimos in their own haunts, made without artificial properties or professional actors. Its fidelity alone made it fresh, honest, and far more moving than any studio-enacted film could have been." The same thing could be said of the current series. Our only reservation concerns its complete fidelity.

Margaret Mead suggests that the difference lies in that the subjects were aware of what it might mean to have their real lives appear on television. But the furore subsequent to the appearance of the first segments proves that the Louds were as innocent in this regard as any Eskimos.

How did Craig Gilbert's approach to *cinéma vérité* differ from the definition of the documentary framed by the World Union of Documentary Filmmakers in the 1930s?

. . . all methods of recording on celluloid any aspect of reality interpreted either by factual shooting or by sincere and justifiable reconstruction, so as to appeal either to reason or emotion, for the purpose of stimulating the desire for, and the widening of human knowledge and understanding, and of truthfully posing problems and their solutions in the sphere of economics, culture, and human relations.

There *is* one important difference. Gilbert's work is the work of an angry man. He says so. He was unhappy at the failure of his own marriage. He found his work unsatisfactory. "And I believed that if I stayed with a normal family [earlier he qualified "normal" with "so-called"] long enough . . . the anger, the conflicts, I saw around me would be illuminated." Thus, he added to the purposes of the documentary the purpose of therapy for the film maker and for his subjects. For he seems to have suggested to the family that they, too, might find the camera a helpful third person improving their communication with each other. "I thought," he said, "that I might find out what was happening between man and woman in this crazy country."

The very words predetermine what we will see. And his method of search for a family made certain results inevitable. One is reminded of the seaman who said to Edward Weeks on his first tramp voyage, "Looking for local color? Aye, lad, you'll find it and it'll all be brown." Gilbert confined his search to California—Southern California in particular—where he believes American culture is fashioned. "Any day now America will become California," he says. And it was a given that the family must have its roots outside of California, thus, perforce, be a family in which the parents

have been wrenched from what Ben Shahn calls an area of self-identification, "the place of one's birth, or some way of life which appeals to [man]." He began his search working through family therapists. His "so-called normal family" would necessarily be a family already in trouble.

Most revealing, and most troubling of all, is that when he failed in his first three months of search and had almost given up, he was brought back to California by reading detective-story writer Ross Macdonald's *The Underground Man*. "He described with absolute accuracy the kind of family I was looking for. I found he lived in Santa Barbara and called him up." For those who know the genre, Ross Macdonald (Kenneth Miller in private life) holds a very special place among detective-story writers. His works are minor classics. His world is a world of stunted souls living shabby, sordid lives in a culture of alienation in which surface affluence and grimy poverty are close together. In the Ross Macdonald world, children are often the victims of burnt-out men and women who have ceased to know love, or are incapable of knowing it. It is a world devoid of joy and trust and simple fun. It is a world devoid of mutual sacrifice for common goals. Above all, it is a world devoid of honesty. Through the connections set up by Ross Macdonald, Craig Gilbert finally found the Louds. Did he, through all the months of interaction, continue to see them as a Ross Macdonald family?

Step by step, form was shaping content in the basic assumptions of the artist. Before they were ever found, the members of the family of the series were limited, prejudged, categorized.

Actually, Craig Gilbert is an uneasy amateur anthropologist and sociologist. Attack any one of the assumptions above and he backs away. But he is a good documentary film maker—a specialist in making the painful bearable and even meaningful, if one recalls his *The Triumph of Christy Brown*. This is what he owned up to on the Dick Cavett Show. "I am not a sociologist, despite what has been said and misunderstood; I'm not even an amateur anthropologist. I am simply a film maker who had an idea for doing a series." Yes, we can assent to that—a sensitive film maker in the grip of anomie casting about for a landmark project with which to answer his questions and his doubts about life and his own experience. It matters very much that his is one sensibility giving shape to the content of our very lives. A society lives by its basic assumptions and it is the images we hold in common that create the human community. What, to refer again to Steichen, are we doing to man, "the most complicated thing on earth and also as naïve as a tender plant," through television, the most powerful artistic medium ever known? □

DEATH CONSTANT BEYOND LOVE

A story by Gabriel García Márquez

Senator Onésimo Sánchez had six months and eleven days to go before his death when he found the woman of his life. He met her in Rosal del Virrey, an illusory village which by night was the furtive wharf for smugglers' ships, and yet it seemed in broad daylight the most useless inlet on the desert, looking out on an arid and directionless sea, so far removed from everything that no one would have suspected that someone capable of changing the destiny of anyone lived there. Even its name was a kind of joke, because the only rose in that village was being worn by Senator Onésimo Sánchez himself on the same afternoon that he met Laura Farina.

It was an unavoidable stop in the electoral campaign he made every four years. The carnival wagons had arrived in the morning. Then came the trucks with the rented Indians who were carried into the towns in order to enlarge the crowds at public ceremonies. Shortly before eleven o'clock, along with the music and rockets and jeeps of the retinue, the ministerial automobile the color of strawberry soda arrived. Senator Onésimo Sánchez was placid and weatherless inside the air-conditioned car, but as soon as he opened the door he was shaken by a gust of fire and his shirt of pure silk was soaked in a kind of light-colored soup, and he felt many years older and more alone than ever. In real life he had just turned forty-two, had been graduated from Göttingen with honors as a metallurgical engineer, and was an avid reader, although without much success, of badly translated Latin classics. He was married to a radiant German woman who had given him five children and they were all happy in their home, he the happiest of all until they told him, three months before, that he would be dead forever by next Christmas.

While the preparations for the public rally were being completed, the senator managed to have an hour alone in the house they had set aside for him to rest in. Before he lay down he put into a glass of drinking water the rose he had kept alive all across the desert, lunched on the diet cereals which he took with him so as to avoid the repeated portions of fried goat that were waiting for him dur-

ing the rest of the day, and took several painkillers before the time prescribed so that he would have the remedy ahead of the pain. Then he put the electric fan close to the hammock and stretched out naked for fifteen minutes in the shadow of the rose, making a great effort at mental distraction so as not to think about death while he dozed. Except for the doctors, no one knew that he had been sentenced to a fixed term, for he had decided to endure his secret all alone, with no change in his life, not out of pride but out of shame.

He felt in full control of his free will when he appeared in public again at three in the afternoon, rested and clean, wearing a pair of coarse linen slacks and a floral shirt, and with his soul sustained by the anti-pain pills. Nevertheless, the erosion of death was much more pernicious than he had supposed, for as he went up onto the platform he felt a strange disdain for those who were fighting for the opportunity to shake his hand, and he didn't feel sorry as he had at other times for the groups of barefoot Indians who could scarcely endure the hot saltpeter coals of the sterile little square. He silenced the applause with a wave of his hand, almost with rage, and he began to speak without gestures, his eyes fixed on the sea that was sighing with heat. His measured, deep voice had the quality of water in repose, but the speech that had been memorized and ground out so many times had not occurred to him as a means of telling the truth but rather as the opposite of a fatalistic pronouncement by Marcus Aurelius in the fourth book of his *Meditations*.

"We are here for the purpose of defeating nature," he began, against all of his convictions. "We will no longer be foundlings in our own country, orphans of God in a realm of thirst and bad climate, exiles in our own land. We will be different people, ladies and gentlemen, we will be a great and happy people."

There was a pattern to his circus. As he spoke, his aides threw clusters of paper birds into the air and the artificial creatures took on life, flew about the platform of planks, and went out to sea. At the same time, other men took some prop trees with felt leaves out of the wagons and planted them in the saltpeter soil behind the crowd. They finished by setting up a cardboard facade with make-believe houses of red brick that had glass windows,

Gabriel García Márquez is the author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *Leaf Storm*. A profile of him by William Kennedy appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

and with it they covered the miserable shacks of real life.

The senator prolonged his speech with two quotations in Latin in order to give the farce more time. He promised rainmaking machines, portable breeders for livestock, the oils of happiness which would make vegetables grow in the saltpeter and clumps of pansies in the window boxes. When he saw that his world of fiction was all set up, he pointed to it. "That's the way it will be for us, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted. "Look! That's the way it will be for us."

The audience turned around. An ocean liner made of painted paper was passing behind the houses, and it was taller than the tallest houses in the artificial city. Only the senator himself noticed that since it had been set up and taken down and carried from one place to another, the superimposed cardboard town had also been eaten away by the terrible climate and that it was almost as poor and dusty as Rosal del Virrey.

For the first time in twelve years, Nelson Farina didn't go to greet the senator. He listened to the speech from his hammock amidst the remains of his siesta, under the cool bower of a house of unplanned boards which he had built with the same pharmacist's hands with which he had drawn and quartered his first wife. He had escaped from Devil's Island and appeared in Rosal del Virrey on a ship loaded with innocent macaws, with a beautiful and blasphemous black woman he had found in Paramaribo and by whom he had a daughter. The woman died of natural causes a short while later, and she didn't suffer the fate of the other, whose pieces had fertilized her own cauliflower patch, but was buried whole and with her Dutch name in the local cemetery. The daughter had inherited her color and her figure

along with her father's yellow and astonished eyes, and he had good reason to imagine that he was rearing the most beautiful woman in the world.

Ever since he had first met Senator Onésimo Sánchez during his first electoral campaign, Nelson Farina had begged for his help in getting a false identity card which would place him beyond the reach of the law. The senator, in a friendly but firm way, had refused. Nelson Farina never gave up, and for several years, every time he found the chance, he would repeat his request with a different recourse. But always he received the same answer. Therefore on this visit he remained in his hammock, condemned to rot alive in that burning den of buccaneers. When he heard the final applause, he lifted his head and, looking over the boards of the fence, he saw the back side of the farce: the props for the buildings, the framework of the trees, the hidden illusionists who were pushing the ocean liner along. He spat without rancor.

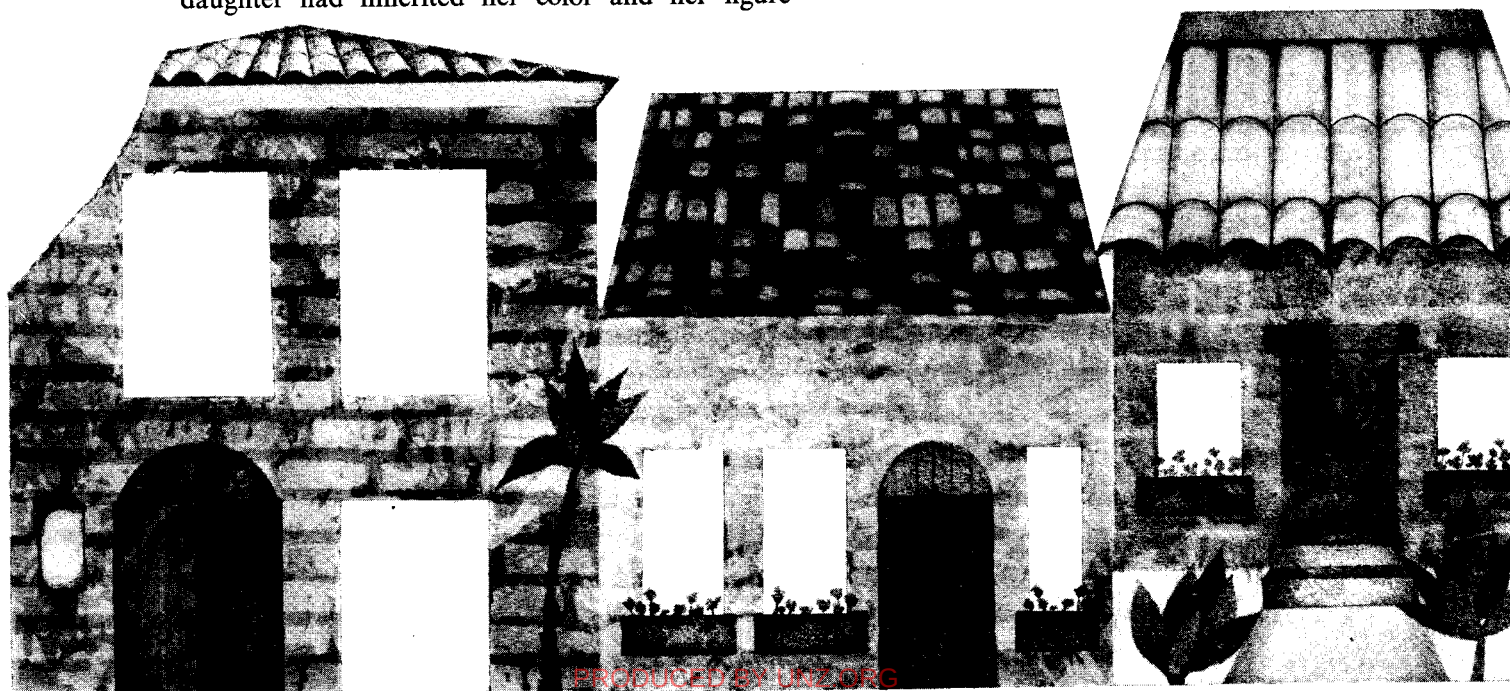
"Merde," he said. "*C'est le Blacamán de la politique.*"

After the speech, as was customary, the senator took a walk through the streets of the town in the midst of the music and the rockets and besieged by the townspeople, who told him their troubles. The senator listened to them good-naturedly, and he always found some way to console everybody without having to do them any difficult favors. A woman up on the roof of a house with her six youngest children managed to make herself heard over the uproar and the fireworks.

"I'm not asking for much, Senator," she said. "Just a donkey to haul water from Hanged Man's Well."

The senator noticed the six thin children. "What became of your husband?" he asked.

"He went to find his fortune on the island of Aruba," the woman answered good-humoredly,



Death Constant Beyond Love

"and what he found was a foreign woman, the kind that put diamonds in their teeth."

The answer brought on a roar of laughter.

"All right," the senator decided, "you'll get your donkey."

A short while later an aide of his brought a good pack donkey to the woman's house, and on the rump it had a campaign slogan written in indelible paint so that no one would ever forget that it was a gift from the senator.

Along the short stretch of street he made other smaller gestures, and he even gave a spoonful of medicine to a sick man who had had his bed brought to the door of his house so he could see him pass. At the last corner, through the boards of the fence, he saw Nelson Farina in his hammock, looking ashen and gloomy, but, nonetheless, the senator greeted him, with no show of affection:

"Hello, how are you?"

Nelson Farina turned in his hammock and looked him in the sad amber of his look.

"*Moi, vous savez,*" he said.

His daughter came out into the yard when she heard the greeting. She was wearing a cheap, faded guajiro Indian robe, her head was decorated with colored bows, and her face was painted as protection against the sun, but even in that state of disrepair it was possible to imagine that there had never been another so beautiful in the whole world. The senator was left breathless. "I'll be damned!" he breathed in surprise. "The Lord does the craziest things!"

That night Nelson Farina dressed his daughter up in her best clothes and sent her to the senator. Two guards armed with rifles who were nodding from the heat in the borrowed house ordered her to wait on the only chair in the vestibule.

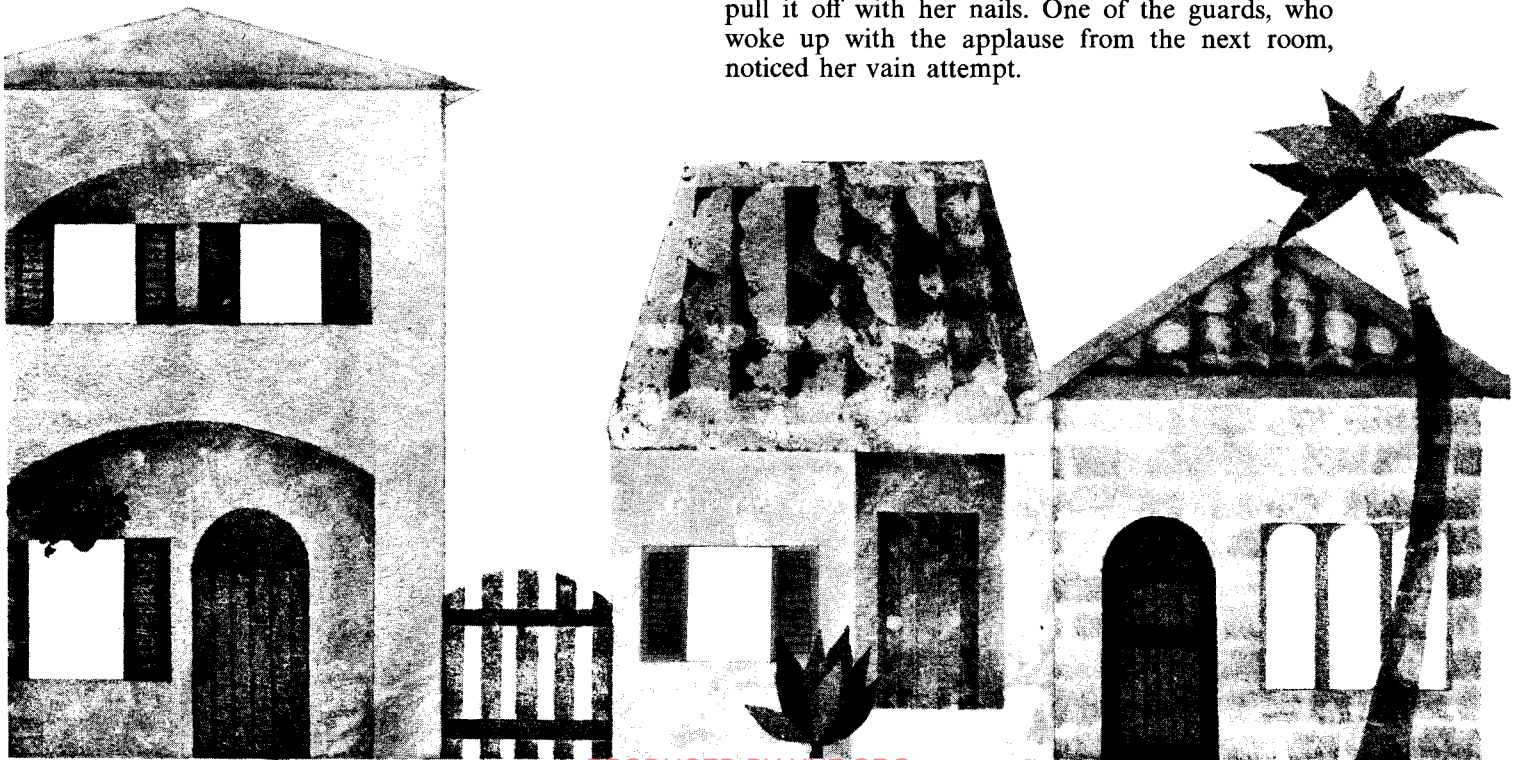
The senator was in the next room meeting with the important people of Rosal del Virrey, whom he had gathered together in order to sing for them the truths he had left out of his speeches. They looked so much like the ones he always met in every town in the desert that even the senator himself was sick and tired of that perpetual same nightly session. His shirt was soaked with sweat and he was trying to dry it on his body with the hot breeze from an electric fan that was buzzing like a horsefly in the heavy heat of the room.

"We, of course, can't eat paper birds," he said. "You and I know that the day there are trees and flowers in this heap of goat dung, the day there are shad instead of worms in the water holes, that day neither you nor I will have anything to do here, do I make myself clear?"

No one answered. While he was speaking, the senator had torn a sheet off the calendar and fashioned a paper butterfly out of it with his hands. He tossed it into the air current coming from the fan with no particular aim and the butterfly flew about the room and then went out through the half-open door. The senator went on speaking with a control aided by the complicity of death.

"Therefore," he said, "I don't have to repeat to you what you already know too well: that my reelection is a better piece of business for you than it is for me, because I'm fed up with stagnant water and Indian sweat, while you people, on the other hand, make your living from it."

Laura Farina saw the paper butterfly come out. Only she saw it because the guards in the vestibule had fallen asleep on the steps, hugging their rifles. After a few turns, the large lithographed butterfly unfolded completely, flattened against the wall, and remained stuck there. Laura Farina tried to pull it off with her nails. One of the guards, who woke up with the applause from the next room, noticed her vain attempt.



"It won't come off," he said sleepily. "It's painted on the wall."

Laura Farina sat down again when the men began to come out of the meeting. The senator stood in the door of the room with his hand on the latch, and he noticed Laura Farina only when the vestibule was empty.

"What are you doing here?"

"C'est de la part de mon père," she said.

The senator understood. He scrutinized the sleeping guards, then he scrutinized Laura Farina, whose unusual beauty was even more demanding than his pain, and he resolved then that death had made his decision for him.

"Come in," he told her.

Laura Farina was struck dumb standing in the doorway to the room: thousands of banknotes were floating in the air, flapping like the butterfly. But the senator turned off the fan and the bills were left without air and alighted on the objects in the room.

"You see," he smiled, "even shit can fly."

Laura Farina sat down on a schoolboy's stool. Her skin was smooth and firm with the same color and the same solar density as crude oil, her hair was the mane of a young mare, and her huge eyes were brighter than the light. The senator followed the thread of her look and finally found the rose that had been tarnished by the saltpeter.

"It's a rose," he said.

"Yes," she said with a trace of perplexity, "I learned what they were in Riohacha."

The senator sat down on an army cot, talking about roses as he unbuttoned his shirt. On the side where he imagined his heart to be inside his chest he had a corsair's tattoo of a heart pierced by an arrow. He threw the soaked shirt to the floor and asked Laura Farina to help him off with his boots.

She knelt down facing the cot. The senator continued to scrutinize her, thoughtfully, and while she was untying the laces he wondered which one of them would end up with the bad luck of that encounter.

"You're just a child," he said.

"Don't you believe it," she said. "I'll be nineteen in April."

The senator became interested.

"What day?"

"The eleventh," she said.

The senator felt better. "We're both Aries," he said. And, smiling, he added:

"It's the sign of solitude."

Laura Farina wasn't paying attention because she didn't know what to do with the boots. The senator, for his part, didn't know what to do with Laura Farina, because he wasn't used to sudden love affairs, and besides, he knew that the one at hand had its origins in indignity. Just to have some time to think, he held Laura Farina tightly between his knees, embraced her about the waist, and lay down on his back on the cot. Then he re-

alized that she was naked under her dress, for her body gave off the dark fragrance of an animal of the woods, but her heart was frightened and her skin disturbed by a glacial sweat.

"No one loves us," he sighed.

Laura Farina tried to say something, but there was only enough air for her to breathe. He laid her down beside him to help her; he put out the light and the room was in the shadow of the rose. She abandoned herself to the mercies of her fate. The senator caressed her slowly, seeking her with his hand, barely touching her, but where he expected to find her, he came across something iron that was in the way.

"What have you got there?"

"A padlock," she said.

"What in hell . . . !" the senator said furiously and asked what he knew only too well. "Where's the key?"

Laura Farina gave a breath of relief.

"My papa has it," she answered. "He told me to tell you to send one of your people to get it and to send along with him a written promise that you'll straighten out his situation."

The senator grew tense. "Frog bastard," he murmured indignantly. Then he closed his eyes in order to relax, and he met himself in the darkness. *Remember, he remembered, that whether it's you or someone else, it won't be long before you'll be dead and it won't be long before your name won't even be left.*

He waited for the shudder to pass.

"Tell me one thing," he asked then. "What have you heard about me?"

"Do you want the honest-to-God truth?"

"The honest-to-God truth."

"Well," Laura Farina ventured, "they say you're worse than the rest because you're different."

The senator didn't get upset. He remained silent for a long time with his eyes closed, and when he opened them again he seemed to have returned from his most hidden instincts.

"Oh, what the hell," he decided, "tell your son of a bitch of a father that I'll straighten out his situation."

"If you want, I can go get the key myself," Laura Farina said.

The senator held her back.

"Forget about the key," he said, "and sleep a while with me. It's good to be with someone when you're so alone."

Then she laid his head on her shoulder, her eyes fixed on the rose. The senator held her about the waist, sank his face into woods animal armpit, and gave in to terror. Six months and eleven days later he would die in that same position, degraded and repudiated because of the public scandal with Laura Farina, and weeping with rage at dying without her. □

Translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa.

THE STRANGERS NEXT DOOR

by Edith Iglauer

North of the border, *johnconnally* has become a one-word term of derision, an expression of Canadians' discontent over United States policies toward its near neighbor. Economic nationalism is now an issue in Canada that rivals French-English separatism. The politics of resentment has cut Pierre Trudeau's parliamentary plurality to two votes and turned the "swinging" Prime Minister into a sober-sided survivor.

Directly above the United States on the map is a huge landmass called Canada frequently colored pink to distinguish it from us. Most Americans have no idea what goes on up there or what constitutes the Canadian character, but assume that there are so many of us and so few of them, two hundred million to twenty-two million, that they must be just like us.

Why not? The Canadians whom Americans meet, unless they venture into French Quebec, speak English, see the same television programs, and read the *Reader's Digest*. Americans as school-children don't find much about Canada in their history books, and it is difficult to buy Canadian books in the United States because of an antiquated, turn-of-the-century, U.S. copyright law. Americans aware of Canada's natural resources have a comfortable misapprehension that the country is a storage room we can draw from when we run out of precious minerals, oil, and water. We also have a dim idea from the periodic violence that erupts in Quebec that a French-speaking minority in Canada threatens to set up a separate government. But even those Americans who use Canada as a vacation land are remarkably igno-

rant of the Canadian personality; of the ten provinces and the territories beyond, comprising the second largest country in the world; of a parliamentary system in a federal arrangement that gives Canada's government a distinctive form somewhere between that of Great Britain and the United States, but not like either one; and of the people, who are rapidly developing a new self-esteem and a desire to control their own destiny. With increasing emotion, Canadians are coming to think that they have a country whose special qualities are worth defending. Nonetheless the United States blindly continues to regard Canada as a gangling hayseed who admires our sophisticated ways, gratefully accepts our culture and the golden fallout from our economic superiority, and loves us no matter what.

"We like you Americans very much on a person-to-person basis, but let's face it, as a nation the United States is unlovable, and we certainly don't want to use it as a model," a Canadian recently confided to an American friend. The Canadians know a great deal about us, thanks to our television programs, the flood of movies and periodicals that engulf them, and to the stark fact that roughly 75 percent of Canadian industry is American-owned and oriented. Once the United States was the mecca toward which ambitious young Canadians were aiming. Now for the first time there are more Americans emigrating to Canada than there are Canadians coming to settle in the United States. The "brain drain" of Canadian scholars and scientists into American universities has stopped. The Canadians are realists, however. They don't like the American domination of their economy, but they know what will happen to their already high unemployment and their excellent standard of living without it. They want some form of control over foreign investment but not so severe as to jar the economy.

More and more, Canadians refer to the United

States in that cold term, a "foreign country." They are a peace-loving people and the Vietnam War and our conduct of it shocked them. The name *johnconnally* has become a single dirty word in the Canadian lexicon. The bullying behavior of President Nixon's economic emissary, with his threats of retaliation if Canada should hold back raw materials that the United States needs, does not suit the reserved Canadian temperament, but nothing has shocked our friendly neighbor as much as the unexpected imposition of a 10 percent tax on Canadian imported goods in 1971. Although that tax was rescinded fairly soon after it was imposed, Canadians remember the date the tax was announced, August 15, 1971, and refer to it as a day of infamy. It exposed them to their own vulnerability, and they regard the fact that it could happen at all as a betrayal and warning. When Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau visited Washington a year later, he was introduced to John Connally, then Secretary of the Treasury, who was moving down the receiving line. President Nixon said, "And here is the terrible Mr. Connally," and Trudeau and Connally shook hands. After Connally had moved on down the line, Mr. Trudeau was seen looking at his back, and then the Prime Minister began openly counting his fingers.

Many Canadians think that the need to defend themselves against encroachment by the United States is what has kept them together. "Logic would have made our maritime provinces in the East allies of Boston, and western Canada a part of the West Coast of the United States," a western Canadian newspaperman observed in a letter to an American friend not long ago. "If Canada has survived, it's because of the existence of the United States. I am certain if the American portion of North America were to sink fifty feet below the waves, Canada would divide into several independent states: the Atlantic provinces, Quebec, our wealthy industrialized heartland of Ontario, the prairies, and British Columbia. The North, custodian of the national dream, might be too expensive for anyone to keep, but would probably be colonized by one or more of the five states."

Canada is not yet a unified nation. It is a disjointed federation of regional groups, the provinces, federal states loosely tied into a central government in Ottawa, the capital city of Ontario, for convenience, but with enough mutual desire for unity to engage in a remarkable sharing process known as equalization grants. Three so-called "have" provinces, industrialized Ontario in

the East, oil-rich Alberta at the western end of the prairies, and British Columbia on the Pacific coast, share their riches with the seven "have-nots": the Atlantic provinces of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and tiny Prince Edward Island, plus Quebec in the East and the central prairie states of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Scratch the surface of the country and what do you find? A population which is a third French in heritage, a third British from Scotch, Irish, and English forebears, and the rest a mixed congregation of immigrants who have arrived by hundreds of thousands since 1900, from Europe, chiefly, but in substantial numbers from China, Japan, and a rainbow of other countries. Canada is no melting pot. Canadians cling proudly to their origins, not only the French in Quebec, but others who continue living in their own settlements and speaking their own languages in the new country. There are large French communities in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where they are called Acadians, and in Manitoba, on the central prairies; and Ukrainians in Alberta think that if there is a second language, it should be Ukrainian. Census takers beg people to trace their lineage to the country they came from and this is duly recorded in the *Canada Year Book*. There are probably more than a hundred thousand blacks, Asians, and West Indians now in Canada. Ten thousand descendants of a few hundred escaped slaves during the Civil War live in a community just outside Halifax in Nova Scotia, mostly on welfare. French-speaking Haitians are settling in Montreal, and so many West Indians have come to the Toronto area that an annual Caribbean Festival takes place there every summer.

There have been a few racial skirmishes between blacks and whites, but the war is between the English and the French, between Quebec and the rest of Canada, which Canadians themselves invariably refer to as British or English Canada. Six million French-speaking people in Quebec, many of whose ancestors predate the British conquest of Canada and the American Revolution, sincerely regard themselves as second-class citizens, in an inferior economic position to the British Establishment. The official policy of bilingualism, which was begun under the late Lester Pearson when he was Prime Minister and which has been implemented by Trudeau, a French Canadian, is a belated effort to correct one of the major irritants. The Official Languages Act passed in 1968 requires by law that people be able to talk with their government in whichever of the two official Canadian languages, French or English, they may choose.

Previously, virtually all federal government business was conducted in English, even in Quebec, where a large proportion of the population speaks only French, although business is British-oriented. The burden for providing communication in either

Edith Iglauer, a New York resident, writes for *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

Four self-reliant women tell why they rely on the American Express Card.



Gail Dessimoz

"I'm an account executive. I use the American Express Card both for business and for pleasure.

"Last year I took 3 months off and I traveled throughout Europe. I went to the Olympics and I used my Card constantly — for air fare, for my hotel, and for shopping for clothing.

"In New York, I use it all the time. I'm an impulse buyer, and I do all my shopping in boutiques that accept the American Express Card.

"I don't want to carry cash around, and it's a pain in the neck to write checks all the time.

"It's much easier to use the American Express Card. Then, when the bill comes at the end of the month, you just pay the whole thing.

"It's a lot more convenient."



Susan Wayne

"I am a film producer. I shoot quite a lot on location. I live in hotels, motels, eat in restaurants, and shop all over the place, because invariably I forget something.

"When I arrive in places where nobody ever heard of me, the American Express Card identifies me.

"For a woman it is particularly important because it gives her stature in the business world.

"Hopefully in a few years that will all be ridiculous, but, at this moment, if a woman has the American Express Card it gives her a certain amount of standing."



Jane O'Reilly

"I'm a free-lance writer. It's important that the people I deal with take me seriously.

"In a strange business like free-lancing, there are times when the American Express Card underscores my credibility. If I take people to lunch and pay with the American Express Card, I have produced a symbol that I am a serious person.

"It permits all manner of gracious businesslike gestures over the dinner table or on airplanes, or in stores for that matter.

"The American Express receipts help me do my taxes easily and send in my large and varied expense accounts. And it's the only Card with a certain cachet.

"It certifies that I'm a grown-up and a real person."



Lorraine Di Paolo

"As stockbroker, I entertain clients over lunch and dinner occasionally, and find the American Express Card to be an unobtrusive yet gracious way of entertaining a client.

"I can pick up the tab and not feel awkward about it, nor do my clients feel awkward.

"But if I pulled out cash, they surely would.

"When I'm going out, the most important contents of my evening bag are my license, registration, and my American Express Card."



language in government offices now rests on the government, and a bilingual board recommends which districts should be bilingual, depending on whether the local population is French, English, or both. The government has no intention of making everyone learn both languages, a basic misconception held in the far West, where a French Canadian is a rare bird indeed. In a place like Kelowna, British Columbia, for example, where the population is entirely English-speaking, a French-speaking Canadian seeking assistance in a government office would be hooked up by telephone to Vancouver, where there would be two or three civil servants who could speak French. In the French-speaking town of Rimouski on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River in Quebec, the same thing would happen in reverse.

In the East, anti-French prejudice was responsible in the General Election last fall for the loss of at least two Liberal seats in Parliament to the Conservative Party in Ottawa, where English civil servants frequently feel that French-language requirements threaten their jobs and career advancement. Anti-French sentiment is also evident in such places as Moncton, New Brunswick, where the English-speaking mayor has enraged the large Acadian population by denying them the right to have a sign at the door of the new City Hall in French as well as in English, although the building was rented from the Assumption Society, an Acadian investment cooperative.

The Official Languages Act applies only to federal institutions, and the provinces are free to do whatever the population requires at the provincial level. Education is a provincial responsibility. Canadian citizens can receive their education in French and continue speaking nothing but French, or the reverse, but most schools provide facilities for a working knowledge of the other official language, and in some provinces, teaching or taking the second language is compulsory. "Right now, we are deciding whether to make our son's education in English or French," a French Canadian father of a three-year-old boy recently explained to an Ottawa visitor. "In the capital here, of course, there are both English and French schools. I'd like my son to be in a French one, but then I pause and say to myself, 'If he is bright, why not open him to the whole American continent instead of just one part of one country or even just one country?' Let's say he wants to be a nuclear physicist. Why then, it's better to be educated in English, with French as a second language. I don't want to close that door!"

Canadian people are basically middle-class. They like surface conformity and although they may smile on erratic behavior, even scamper out briefly on an adventure, they run quickly back to the safety of the familiar, the comfortable, the proper. Canadian cities are handsome, clean, and some of

the architecture is among the most exciting in North America; people are highly motivated, full of energy. Social experiments are daring and innovative, but too much originality at any one time, too great a deviation for too long, gets people nervous and edgy. Canadians are not opposed to change but they like to tiptoe in cautiously, without jolting their settled-down psyches. "Permissiveness toward his children, weekend family life, and TV" is the description a Canadian has given to the homelife of the average man of Canada. "When I go to a saloon, called a cocktail bar [expensive], or a beer parlor [cheap], or a private club [cheap but exclusive], I prefer the exclusion of women and children," he said. "I like to talk about hockey and Canadian football while I am drinking, and I like to talk about oil strikes in the High Arctic. More and more I find myself conversing about American domination of our economy, American arrogance, and American ignorance. I am fairly typical." On weekends during the winter everyone who can get on a pair of skis or skates heads for the hills or a sheet of ice. One of the largest ski clubs in the world is Camp Fortune, thirty minutes out of Ottawa. It has about twelve thousand members, and on a cold Sunday this past winter sixty-four thousand skaters were reported to be gliding up and down on the longest man-made skating rink in the world, the four-and-a-quarter-mile Rideau Canal that bisects the capital. Civil servants keep a pair of skates in the corner of their offices so they can take a quick turn on a nearby outdoor ice surface during their lunch hour. Almost every Canadian city, town, or village has a curling club. Curling, a Scotch game, resembles bowling, but the alley is made of ice and a heavy stone is used instead of a ball.

Whole families curl, but the national Canadian sport is ice hockey, with football coming on as a close second. Officially, the national sport is lacrosse, a game invented by North American Indians, but that game has lost out in the scramble for TV coverage. Saturday night hockey on TV, sponsored since the early days of radio by Imperial Oil, is a religion and tops all the ratings. Canadians are passionate vicarious sportsmen, and the biggest event since Expo was last year's international ice hockey tournament between Team Canada and the Soviet Union. The tournament was a tie until the last thirty-eight seconds of play, when the Canadians won the series, and the people back home, all glued to their television sets, went wild with joy. Only three of the sixteen teams in the National Hockey League are Canadian (Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver); all the rest are American, but three hundred and eleven of the three hundred and twenty-three players in the League are Canadian. Four of the twelve teams in the new World Hockey Association are Canadian, and there is a similar imbalance of nationality in players.

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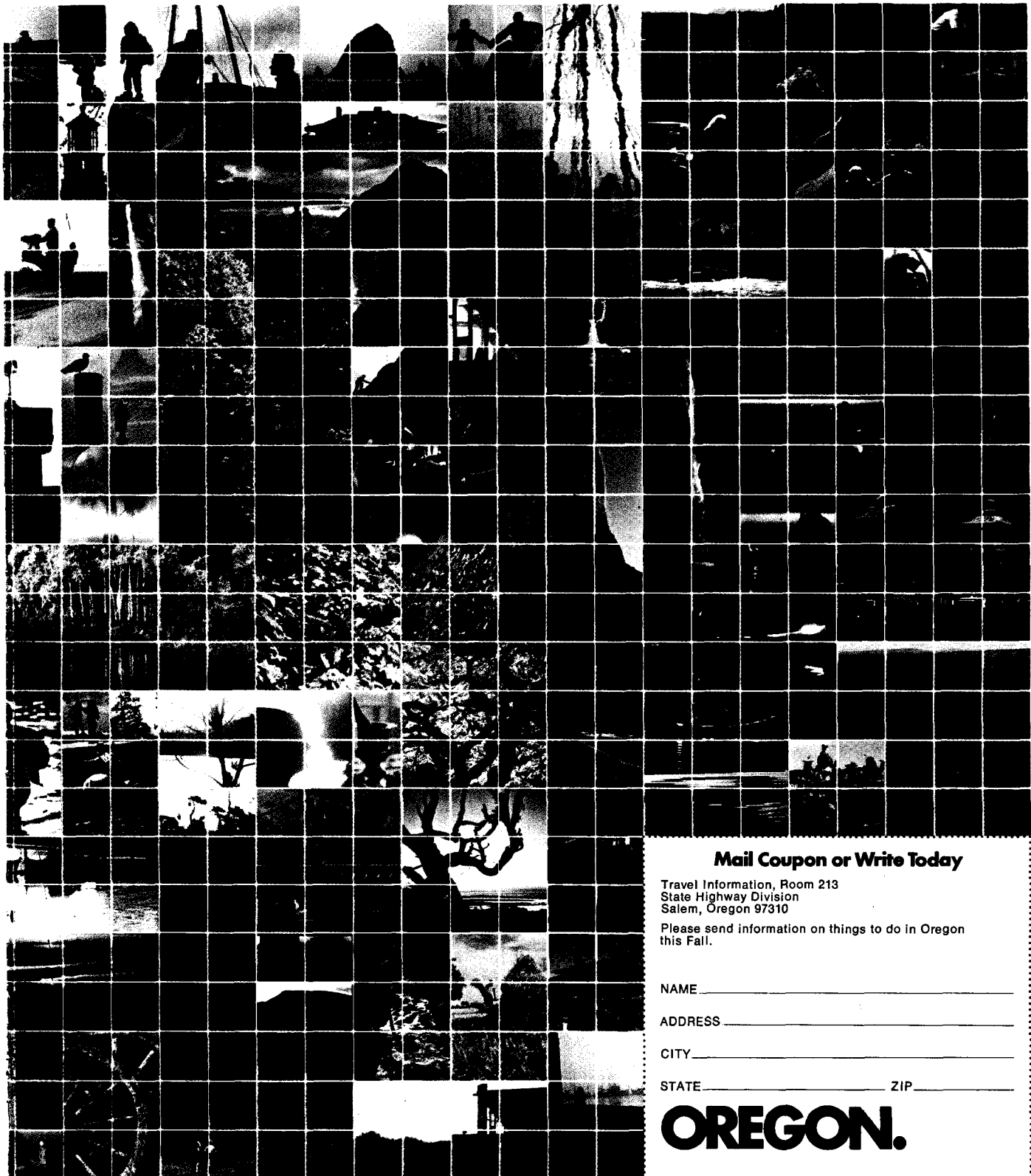
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OREGON.

The Canadians have put a quota of 50 percent on the number of Americans allowed on their football teams. This figure may foreshadow the allowable percentage in other Canadian enterprises fighting for identity. The Canadian football field is ten yards longer and twelve yards wider than the American, which makes other differences possible. In three-down Canadian football, the punt is returned twice as often from a scrimmage. "Football fever" is a familiar Canadian ailment, which reaches its peak on the last Saturday in October, when the entire nation watches the Grey Cup on television. The gift of Earl Grey, a Governor General of Canada in the early 1900s, the Grey Cup is the trophy awarded for the Canadian Football League championship.

Summer is national fishing time on both coasts as well as on the lakes and rivers. A glance at the roads in summer makes it seem as if all of Canada has left home on wheels, in campers and cars, trailing a boat or a camping outfit behind. Fall brings out the hunters, for duck and partridge, and in the north of all the provinces, for bear and deer. But what Canadians cherish most, whether they are hunters, fishermen, sports fans, or none of these, is the idea that the outdoors is so close at hand, with wilderness just beyond.

There is an old way of Canadian living that can still be found, in the quilting bees in the Atlantic provinces, in the wood carving in small Quebec towns, in bingo and contract bridge anywhere. What is new is the culture revolution, the fantastic growth of art, music, and theater that has given every sizable city a civic center where these interests can thrive in a professional setting, instead of the public school auditoriums used previously. There is still plenty of homegrown culture—almost every community has an amateur theater group, orchestra, and art club or classes—but formal culture used to be confined to "celebrity concerts" six or eight times a year. Now three world-renowned ballet companies flourish, in Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal; there is a liberal scattering of regional professional theaters, of which the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario, is the best known; and there is a growing number of excellent civic orchestras. Everybody still loves country music, especially in the hands of a Western singer named Tommy Hunter, who twangs his guitar each week for an hour of prime time on TV. Something new, however, has come into the cultural life of the Canadian viewer: the Baby Blue Movies, also known as the skin flicks, soft porno seen on Channel 79, the new Toronto Cable TV Station on Friday nights when the kids are supposedly in bed. *Last Tango in Paris* has been playing in legitimate theaters in Canada in both French and English, but *Deep Throat* was recently shown

in Montreal on eight-millimeter videotape in a special studio to avoid the commercial censors. Back-room movie houses are taking their place along with noon-hour massage parlors and topless or nudie nightclubs.

Television viewers have two Canadian networks to choose between: CTV, a centralized private association of affiliates, like CBS or NBC, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, CBC, a Crown corporation, publicly owned and subsidized, but partially independent in that it accepts advertising from private industry. CBC operates four national networks, two, English and French, on radio, and an English and a French television network. It is committed to reaching even the Indians and Eskimos in the farthest outposts of the North. The Canadian equivalent of our Federal Communications Commission is the Canadian Radio-Television Commission, and CRTC requires that at least 60 percent of its programs on both networks be Canadian in content. American programs like *All in the Family*, *Mannix*, and the Flip Wilson and Carol Burnett shows and perhaps a dozen others get prime time on Canadian as they do on American TV, but occasionally there is a slight change in format. In a show called *Red Pony*, starring Henry Fonda and Maureen O'Hara, not long ago, the complete birth scene of a pony was shown in Canada, but it was cut out in the United States.

A young American actress working for four months with a school tour troupe at the Manitoba Theatre Centre in Winnipeg expressed amazed delight at the high quality of Canada's television programs. "The French programs are the best," she said. "Why, one channel had a French children's very sophisticated *commedia dell'arte*, beautifully done, with one harlequin playing different musical instruments. And the fine rock shows! And the professional artists they had! All wonderful!" She had watched a lot of British soap operas, BBC offerings on videotape, and had enjoyed the English life they portrayed, especially a cockney lady who operated a hotel. Her viewing included country music, a regular variety show out of Winnipeg in an English pub-like setting called *Pig and Whistle*, and the public affairs programs, *Encounter* and *Weekend*.

Canadian viewers close to the border at points like Vancouver, Winnipeg, Windsor, and Toronto tune in on American stations. Station KVO5 in Bellingham, Washington, apparently exists only to serve the Vancouver area and makes its money from Canadian advertisers. Several years ago a special committee of the Canadian Senate studied the mass media and the resulting Davey Report recommended that this sort of "piracy" be controlled in the same way that Canada has controlled the invasion of American publications on the Canadian magazine market, by refusing to permit Canadian advertisers in American publications to

Canadians: The Strangers Next Door

write off money spent on advertising as a business expense on their income taxes.

Not even tax deterrents can keep American publications from the Canadian market in such overwhelming numbers that only the strongest Canadian periodicals can survive. "Somehow or other, we've arrived in the peculiarly Canadian position where our most successful magazines are American magazines, and we're moving inexorably towards the day when they'll be the *only* magazines we have," said the Davey Report. "This makes sense in terms of economics; on any other basis, it's intolerable." Some Canadians would like to see the exceptional status removed that was granted two American publications, the *Reader's Digest* and *Time*. Section 12A of the Income Tax Act of 1964, which still prevails, permitted them to pass as Canadian magazines, because at the time they had some editorial staff, and were partially edited, in Canada, and had been printed and published there for more than a year. The *Reader's Digest* publishes some articles especially for Canada in both English and French editions. *Time* is published only in English, in the same format seen in the United States, but with a Canadian section added at the beginning, and occasionally, a different cover. Only Canada's *Chatelaine*, a general women's magazine with an English and French edition, has a bigger circulation than the *Reader's Digest*, with *Maclean's*, an excellent general feature Canadian monthly published in both languages, in third place, and *Time* in fourth. Canadians read *Saturday Night*, a journal of opinion, but *Vogue*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scientific American*, and *The New Yorker* are popular too, and the sight of so many American periodicals on a Canadian newsstand is to make the visitor wonder which country he is in.

The book publishers in Canada are struggling with the same syndrome. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, an American book, topped the fiction list, and of the other nine fiction books, only two were by Canadian authors, Robertson Davies and Margaret Atwood. On the other hand, six of the ten nonfiction writers on the best-seller list were Canadians, with the late Lester Pearson's memoirs the favorite, and Farley Mowat's *A Whale for the Killing* in second place. Canadian readers have a taste for adventure, but the books they select are likely to be from American publishers. In the Canadian book publishing world, only a handful of publishers manage rather frantically to keep above water. With huge American concerns like Doubleday, Macmillan, and McGraw-Hill establishing separate Canadian companies, it's no wonder, and the federal and provincial governments have begun offering subsidies to indigenous publishers to keep them in business. The sale of the United Church of Canada's Ryerson Press to McGraw-Hill was

protested in Parliament not long ago, but not in time to stop the transaction.

Canada still has the two-dollar bill. Canadians observe with detachment American excitement over the changing value of the U.S. dollar. Recently the dollar has been at par, but when Americans used to get eight or nine cents more for their dollar in Canada, they usually found this an attractive incentive to spend money locally. What has annoyed Canadians for years, and still does, is that American dollars are viable any place in Canada, but Canadian bills in the United States are looked upon as "funny money" and can be changed only at official exchanges or banks.

An economic happening the Canadians would like to see unchanged is the 1965 auto pact agreement made between the United States and Canada when Lyndon Johnson was President and Lester Pearson was Prime Minister. Last year a quarter of all United States exports went to Canada, and a little more than a quarter of its imports came from Canada, quite a sizable chunk of the American economy. Yet the 13 billion dollars' worth of American exports represented only 4.2 percent of the American gross national product, whereas the 14 billion dollars' worth the Canadians exported to the United States was 20 percent of Canada's. The largest single item in our trading relations was motor vehicles. We sent 1 billion dollars' worth of cars and parts to Canada, but 2 billion dollars' worth of these commodities crossed from Canada to us. Before the auto pact, American-owned automobile plants in Canada had been producing all their car models for a Canadian market of 22 million people, resulting in short runs and inefficient use of capital. The pact permitted automobiles and parts to move free of tariffs between the two countries, allowing the manufacturers to "rationalize" their production for greater efficiency. The pact also included temporary safeguards to protect and stabilize the Canadian end of the industry, requiring that a substantial percentage of parts be Canadian in relation to the Canadian market, that the volume of production in Canada not be allowed to fall below the volume of Canadian purchases, prohibiting the importation of American used cars for sale in Canada, and continuing a 15 percent unilateral tariff on new cars brought from the United States by individual Canadian citizens.

After the pact, the automobile companies started manufacturing some parts and cars entirely in Canada, in smaller plants and with longer runs. The automobiles they decided to build there were Mustangs, Mavericks, Pintos, and Dodge Darts, which turned out to be such big sellers generally that the differential swung over to a billion-dollar advantage for Canada.

The United States government would like to see the pact's temporary safeguards removed, especially the unilateral tariff. "There's no doubt Canada has benefited well beyond the level of the safeguards," a Canadian businessman said recently, "and if *johnconnally* hadn't been such a bastard, they *might* have been removed. As it was, our people just got up and walked out of the discussions."

A new cause for alarm in Canada was sounded last year on the storage of confidential information about Canadian citizens in data banks in the United States by American-based credit card agencies and credit bureaus. A government report made a worried statement that "a great deal of personal information about Canadians, much of it highly sensitive, is stored beyond Canadian borders and therefore out of reach of Canadian law," and urged monitoring this flow and the encouragement of data banks in Canada instead.

Canadians sit tight on their money. They play it safe with savings accounts and bonds and let Americans invest billions in the capitalization of their country's industry. Canadian promoters have big ideas for getting oil and gas from the Mackenzie Delta, and for the largest hydroelectric scheme in North America at James Bay—but a shortage of funds for capitalization. Is it worth the price of American capitalization to get Canadian development going now? Many Canadians are beginning to wonder, along with economist Eric Kierans of McGill University, who resigned from Prime Minister Trudeau's last cabinet in protest against continued American subsidy of Canadian industrial development and resource exploitation. They ask if it wouldn't be better to wait a while until the Canadians need the development enough to finance it themselves.

"What choices have we got to keep our national identity?" a new member of the House of Commons asked an American visitor at a dinner table in the Establishment Ottawa suburb of Rockcliffe. "We can buy the country back and go broke, or we can gradually move into the sections that are vital to our future and say to the United States, 'You can't remove materials in the raw state, but must process them to a certain degree and manufacture some products, in Canada.'"

The young wife of a Western politician was listening. "I keep remembering a remark made in Colorado before an American audience in 1970 by our Cabinet Minister for Energy, Mines and Resources at that time, Joe Green. He said that the American dream has turned into a nightmare. A lot of us feel that's what you've got in the States now, and we're learning our lessons from you. We realize now that your fuel's running short, and that we have a bit still. This makes us feel rather smug, and gives us a new feeling of identity. Our cities are safer than yours too. They are still small

enough so that we think we can correct our direction in time. We have major problems but we feel that a choice is still open to us. We have sun still, so we won't put up skyscrapers and when we saw what the superhighways were doing to your country, we stopped the Spedina Expressway from being built through Toronto and said, 'This city is for people.' I used to think I'd love to live in the United States, but not anymore. We don't have your numbers yet, so we can stop in time."

Sometimes when Canadians brood about United States dominance they describe themselves, with some bitterness, as the fifty-first state. But a look at the capital, Ottawa, should reassure them. Stability and permanence is the message in the buff-colored sandstone Gothic buildings that stand high above the Ottawa River on Parliament Hill. They house the law-making body, the House of Commons, and the Victorian, red-upholstered chamber of the Senate, a body appointed by Prime Ministers and consisting of a hundred and two members with so few duties (other than the production of some very fine reports) that political reformers perpetually campaign against it. A prominent forty-nine-year-old Senator, John Nicholl, recently resigned from the Senate, saying he had other things to do, an act without precedent. Perhaps a visitor cannot truly understand the country until he has traveled from the genteel poverty of the Atlantic coast with its picturesque fishing villages and stiff towns through the Frenchness of sophisticated Quebec cities and rural landscapes, past the vigorous bustling Ontario municipalities and industrial vistas, over mile after mile of wheat fields between prairie settlements into the lush and spacious beauty of British Columbia; but he must also visit Ottawa and the House of Commons. Ottawa the stuffy, with its dull-looking houses, its blistering summer heat, its gray rainy afternoons; Ottawa the beautiful, on a snowy day when the government buildings stand tall and protective, warmly solid above the white landscape; on a sunny spring afternoon with the cool river winding below, and people moving easily through the clean streets, purposeful but not pushed. Even during the morning and evening traffic rushes, Ottawa seems to remain sane.

A Prime Minister who forgets the fiercely independent character of the country or neglects it, as Pierre Trudeau did before the last election, is in trouble. The chief of state, the Prime Minister, is not chosen by countrywide vote but indirectly, through a filtering process that begins in each of two hundred and sixty-four election districts. Canadians vote for a Member of Parliament to represent the riding in which they reside, and, as in Britain, the political party sending the most Members to Parliament becomes the government. The

leader of that party becomes the Prime Minister, but he must be elected to Parliament from his local riding. Riding by riding, a government in power is put to the test, two hundred and sixty-four times, of whether it has satisfied the needs of the separate countries inside Canada.

The answer in last October's election, which gave the returning Trudeau government a plurality of just two seats, was the closest vote in Canadian history. One hundred and nine Liberals were returned to Parliament to face one hundred and seven Progressive Conservatives sitting in green leather seats behind handsome, burnished wood desks, across the long, narrow dividing space where the Speaker presides in the House of Commons. With an almost even split between the two old parties, the mildly socialist New Democratic Party, the NDP, netted six additional seats from the election to wind up with thirty-one Members, and the balance of power.

Most Canadians, especially those who were undecided until the very last minute or voted Conservative or NDP as a protest, believe that Trudeau's government squeaked through only because there was no interesting alternative. Robert Stanfield, the Opposition leader, a patient, high-minded man, is about as exciting as the long underwear manufactured by his family that gave him the sobriquet of "Mr. Underwear."

"This is my tenth Parliament and there has been no other like it for uncertainty and constant negotiating in the open," an NDP veteran exclaimed recently. "We are wooed constantly. This is the most bedfellow session there has ever been!"

At its best, a session of the House of Commons is a lively and witty spectacle, a lesson in alert democracy; at its worst, it is a sleepy display of long-winded speechmaking to empty seats, with only a handful of official listeners in duty attendance. Minority government raises the level of parliamentary performance to a fairly even high. Previously, ninety to a hundred Members might be absent, especially on Thursday evenings, when Members began leaving for the weekend to go to distant ridings. Now, however, the loss of one Member could bring down the government, or conversely, give the Conservatives their chance for power on a suddenly called vote of no confidence, so attendance in the House has been very high.

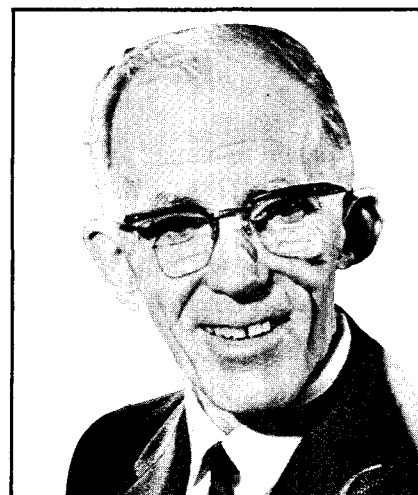
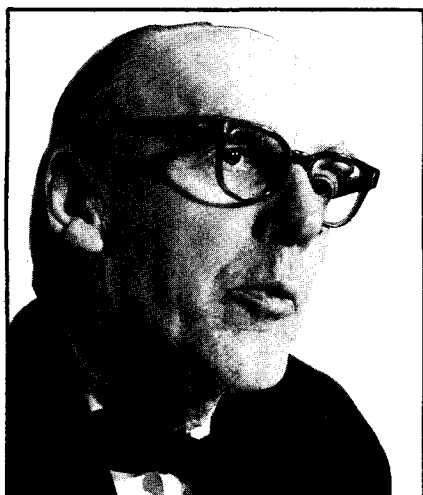
Since 1957, there have been five minority governments and only two majority ones, but this is the first time that the NDP has been able to swing the vote on its own. There is so little difference between the two major parties that dissimilarities are largely a matter of emphasis, reflecting the basically middle-class character of the country. The Conservatives lean toward free enterprise, but accept the controls of social legislation; the Liberals happily mix a potpourri of social legislation and tax incentives for business, but any lack of differ-

ence in basic philosophy is made up for by sharp verbal attacks on one another, which can be brutal and even personal.

Most of Canada's social legislation has been accomplished during minority governments: Medicare, which pays doctors' bills; pensions that automatically start at seventy; amendments to the labor code that brought vacations with pay and statutory holidays. The NDP is a scratchy bedfellow, but it has more faith in the Liberal than the Conservative Party. "The Liberals are prone to concessions," said Stanley Knowles, NDP House Leader, a gaunt former printer and Minister, known as "Standing Order Knowles" for his mastery of parliamentary procedure, who came to Parliament from Winnipeg in 1942. "The Liberals will go into public ownership and social legislation," he said, "not because they believe in it, but when they have to. We *do* believe in it, so if they don't deliver, we'll throw them out and put the Tories in, and treat them the same way!"

"We can't become the government, but anybody concerned about political gamesmanship has the duty to make minority government work, or it would be chaotic," David Lewis, the leader of the NDP, remarked to this writer. He is a short, stocky, vigorous man in his sixties with graying hair, glasses, and a firm chin. "We have no more confidence and respect for the Liberals than we do for the Conservatives. It would be utterly responsible for us to bring down the government, but we want it to know exactly where we stand, because if it miscalculates our position it might go down sooner than it expected to. We want equity for the tax system, old-age tax relief, a deeper concern about foreign ownership, things like that. I am not persuaded that Trudeau has learned anything from the last election. At all events, time will show. If they don't produce, *down* they go!"

Canadian politicians are expected to be frank. "The government should have been defeated in the last election," former Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker barked out angrily, sitting in his office. It was noon, and he was resting up for the two o'clock question period in the House of Commons, that extraordinary daily brake on extravagant notions, when the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, made up of other Members of Parliament from his party, are under examination for an hour—more if needed—by other MP's. Everybody enjoys the skirmish, and there is always a bit of bloodletting, especially from the expert acid tongue of the Chief, as Diefenbaker is still referred to by his staff. He can be extremely witty, but now he was just plain angry. His jowls shook, his cold blue eyes beneath a head of white hair rested briefly on his visitor, and they were chilling. "The third parties are afraid of extinction,



so they fall into line," he snapped. "They will be handed crumbs from the rich man's table. Manna from Ottawa on every hand. Showers of Blessings. That's the name of a Nova Scotia hymn. It is an irresistible conclusion that they should have asked for dissolution. When I was defeated I didn't talk about holding on, but went to the country. It's a long lane that has no ashcans!"

Robert Stanfield received me in his handsome paneled suite. Stanfield, fifty-nine, was wearing a dapper tweed sports jacket and an almost cheerful look on his long bony face. "We have no confidence in the government of Mr. Trudeau," he said. "The government has had a poor overall record on unemployment, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, which had a tremendous one-billion-dollar overrun last year, and inflation. I would meet with people in industry to freeze the prices that are rising so rapidly and give support for prices to producers. The public has been put off by Trudeau's lack of concern and indicated by their large vote for me in the last election that they felt that we recognize the problems and want to do something about them."

Jed Baldwin, House Leader of the Opposition, is a distinguished-looking lawyer, with iron-gray hair and rimmed glasses, from Peace River, a northern town in Alberta, the province where the Conservatives took every seat. "Trudeau is a cross between Charles de Gaulle and Genghis Khan," he said to me. "He has been like Moses coming down with the Tablets saying, 'We have our charts and flow sheets with the answers; you approve them.' He can cling for a little time with his partner in their unholy alliance, but as day follows night, pressure will be put on the NDP. When the apple is ripe, it falls, and we are prepared to take the government."

Until the election results became known, Trudeau, who came into office in 1968 on a wave of wild enthusiasm with a solid majority, had believed that the country was behind him. He and

the tight circle of men surrounding him were rudely shocked by what one of them called later the "tidal wave of protest against the government that moved westward, and crested in Alberta, rolling over across B.C."

Voters were dissatisfied with the government's administration of unemployment insurance, which was so generous that many people who totted up the cost of going to work found it more sensible to relax at home. Young people on insurance were said to be wintering in Crete, where living was cheap and they could manage quite nicely on the taxpayers' dollars.

During this present session of Parliament, loopholes in the unemployment insurance laws, and in easygoing immigration regulations that workers felt threatened their jobs, have been tightened up. Experiments with temporary freedom for criminals within the parole system that frightened voters have been re-examined, and the brightest Liberal achievement in the last five years, the Opportunities for Youth program, has been toned down. OFY started as a summer works project for young people, based on the simple formula of funding works projects inspired locally that met with federal approval. The government administrators of OFY, imaginative and excited by the prospects, encouraged innovative ideas brought in by the young people. But some programs, a mere handful among thousands of successful projects, so irritated voters, especially in British Columbia, where "hippie" is almost a dirty word, that several Liberal candidates sadly concluded that even the lowest-cost OFY programs might have cost them the election. OFY was accused of financing marijuana farms and hippie communes. The actual fact was that while OFY made mistakes, its achievements as a whole were overwhelmingly successful.

In past months, the Liberals have come a long way toward retrieving lost strength. And Trudeau himself has engaged in considerable soul-searching in order to see where he went wrong. In the



*From left to right:
Robert Stanfield, David Lewis,
Stanley Knowles, Jed Baldwin,
and John Diefenbaker.*

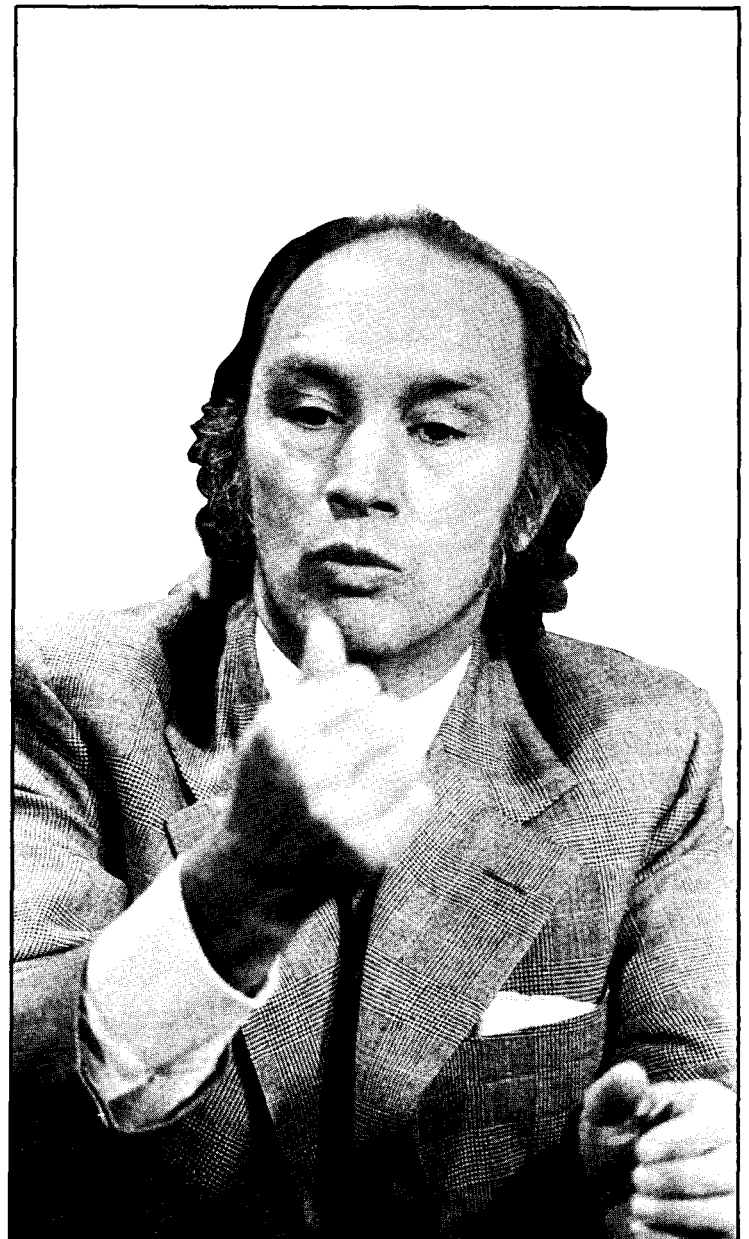
*Below:
Pierre Trudeau*

last election, Liberals found his name to be such a liability in some places out West that they campaigned without mentioning it, and some who were defeated felt they might have won if they had run as Independents. It was a curious change, because in 1968 Trudeau had seemed a superb politician, barnstorming the country with extraordinary ability to communicate his wit and intelligence, his feeling of pride in being Canadian, his intimate sharing of his plans for a more perfect government, his passion for Canadian unity. As Prime Minister, by contrast, he displayed a preoccupation with efficient administration and surrounded himself with the largest and most formal staff any Canadian Prime Minister has ever had. A man of limited energy, he was increasingly out of touch with the people in the larger sense, and with the press, most party politicians, even his friends. "He established a maple wall around his office, using Cabinet meetings and departments," a colleague complained, in a reference to the new Canadian flag.

At the same time, he became arrogant and careless in public, mouthing a four-letter word in the House of Commons, which did not go down well with the middle-class requirement that a man should always "behave like a gentleman," and on one occasion he called the assembled Members in the House "nobodies." "I don't run home in tears when the PM calls me a nobody, but I worry about his lack of sense," a Conservative Member remarked later.

In private, apparently, he was the opposite; nobody could have been more polite or less arrogant. "He hears every side of every argument to exhaustion," an ex-Cabinet member has said. "Furthermore, if four people know something about a subject and four others are just yakking, he would interpret it as four for and four against."

When Trudeau found that the country had given him only splintered Liberal support in the Atlantic provinces, the prairies, and British Columbia, had turned its back completely in Alberta, with his



only solid support the fifty-seven seats in Quebec, he was taken aback and hurt. Many French Canadians viewed the vote as a rejection.

"When we came to Ottawa we were saying to our Anglophone friends, 'It's possible to build a Canada with you, share in the decisions of the whole country, and not be pushed back into the ghetto,'" a French Canadian politician explained. "Do you know why we French Canadians are clannish? There are only five or six million of us in this bloody North America and our clannishness is our condition of survival."

A good deal of attention is paid now to politics in the Prime Minister's office and even defeated politicians get in to see him. The old group of efficiency experts who successfully blocked off so much of the outside world in the interest of conserving his time has been disbanded and a new set of politically oriented advisers, among them several former House Members, have taken their places. Trudeau and his wife, Margaret, are seen more at public functions, looking in the opinion of an old-time Trudeau watcher "as if they were actually enjoying themselves." Nor is the Prime Minister neglecting to pay attention to regional differences; this June he attended a conference in the West with the governments of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on western economic opportunities—the first to be held—where they discussed such matters as new regionally based financial institutions, improvement of the vital transportation system, and the future growth of industry in these areas.

On a fine sunny afternoon a few days ago, when Prime Minister Trudeau had just returned from a peppery question period in the House, he paused in his scheduled day to talk with me in the comfortable, rather elegant corner suite of offices on the third floor of the Parliament Buildings that is one of the prerogatives of his position. Outside the door to his inner office he has taped to the wall a large poster of an orange tabby cat hanging from a horizontal bar by its front paws with a look of acute distress on its face. The legend across the top reads, *HANG IN THERE, BABY*.

The Prime Minister was sitting back in a chair behind his big desk in his shirt sleeves, relaxed, blue eyes sparkling, and he had loosened the bright red tie around the neck of his blue shirt. He is a boyish fifty-four, with hair just beginning to gray, and he moves with athletic swiftness. If minority government has worn him down, he doesn't show it. Rather, he seems to thrive on it.

"The dilemma of a government in a large country is a bit like that of the dinosaur, which was so big, so uncoordinated, that it couldn't react swiftly enough to immediate danger," he said. "If its tail was in flames, the message would take so long get-

ting to its brain that it was badly burned because it could not respond to the immediate fire; it would disappear as a species because it didn't adapt to the Ice Age. A government, if it doesn't plan ahead for a technical age that is coming, cannot survive, but if it can't respond to the immediate fire, to problems of unemployment or immigration or language backlashes, it's in trouble too. It was our fault when we were trying to make Canada conscious of the big issues, such as Arctic sovereignty or foreign commitments or a multinational Congress of Technical Agencies, things like that, preparing for the Ice Age, that we didn't jump quickly enough to correct loose administration, a welfare backlash, the day-to-day needs of Canada. We are more sensitive to them now."

He leaned forward with his arms on the desk, frowning. "About the French backlash," he said. "I attempted to ascertain whether it was big or purely marginal backlash. There was one in the West, and one in Ottawa. My surprise is that you can't even talk about it, even when people say they don't want to be given any French-dominated government in Ottawa. We say, 'Look, we are fighting separatism in Quebec, and it is also important to fight separatism in other provinces.' We want the House of Commons and the people to know that we are dedicated to fight the groups in Quebec who are rejecting the 'English-dominated' government, and we are dedicated to fight outside Quebec against those who reject 'French-dominated' government. French backlash and French Power were issues in the last election, and many people in Quebec were bitter or felt grief. I am a bit perplexed. I have not given importance to the backlash in British Columbia, but I am not even able to talk as if it exists. We were applauded when we fought the separatists in Quebec, even to sending troops, but we are not applauded when we fight separatists elsewhere. Where is the equity?"

He paused, looking down at the pencil he was twirling in his hand. "If all the Members of the House of Commons unite to fight anyone who uses the concept of English or French Power to divide us, then I will be happy. In this Parliament we have been trying to make sure that we respond to the immediate challenge. With minority rule, we have had to accept amendments to our policies and give in on some amendments which didn't go to the roots of the problems, but which expressed the desires of the opposition participating with us."

He looked up at his visitor and smiled. He has a very nice smile, that lights up his whole face. "There are certain issues which are at the base of our political philosophy, which we won't sacrifice in a political game," he went on. "Correction of regional disparity, an improved and coordinated welfare system, instead of going back to a more laissez-faire approach, bilingualism. On these things," he said firmly, "we won't compromise." □

LIFE & LETTERS

HEINRICH BÖLL'S SONG OF INNOCENCE

by Melvin Maddocks

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY
by Heinrich Böll
translated by Leila Vennewitz
McGraw-Hill, \$7.95

There are writers who have what can only be described as "star quality." They may or may not be the best writers, that is another question; they are the visible ones. Even the subjects they choose, the styles they assume, and their timing with both seem like consummate theatrical gestures. After they are dead, after their sometimes charming, sometimes irritating, always diverting presences are gone, the next generation must discover whether they were writers who happened to have personality or personalities who happened to write.

By contrast, Heinrich Böll is one of those writers who can win the Nobel Prize without losing anonymity. Is this difference—say, the difference between a Heinrich Böll and a Günter Grass, who (Nobel or no Nobel) still holds front stage center as *the* German novelist of the post-World War II era—a matter of nature's variations in plumage? Was Grass predestined, for better and for worse, to become a too vivid caricature: celebrity moustache, urchin's grin, Vote-for-Willy-Brandt button? Was Böll, on the other hand, doomed to abstraction, his only identity tag the rather deadly reputation for being a "Catholic moralist"?

A reader of Böll must conclude otherwise. The choices—and they do

appear to be choices—which have made Böll a private rather than a public personality are the very presuppositions upon which his work is also based. Taken as a total intent, Böll's writing is an act of scrupulous recoil before the horrors of self-assertion, before the whole German love affair with the will. Grass anti-heroes embark on manic quests, counterattacks of the individual will against the corporate will of the state. Böll characters tend to tiptoe in the opposite direction from all the grand Siegfriedian motifs. They are protagonists of withdrawal, of abstinence. Almost passionately passive, they seek some primal stillness, some sublime monotony, some final ceasing, some blessed ultimate peace known only to God.

Every artist sooner or later finds the metaphor for his own art: the way to state his business. If for Grass that metaphor is an obsessed dwarf beating a tin drum, for Böll that metaphor may be Robert Fäbmel, cue in hand, reducing the universe to balls on a green baize table in *Billiards at Half-past Nine* (1959). Here is mathematical order, absolute rules, life as it should be. With precise clicks and measured rolls the balls move in their appointed orbits. Nothing else matters, including time. Time stops: "In vain the clocks sounded, vainly their hands moved." And the will, the self-asserting will, the monstrous will sleeps.

Women play an all-important part in Böll's stories. In fact, the

feminine will as he idealizes it—loving, nursing, forgiving—may represent for Böll the only sanctioned self-assertion. Again and again his scenario reads like this:

Act I: Böll men, tuned to the marching songs of greed and hate, happily sell their souls—their private selves—to the state and go to war, go to hell.

Act II: If not damned, Böll men are certainly defeated. Shocked, mutilated, they wander across crepuscular landscapes exclusively composed, one begins to feel, of abandoned railroad stations and gutted cathedrals: spires in the rubble.

Act III: Almost ceremonially, women, strangers, materialize by the roadside with a crust of bread or a cup of coffee—the stuff of need, the stuff of communion—and offer their gift to the lost soul as he limps by. If these women cannot save him, they, and they alone, Böll implies, can perform rites of atonement. They alone can bring him back into the human race.

In *Group Portrait With Lady*, the completest statement of what he believes, Böll at last has put woman—the redeemer at the center. Unlike another Böll title character—see *The Clown* (1963)—Leni Pfeiffer does not mime a case for the counterculture, striking an antic posture against the "economic miracle" of Germany. Unlike the protagonist of Böll's short novel *Absent Without Leave* (1964), she does not preach desertion (from the army and, presumably, all institutions) as the highest

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In conferring an honorary degree on Ralph McGill, the President of Harvard called him "Spokesman for the Conscience of the South." Ralph was always a scrapper, whether on his grandparents' farm in western Tennessee, as a varsity guard for his three years at Vanderbilt, or as a cub reporter covering sports and fist-swinging political campaigns. **RALPH MCGILL, REPORTER** tells of the man's growth and transformation, his denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens' Councils which brought down on him vilification, stray shots at his home at night, and threats to his wife and son. But he went right on pleading, exhorting, cautioning the South to discard its prejudice and recognize the rights of black America. He never lost his zest for America, he traveled incessantly—to England in the war, to Israel and Ghana, to India, Japan, and the Soviet Union. The most widely loved and roundly abused journalist of his time, to his editorials and syndicated columns he brought the full force of his personality, his unflagging belief, his touching sympathy; and his outrage, after the bombing of the Birmingham Tabernacle, won him a Pulitzer Prize. Carl Sandburg once wrote to him: "Sometime there will be a hummer of a biography about you."

HAROLD H. MARTIN, who fills that assignment, worked with McGill on the *Atlanta Constitution*, talked poetry and politics with him after hours, and was a close friend for thirty years.

RALPH MCGILL, REPORTER

by **Harold H. Martin**

\$10.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

morality in an immoral world. The genius of Leni is that she neither has to shed a uniform nor assume a mask in order to become herself. She has never ceased being a private person, not even now in the seventies, not even then under the Third Reich. A fantastically youthful forty-eight-year-old about to become a mother for the second time, Leni has survived all the deadliest corruptions of the twentieth century to remain—can one believe it?—an innocent.

Böll has used a bizarre sort of dossier-collector to document this near miracle. A pedantic young man given to noting people's exact weight—the svelte Leni, five feet six, weighs 133 pounds in "indoor clothing"—Böll's narrator is as indispensable as a Greek chorus as he makes his interviewing rounds, digging up the past while chain-smoking cigarettes and chug-a-lugging tea. Yet Böll scarcely bothers to explain what this half-comic recording clerk's motives are, nor does he seem to care that he is stuck with that clumsiest of storytelling devices, the flashback. For, in contrast to most contemporary novelists, his objective is neither suspense nor doubt but demonstration, conviction. He is an artist dictated to, for once, by his hopes.

What a hard time Böll has suffered up to now from his mad age! An eighteenth-century pastoral poet by disposition, a man given to Eden myths of green and comely primitivism—he made a Gaelic love song out of his *Irish Journal* (1957)—Böll has been compelled to bear witness in nearly forty volumes of novels, short stories, plays, and essays to something more like Sodom and Gomorrah. He is a twentieth-century artist precisely to the degree that he has written about what he does not like: Hitler's Germany; World War II (he was wounded four times, serving with the Wehrmacht in France and on the Russian front); the double degradation of his native Cologne, by the bombing raids of 1945 and by the affluent slag that now pollutes the Rhine as that river flows through.

Böll cannot change the past; historians, not novelists, believe in revisionism. But in *Group Portrait With Lady* he allows himself the moralist's luxury of reconciling his

history with his faith. What Leni's family and friends are testifying to is the possibility of goodness in a world whose possibilities for evil require no testimony. Upon this credo Böll's sanity, indeed his very life, appears to depend: the will to believe is his form of will. Out of the fragments of testimony, out of the witnessing by dozens of Pfeiffer-watchers over a period of four decades, Böll has composed a stained-glass window to St. Leni. Here, despite all the disguises of irony, is an act of seventies hagiography.

Leni's family and friends, for Böll's purposes, are satellites, at worst moons that only reflect her light. Among these are her wartime husband of three days, and two lovers, one a Russian POW who sired her son Lev in 1945 when she was twenty-three, the other a Turkish immigrant laborer whom at story's end she plans to marry. Curiously, the more minor the character, the more personality he or she seems to have. There is, for instance, a cheery Brechtian nihilist with a glass eye, a missing hand, and a chest full of medals, who sings out as he prospers in Germany's black market: "Enjoy the war, bud, peace is going to be terrible." And there is Leni's casual but rather marvelous friend Elli Marx, alias Liane Hölthohne: a realist *par excellence* who takes life "tight-lipped, as if she were constantly spitting out cherry stones." At least one character is set up to illustrate what Leni is not. Eva, the wife of Leni's wartime employer, is "one of those girls who're always thinking of higher things; not a bad sort, just a bit hysterical." Böll sums her up memorably: "Well, she read Rilke and played the flute."

Leni reads Kafka and plays the piano, Schubert only. Leni is impulsive (she "never knew what she was doing until she did it"). Her knowledge is strictly intuitive (she was "semi- or even grossly uneducated"). A certain banality, a certain indifference, characterize her life. She still occupies the apartment she was born in. Assigned to be a wreath maker when soldiers' funerals were a macabre industry, she remained contentedly in the trade for twenty-five years afterwards. Leni lives through what she touches, through a kind of laying on of

hands. Theories, abstractions—the State, the Enemy, even the Family—have no meaning for her. God is what she remembers of a particular Jewish nun at her convent school; worship is painting the six million cones and hundred million rods in the endless portrait she has titled “Part of the Retina of the Left Eye of the Virgin Mary.”

Leni is Böll’s song of innocence and experience, a promise that private virtue can endure the worst consequences of its time and place. One can imagine how Grass would handle the same theme—indeed he more or less has—with hot flashes of anger and cold flashes of sardonic rage; with the slash of a George Grosz drawing; with nightmares about scarecrows who are men and men who are scarecrows, and a hound of Satan, and, of course, that dwarf beating compulsively on his tin drum. Böll is less sensational, less immediate. He never leaves the reader gasping, as Grass can, with a

single effect. He lacks the brilliant slapdash, the sureness of tone, that make Grass, at best, a vocal performance. Yet he has such patience, such staying power. He presses upon the reader, page by page, the violence of his experience, the gentleness, almost sweetness, of his response. What an extraordinary wounded veteran, whose only ambition is to persuade a reader that angels are not incompatible with dung heaps!

That reader can now like Böll—as this reader does—for “having heart” or dislike him for “being sentimental.” But he can no longer fail to put him quite in focus, the favorite past excuse of the lazy. Böll’s lines of argument—all his subtle strengths, all his obvious flaws—have found their culmination in *Group Portrait With Lady*. He has finally disclosed what he had to say all along, and that may be as close to a public performance as Böll wants to come.

linguistics, countering what had been presumed to be the advances of the past decades. If the details of his work are abstruse, its implications are accessible. They don’t lead by any sure route to Vietnam, but they do reach far beyond his academic discipline.

Chomsky disputes the behavioristic concept of language, which holds that language is simply acquired by response to external stimuli, like other, more trivial, forms of behavior. He raises troublesome questions for those who hold this view. He points out that their theories fail to explain such simple facts as a child’s ability to say and to understand sentences he has never heard before; that they fail to account for the everyday genius that allows human beings to create an infinity of unique sentences. Words and rules of syntax are, of course, learned, but Chomsky maintains that the capacity for language is innate. He postulates a structure in the mind that governs our use of language, a “universal grammar” to whose rules all human language adheres.

When Chomsky is speaking of language he is always speaking of much more: of what is unique and unalterable in the human mind. That such properties exist is his fundamental claim. He thus contradicts the whole of behaviorism. This collection includes his attack on B. F. Skinner’s *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, in which Chomsky claims that much of Skinner’s book is trivial and tautological. The thrust of Chomsky’s scholarship works against behaviorism; and so, too, do his feelings: “If in fact man is an indefinitely malleable, completely plastic being, with no innate structures of mind and no intrinsic needs of a cultural or social character, then he is a fit subject for the ‘shaping of behavior’ by the state authority, the corporate manager, the technocrat, or the central committee. Those with some confidence in the human species will hope this is not so and will try to determine the intrinsic human characteristics that provide the framework for intellectual development, the growth of moral consciousness, cultural achievement, and participation in a free community.” Chomsky proposes a social science (and a society) that

LEFT, RIGHT, GONZO!

by Richard Todd

FOR REASONS OF STATE
by Noam Chomsky
Pantheon, \$12.95/\$3.45

During dark winters in the 1960s each issue of *The New York Review of Books* seemed to bring a new article denouncing the war in Vietnam, and among these essays were some—full of passion and specificity—by Noam Chomsky. With them Chomsky became an inspiration for many people, especially student radicals, though for many others, particularly in the liberal community, he was an irritant.

The war was little less than a logical outgrowth of American capitalism, Chomsky argued, and he thereby angered those who shared his opposition to the war but resisted both his explanation of its origins and the coolly fervent certitude that often accompanied his ideas. Reviewing his first book of political essays, *American Power and the New Mandarins*, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., wrote: “Noam Chomsky . . . is not a political analyst at all.

Like John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk, he believes in reducing political questions to rather confident and facile moral judgments.” Schlesinger, who was one of the “New Mandarins” Chomsky had in mind, also remarked that before the war Chomsky had “quietly pursued arcane studies . . . in a highly specialized field”—with the clear implication that that was where Chomsky belonged.

Chomsky’s celebrity depended in part on the sense that he was a political amateur who had strayed far from his scholarly work in linguistics. And yet, lives are seldom compartmental. One of the interesting things about Chomsky’s new collection of essays, *For Reasons of State*, is that it suggests relationships between his scholarly work and his social and political statements. Chomsky explores this question in an essay called “Language and Freedom.” Whatever one’s politics, the issues raised here are of interest and importance.

Chomsky has led a revolution in

proceed from eighteenth-century ideas of the irreducible dignity and complexity of the human mind.

Bracing as Chomsky's social theories can be, it ought to be said that a certain ideology plays throughout these pages, which can't be derived unambiguously from his linguistic theories. Chomsky's view of an ideal society is only hazily defined, and most often in terms of what he opposes, "predatory capitalism." But it is clear enough that it rests on extremely hopeful assumptions about the prospects for human perfectibility. Chomsky is generally scrupulous in separating hopes from knowledge, and yet it seems that there are some dark possibilities he likes not to face. If you set out to map the mind, must you not prepare to find regions of malevolence?

Nevertheless, at his most impressive, Chomsky reaffirms a sense of the mystery of "human nature," a phrase he rescues from the vulgarity and quaintness into which it has fallen.

SDS: Ten Years Toward a Revolution
by Kirkpatrick Sale
Random House, \$15.00

Kirkpatrick Sale recounts the history of the Students for a Democratic Society year by year, from the organization's beginnings in 1960, to *The Port Huron Statement* in 1962—which gave voice to discontents that hardly knew of their own existence—and on to the end of the decade, when the movement collapsed into legions of the disillusioned, packs of bombers. This chronological approach makes sense; it is virtually impossible to speak of SDS without placing it in time. The movement, spinning on the outside of the merry-go-round, changed faster than the society it sought to transform.

Sale has been remarkably diligent in reconstructing this story, and he takes pains to share his methodology: has read every issue of *New Left Notes*, interviewed scores; everything here derives from interviews or from documents, nothing is fictionalized. This is all admirable, and so is Sale's straightforward identification of his sympathies: he was not a member but a deep believer in the goals of the early organization. Work shines on every page

of this book, but unhappily work doesn't prove to be sufficient.

The trouble in part derives from Sale's role, which has left him with neither the detachment of an observer nor the intimacy of an insider, and which seems instead to have imposed a romantic solemnity on him. The young men and women, whose lives were being shaped by the movement they led, stride through this chronicle as if they were prematurely old statesmen. Sale is well aware of the fascinating social history that produced SDS-ers (children of the old left—"Red-diaper babies"—as well as sons and daughters of the suburban upper middle class). And he's aware of the personal revolutions that occurred. But, though he alludes to all of this, he fails to evoke it.

The most engaging part of the book is the one least under Sale's control, his account of the last years of the movement and the formation of its factions: the Revolutionary Youth Movement, Progressive Labor, and the Weathermen. It is the sheer stuff of this period that is fascinating: the desperate efforts at willed community, the absurdist Days of Rage, the attempts to elide classes and causes. Sale feels evident moral ambivalence about these days. He alternately scowls and sighs at the sight of the high-minded ideas of the past crystallizing into rigid ideology and violence. He knows better than to forgive all on grounds of the government's actions—and yet he wants to do so nonetheless, and so we have such sonorous and queasy sentences as ". . . President Nixon intervened to order 'a new crackdown' on those who would use bombs five thousand miles away from Vietnam."

It may well be true, as Sale hopes, that SDS left a "legacy" from which "will evolve a new organization and a new leftward spirit." In any event, in the organization that recently existed extraordinary human drama occurred, but much of it has slipped through Sale's fingers.

THE AMERICANS:
The Democratic Experience
by Daniel J. Boorstin
Random House, \$10.00

The democracy that Daniel Boorstin describes in this book (the

last volume of his trilogy on American society) has relatively little to do with majority rule and minority rights. Boorstin is concerned instead with the growing commonality of experience in the United States over the past hundred years, a social change whose principal agent, of course, has been technology.

Inventors and entrepreneurs figure large in his study. Things are in the saddle. Boorstin can tell you about the impact of the sewing machine, the square-bottomed bag, the folding box, the streetcar and the septic tank, the lesson of the slaughterhouse: "These decades of experience in disassembling hogs would prepare the way for Henry Ford's new way of assembling automobiles."

He has a good sense of the reduction of invention. Gail Borden, the condenser of milk, was inspired by the Donner Party tragedy to find a way of preserving food, and he ended up proclaiming that he would make "attar of everything." "I mean to put a potato into a pillbox, a pumpkin into a tablespoon. . . ." Food could go everywhere, people and products could go everywhere, until everywhere was nowhere. It is one of Boorstin's themes that Americans continually invented new ways of becoming the same.

Not, of course, a new idea. Boorstin avoids deeper questions about the relationship between American things and American values, about the processes that keep the shelves of the Big PX full. Or he avoids answers. Questions are one of his favorite devices: "Was the brighter, richer, more open life that America promised a product, then, not of a *high* standard of living, but only of an always *rising* standard of living?" By the close of *The Democratic Experience*, he suggests that technological momentum is in control. And yet he is curiously undismayed by this grimly familiar idea, and I wonder if he wholly believes it. His account of the space program recalls how much of the decision to go to the moon relied on human motives, on an undisguised and naïve lust for international prestige.

It may be that Boorstin is simply overwhelmed by the sheer richness of data in which this book's strength resides. Considerable evocative power lies in all that information, a

catalogue of our efforts to translate a noble idea into merchandise.

A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEARS
by Stefan Kanfer
Atheneum, \$7.95

Stefan Kanfer remarks that he has taken a lesson in perspective from the Tom Stoppard play of a few years ago: "If you are Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, Hamlet is only a walk-on." The walk-ons in Kanfer's account of the heyday of the House Un-American Activities Committee are such figures as Senator Joseph McCarthy; the central characters are the men and women of the entertainment industry who participated in various ways in the phenomenon known as blacklisting.

A peculiar nastiness adheres to this tale. Its villains were not simply political men on a power bender; they were crowds running scared; often they were friends and colleagues of their victims. This was a moment when the word "controversial" attached to a man was enough to end his career. A director could justify his cooperative appearance before HUAC by saying: "All right, I earned over \$400,000 last year from theater. But Skouras says I'll never make another movie. You've spent your money, haven't you? It's easy for you. But I've got a stake. . . ." Even people of invincible reputation could find it convenient not to run against the tide. Dalton Trumbo wrote a letter of appeal for a public statement against blacklisting to the following writers: William Faulkner, A. B. Guthrie, Ernest Hemingway, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck, Thornton Wilder, and Tennessee Williams. He had no replies.

It is to Kanfer's credit that he doesn't pretend that vengeance loose in the land simply appeared, unoccasioned. He makes plain that if the reaction on the Right was immeasurably more dangerous than what it opposed, it had no monopoly on simplemindedness. Kanfer describes, for instance, that 1930s actor who objected to the evident class bias in Shakespeare's treatment of Ophelia, and who found a way to give the anti-fascist salute in act V, scene 1 of *Hamlet*. The embarrassed often had something to be embarrassed about.

Beyond the public betrayals and self-serving confessions of these frightened years were, as Kanfer remarks, countless acts of private cowardice, of "self-censorship." That is plainly true, and yet this book serves to remind us how much we depend in private and public life on self-censorship of a higher order—the restraint that operates out of respect for contrary opinion—and how much destruction can occur when that unwritten contract collapses.

Given its virtues, it would be nice to say that *A Journal of the Plague Years* makes compelling reading. It doesn't. There is the essential melancholy of the events themselves. And there is Kanfer's prose, which is often oblique and burdened with mind-numbing metaphor. ("But this gandy dancing on the grave was painfully small workmen's compensation.") The book, though, is a document of some power, and you can imagine without difficulty the situation in which it may be a useful reference work. It is illustrated with photographs. In one picture, four members of the House Un-American Activities Committee stare at the camera with steely directness. A fifth, Representative Richard Nixon (R., Calif.), looks away. Is that a smile on his lips? Is there innocence left behind that smooth young face? It would be lovely to learn what feelings a look at that photograph today would stir in the mind of the President.

THE NEW JOURNALISM

by Tom Wolfe: with an anthology edited by Tom Wolfe and E. W. Johnson
Harper & Row, \$10.95

FEAR AND LOATHING:

On the Campaign Trail '72
by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson
Straight Arrow, \$6.95

According to Tom Wolfe, the New Journalism has taken on the sacred trust abandoned by the novel, social realism. There is something to this idea, but the reader quails when Wolfe energetically compares the decade of such figures as Rex Reed, Dick Schaap, Jimmy Breslin, Gay Talese, and Tom Wolfe to the age of Balzac and Dickens. A kind of poignance pervades this essay. It is written with

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THE MAJORITY VIEWPOINT

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the cavorting tricks Wolfe brought to journalism: ellipses and exclamations ("gork!")—gimmicks that every feature ace on every small-town daily knows by now. But its implicit message is: I grow old, I grow old. Wolfe—when he's good, a battler against vanity—now broods about his place in literature. Meanwhile the genre he has been so closely associated with goes on changing.

The New Journalist of the moment would seem to be Hunter S. Thompson. The exact term for Thompson's work is Gonzo Journalism. "The Prince of Gonzo" Thompson is called by a more conservative but an admiring journalist, J. Anthony Lukas. Gonzo Journalism supplements the techniques of the novelist with the techniques of the lunatic.

Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72 is a collection of Thompson's rather celebrated election-year coverage for *Rolling Stone*. He dwells on the intoxication of political campaigns, a quality that conventional journalism tends to overlook. Journalistic authority in election years, as in other times, depends on the pretense of unflappable knowingness. And all the while something gets squeezed out of the prose: the secret shared by journalist and candidate alike, that everybody is zonked on experience, the mindless exhilaration of travel, exhaustion, street theater, and delicious hypocrisy. Thompson is determined to dramatize this, and he also brings to the spectacle his own mannered oddity. He is an avowed user of "Dangerous Drugs," a serious drinker, a wearer of Levi's in the corridors of power, a sometime radical politician, candidate for sheriff in Aspen, Colorado, on the "Freak Power Ticket." He lacks what used to be called judgment. After an all-night drinking event he lends his press pass to a companion known as "the Boohoo," who (according to Thompson's account of his informant's account) boards Muskie's lugubrious Florida campaign train, "The Sunshine Special," and runs amok. Crazed with gin, he assaults the Muskie "cheerleaders," threatens journalists, and interrupts a whistlestop speech by clinging to Muskie's pants leg and yelling, "Get your lying ass back inside and make me another drink, you worthless old fart!"

Now it also becomes plain that Thompson himself is a personable fellow who gets on well with the press corps and with McGovern and his men. He is also surreptitiously well connected. (We see him talking to McGovern at Max Palevsky's swimming pool, where he happened to be because "my wife was one of the guests.") Thompson dotes on himself as a traveler between what are presumed to be disparate worlds: "I hung around Washington for a few days after the DNC purge, buying up all the cheap smack I could find . . . and on Wednesday afternoon I stopped at McGovern's office in the Old Senate Office building for an hour or so of talk with him."

Thompson's gift is for hyperbole and fantasy. (One of his more amusing flights involves his explanation of Muskie's torpor: the candidate is deep into the drug "Ibogaine," which allows African hunters to sit motionless for two days.) But when he wants to say something straight-and-heavy, he can't always make it around the bend. At least I feel uncomfortable listening to the Prince of Gonzo on Eagleton's mental health.

Much of this book is given to Thompson's spoofing the conventional press, whom he calls the "wizards." His relationship with his aboveground fellows is complex, laced with nuances of status-anxiety, a fit subject for Tom Wolfe. Network and newspaper people read *Rolling Stone* with care, as a telltale of emergent style, and Hunter Thompson's work in particular caused currents of envy in the world of the straight journalists, who coveted his freedom from restraint. John Chancellor writes a rather deferential "Dear Hunter" letter protesting that Thompson mistakenly included NBC in his indictment of television's failure to understand what was going on at the convention, when the McGovern forces deliberately lost a vote. Chancellor is right. Thompson admits this by way of a mock outrage: "Dear John. . . . You filthy skunk-sucking bastard! What kind of gall would prompt you to write me a letter like that sac of pus dated Aug. 11?"

Well, freedom to write this is freedom all right, but of a self-limit-

ing sort. This sentence represents a frequent device of Thompson's, the pseudo-psychotic invective. Thompson calls various figures "scumbag," "rat-in-heat," "walking corpse," "geek," "waterhead." After a run of this you believe his sincerity in protesting (on the dust jacket): "I've seen in some of the ad copy for this book that 'only Hunter Thompson could forge such an astounding breakthrough in political realism.' Which is ludicrous bullshit, because *anybody* could do it—and the reasons why they don't still puzzle me . . ."

But this is too modest. And not modest enough. Thompson can write as he does because (in roughly equal parts) he is blessed with talent, and recklessness, and he is writing for *Rolling Stone*. It is hard to think of another publication that could afford to pay his American Express bill and publish his insults and his long, comic introductions to articles that don't quite get written. It is more important than it ought to be that he is writing to an audience that already shares his view. This takes an edge off his prose, and makes it easier for him to be self-indulgent. He says before Nixon's victory: "This may be the year when we finally come face to face with ourselves; finally just lay back and say it—that we are really just a nation of 220 million used car salesmen, with all the money we need to buy guns. . . ." You may agree that Nixon represents a sinister tawdriness, but the sentence, in its easiness, doesn't escape being tawdry. The need to persuade might have nudged it out of banality.

But I don't mean to suggest that the relationship between Hunter Thompson (or the generic New Journalist) and his audience is ever quite so simple as that between the preacher and his congregation. No, it is cozy and complex. This is a topic whose intricacies Tom Wolfe might have explored, had he been looking inward in his essay on the New Journalism. New Journalism proceeds from one sure piece of knowledge: that whatever audience there once was for the journalist has exploded into a multitude of audiences. Traditional journalism still tries to speak the language of consensus, a language whose vocabulary has steadily eroded. Hence the

hollow sound on the evening news. The New Journalist takes on a considerable burden, which is to win his audience by creating himself in print. When this is done successfully it can approach the novelist's work: dramatizing a full and subtle sensi-

bility. But more often we settle for a caricature. Despite the moments of wit and shrewdness in *Fear and Loathing*, I'd say that is the case with Hunter Thompson, and that his stylized derangement ends up seeming convenient and cute.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

KISSINGER: Portrait of a Mind
by Stephen R. Graubard
Norton, \$7.95

One bright spot in our political murk has been the accomplishment of Henry Kissinger in his negotiations for peace. This reserved and able man, with his German accent, is an enigma to most Americans unfamiliar with his background, but as Walter Lippmann pointed out, he possesses excellent qualifications: immense stamina, the ability to talk and to listen all night, and a profound education in international affairs. In this "portrait of a mind," Stephen Graubard appraises Kissinger's development, gives a careful interpretation of his books, and an analysis, in Kissinger's words, of our victories and blunders in peace-keeping since 1947.

As a boy of fifteen, Henry Kissinger showed great aptitude in all his studies at a *Realschule* in Germany, and when his family fled from Hitler, he excelled in the George Washington High School in New York. For a time he worked by day in a downtown Manhattan factory, taking evening courses at City College. The war liberated him from his refuge ghetto: six months in infantry basic training were followed by six months of combat, from which he emerged a staff sergeant in Counter Intelligence, virtually commander of a small town outside Heidelberg. "His Army service," as Mr. Graubard says, "gave him his citizenship in several senses; it introduced him to a country he would not otherwise have come to know so quickly; it permitted him to see his old country under circumstances that compelled him to be compassionate." An Army friend urged him to apply to Harvard, where he

was accepted in the autumn of 1947 at the age of twenty-four.

Harvard, like every other university, was then an exciting place crowded with veterans as thirsty for knowledge as Henry Kissinger; it was his good luck to have William Y. Elliott as his tutor, a specialist on international relations and an inspired teacher, who commuted to Washington as consultant to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Elliott gave him heady assignments and was rewarded by Kissinger's devotion and an honors thesis, a 377-page typescript on "The Meaning of History: Reflections on Spengler, Toynbee and Kant," the prose labored, the text "passionate, original, and very idiosyncratic."

When Kissinger made up his mind to become a professor, he chose for his doctoral thesis the Napoleonic era because of its resemblance to our own, and he studied the careers of Metternich and Castlereagh because the peace they devised at Vienna lasted for a century. From his study emerged a fundamental distinction: in a "legitimate" order Kissinger believed that war would be limited and that diplomacy would be an option, whereas in a "revolutionary" order, when a belligerent state was challenging the entire system, diplomacy was excluded.

He first emerged as a critic in the early 1950s when with William Elliott's help he became the editor of the new journal *Confluence*, and co-founder of the Harvard International Seminar. To both he invited mature participants from abroad and in both he won the respect of such men as Reinhold Niebuhr, André Malraux, David Riesman, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and McGeorge Bundy. With the backing

of the Council on Foreign Relations, he wrote his challenging book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, in which he rejected the doctrine of "massive retaliation" and the Pentagon's fixation on the inevitability of "all-out war." American security, he said, depended on its capacity "to combine physical and psychological factors, to develop weapons systems which do not paralyze our will, and to devise strategies which permit us to shift the risks of counteraction to the other side." In his books and articles, Kissinger emerged as a formidable critic of American foreign policy under Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy.

Mr. Graubard writes as a close friend and with the prejudice of a partisan. There were policy planners, George Kennan for one, who accurately assessed the Soviet intentions, and who resisted the increasing influence of our militant philosophy as the only resource, but Kennan is never mentioned. Kissinger disparaged Dean Acheson while acknowledging that the Marshall Plan, NATO, Point Four, and the decision to intervene in Korea "were major acts of statesmanship." But he can't have it both ways. I should say that his criticism was most acute in his analysis of our failures in the Eisenhower-Dulles years. Central in his philosophy is his insistence that "the foreign policy of a state had always to take account of its domestic structure." One wonders to what extent his negotiations will be affected by this truth in the future.

THE BLACK PRINCE
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, \$6.95

It is difficult to make a novelist at work sound plausible in fiction. In this story there are two of them, drawn to life, and close friends. Arnold Baffin, like the late Hugh Walpole, is a man of irrepressible facility, entertaining, widely read, and superficial, turning out book after book like cookies from a tin; the other is the hero, Bradley Pearson, who wrote a precocious novel, much talked about, when he was twenty-five, and made a second attempt, little noticed, when he was forty, supporting himself meanwhile as an

inspector of taxes against the day when he could retire and write the ambitious book of which, despite his waspish temperament, he still believes himself capable. In his early celebrity, it was he who "discovered" Arnold Baffin, and the two men have retained an affection for each other, a critical friendship, since Baffin disdains his friend's sterility, and Bradley, in self-defense, derides the shallowness of Arnold's shelfful.

When he does retire with a modest annuity at fifty-eight, Bradley realizes that he must get out of his rut. As the story opens, he is about to close his London flat and escape to a seaside cottage where he can begin the writing so long deferred. But each time he decides to leave he is thwarted by people who have claims on him. Back from America comes Christian, his divorced wife, whom he once thought a witch, but who now, more elegant and with money, seems intent on making up. To his door comes his sponging, alcoholic brother-in-law, followed by Bradley's sister, Priscilla, peevish, addled by her unhappy marriage, demanding care. Miss Murdoch is likely to overdo her staging and the interruptions which keep enslaving poor Bradley are so numerous that one begins to smile each time the doorbell rings.

The visitor who really springs him free is, of all people, his friend Arnold's twenty-year-old daughter, Julian, whom he has known since she was in diapers. She comes to him for help with her classwork on Shakespeare, and in their casual exchange, vulnerable as he is in his fretted state, he falls in love, lies about his age, and hungers for their next meeting. Bradley's behavior when by love possessed is as brilliant a passage of characterization as his early and envious antagonism of the girl's father, and the affair leads on to dramatic fury which the novelist, not I, must describe.

The two men are superbly drawn, and when they berate each other, affectionately in the early stages, in anger at the close, the talk crackles. Here is Arnold's summing up of the fastidious Bradley: "Finish nothing, publish nothing, nourish a continual grudge against the world, and live with an unrealized idea of per-

fection which makes you feel superior to those who try and fail." But it is Bradley in his wry way who brings out the more quotable truths and it is he whom we most like in his loneliness. The women are meant to be nuisances, even the poppet Julian, whose affections the reader perceives more clearly than her elderly lover. It is in prison, not in a seaside cottage, that Bradley writes the book he dreamed of, and how he got there is one of Miss Murdoch's most readable and ingenious stories.

JACKSON HOLE
by Frank Calkins
Knopf, \$7.95

After a two-year hitch in the Navy, Frank Calkins became a warden with the state of Utah, and his first book, *Rocky Mountain Warden*, based on his experiences in the open country he loved, made him a free lance. With his wife he settled down in what is probably the most magnificent terrain in the United States, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, intent on writing about its history, its legends, and the wonder of its wilderness.

He has his own pragmatic method of estimating the reliability of the records about the early exploration. He follows the travelers' presumed route, with the equipment of the period (very little altered in any case) and a packhorse misnamed Lady, and takes note of the major difficulties encountered. If the old records make no mention of a notably vile ford, or a pass blocked with snow, Calkins concludes that the actual route lay elsewhere. This on-the-spot detective work leads to some amusing reassessments of how and when and by whom Jackson Hole was first visited.

The place seems to have attracted from the start an exceptional number of rogues, rustlers, and mountain men. Calkins spends little time on such well-known figures as Jim Bridger, but a good deal more in resurrecting people like Teton Jackson (for whom the Hole was *not* named) and Lieutenant Gustavus Cheney Doane.

Doane was an ambitious but witless officer who contrived to get himself appointed to the command

of a party assigned to make a winter exploration by boat of Snake River "from Yellowstone Lake to Columbia River." This was in 1876, late enough in time so that somebody should have had better sense about both winter weather and navigation of the Snake. Doane's party, which incidentally included neither scientific instruments nor any sort of trained observers and could not possibly have served any useful purpose, blundered from difficulty to disaster to starvation and back again, surviving by pure luck what Mr. Calkins sums up as "a remarkable journey both in the imbecility that inspired it and the heroism with which it had been accomplished."

The book reads like racy talk around the campfire: gossip, bits of irrelevant history, amusing anecdotes, vivid flashes of description, and much experienced advice for potential visitors to Jackson Hole. It covers the proper camping equipment, the remote trails, and how to avoid screaming children and fat men in undershirts. National parks are for people, but in Mr. Calkins' view a great many people are not for national parks. The photographs are part of the invitation to see for ourselves.

FIRST ROUGH DRAFT:
A Journalist's Journal of Our Times
by Chalmers M. Roberts
Praeger, \$10.00

In 1933 when Eugene Meyer purchased the *Washington Post*, it was the weakest of the papers in the capital. In the following two decades, first under the editorial direction of Herbert Elliston and of James Russell Wiggins, and later under the publisher Philip Graham, the *Post* rose to pre-eminence, the conscience of the capital, and admirably written. One of the reporters most responsible for this transformation was Chalmers M. Roberts, a native of Pittsburgh and a graduate of Amherst College. For four years Roberts covered the Supreme Court, one day a week reading the briefs, another day writing up the decisions, with extra time for the arguments in the major cases. Candor and discretion are two of his strong points, and Justice Frankfurter's opinion of him went up when

'Chal" protested that the Court had no right to dump its opinions on reporters on Monday decision-days and then complain that the press did not do justice to its words.

In the first weeks of the Eisenhower Administration, Roberts was promoted to the diplomatic beat and for nearly a decade was the single staff reporter covering foreign affairs. In this capacity he shone. He soon discovered that Secretary of State Dulles was in the habit of dropping some hard news items at each private session, but when Roberts found that Dulles had totally altered a statement in the transcript of the conference, he complained so hotly that the Secretary accepted the rebuke and thereafter revealed to him details not given to others.

Roberts won the confidence of men as different as Dulles, McGeorge Bundy, RFK, and LBJ; he knew when they were using him as a sounding board, and when his front-page stories occasionally angered them, it usually developed that his independence was justified. He was Dulles' favorite reporter and he speaks most approvingly of the Eisenhower statecraft (more than I agree with). He feels that President Kennedy was out of his depth, both at the Bay of Pigs and in his unsuccessful confrontation with Khrushchev, and that he did not live long enough to begin the withdrawal from Vietnam which he had half intended. His quotations from Lyndon Johnson are pertinent and amusing, as when Johnson said of Dean Acheson, "I wish he had just once run for sheriff." I value this book for its clarity, for its off-the-record detail, for its insight, and most of all for the honesty of Roberts' private judgment.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Melvin Maddocks' review of the novels of Thomas Pynchon and John Gardner appeared in the March *Atlantic*.

Richard Todd is an associate editor of this magazine.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams write regularly for these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Kathryn Ungerer (page 41) is a young Vermont poet.

W. H. Auden's (page 70) most recent book of verse was *Epistle to a Godson*.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

MALE CHAUVINISM by Michael Korda, Random House, \$6.95. With earnest goodwill and a wide-eyed, touching air of astonishment, Mr. Korda attempts to explain why men resist the financial and professional advancement of women. He boils down a mass of anecdote and example, and finds, as residue, two motivating fears—loss of virility and mommy spank. (Are these two faces of the same fear?) The book is pleasantly written and Mr. Korda is notably sensible in his brief references to the historical roots of women's current difficulties, some of which have nothing to do with chauvinism of any sort. But it is hard to see who will benefit by this well-intentioned work. Women will find Mr. Korda's discoveries unsurprising and male chauvinists, if they read the book at all, will recognize only other fellows.

AN INTERPRETATION OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY by José Ortega y Gasset. Norton, \$8.95. In 1948 Ortega, back in Spain after years of exile, opened his newly founded Institute of the Humanities with this series of lectures, in which he purported to examine A. J. Toynbee's *A Study of History*. Ortega not only examined the work, he demolished both Toynbee's major concept of history and his detailed application of it. This performance, which rather suggests dismantling an elephant with a rapier, would be impressive in itself but is in fact the lesser half of the project. Ortega used Toynbee's notions as an excuse to expound his own more far-reaching and meticulously reasoned ideas about man and history, the origin and growth of civilizations, the basis of legitimate government, and the persistence of the past in the present. At the end of the series, Ortega apologized to his audience for lectures which he called "the most dense, most concentrated that have ever been given anywhere." The description was fair. It would be an impertinence to attempt to summarize the intricate lucidity of Ortega's

thought. It would also be futile. The book must—in every sense of the word—be read. Translated by Mildred Adams.

THE LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV edited and translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Viking, \$15.00. Chekhov was a voluminous correspondent, addicted to slang, mischievous invention, bursts of fantasy, and diatribes against injustice, stupidity, and the town of Taganrog, where he was born and which he could never quite escape because relatives continued to inhabit the place. He was also an instinctive nomad who described superbly the various areas that he visited. This selection from his vast output of letters is, apart from its importance for specialists, a lively panorama of life in late-nineteenth-century Russia and a bewitching portrait of Chekhov himself.

BACK TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD by Hans Ruesch. Scribner's, \$6.95. A sequel to Mr. Ruesch's previous novel about Eskimos, this story follows the wanderings of an Eskimo family, their collision with the fringes of European civilization, their stubborn survival in the face of appalling odds. Basically grim, the tale is full of hilarious episodes like Vivi's attempt to present her yellow-haired baby girl to any white man in the trading post where she sat out her husband's jail sentence. Neither Vivi nor Papik can understand the consternation aroused by what they consider a reasonable and even flattering offer. Mr. Ruesch writes well, gravely maintaining the Eskimo point of view and at the same time pointing up the ironies and confusions that view creates.

HARVEST HOME by Thomas Tryon. Knopf, \$7.95. This Gothic gingerbread is a derivation, simultaneously overblown and watered down, from Shirley Jackson's haunting story, *The Lottery*. It is set in western Connecticut, and residents of that area will do well to avoid it. Nothing short of superhuman strength suffices to suspend disbelief.

IN SEARCH OF THE MAYA by Robert L. Brunhouse. University of New Mexico, \$7.95. Biographical sketches of the men who began the study of Mayan archaeology. Investigation

started with a soldier under orders to report on alleged strange buildings and doing it well, considering that he had no interest or experience in such a project. It continued through an assortment of enthusiasts, charlatans, Atlantis nuts, Phoenician freaks, and simple thieves. In the midst of the pack lurk honest and careful observers like Stephens, men who, without knowing it, were laying the foundations of the science of archaeology. It is Mr. Brunhouse's interesting point that all the oddballs contributed usefully as well, sometimes by inspired guesswork, sometimes by arousing interest in and therefore protection for Mayan relics, and frequently by demonstrating what not to do.

TRAVELERS by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Harper & Row, \$6.95. With light, sharp humor, Mrs. Jhabvala describes a group of Europeans mooning about India in search of their own dreams and getting no help from Indians adrift in the country on the same chartless route. The novel is most amusing but resembles one of those trick paintings which, when stared at, turn into something else.

THE BLOODY FIELD by Edith Pargeter. Viking, \$8.95. It is surprising that any author should have the nerve to undertake a romance about the gaudy nobility that populates *Henry IV, Part One*, and more surprising that the tale should, in its high chivalry and low chicanery genre, succeed very well.

MY YOUNG YEARS by Arthur Rubinstein. Knopf, \$10.00. The autobiography of a musician is certain to be full of concerts and contracts, but Mr. Rubinstein's, covering the years 1887 to 1917, has as well a parade of interesting people and a rush of absurd or surprising events. Quite apart from talent, the great pianist had the luck to be born with an unshakable love of life and an exuberant, irrepressible optimism. His recollections bounce as gaily as a Ping-Pong ball.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ARCHITECTS by John Cook and Heinrich Klotz. Praeger, \$12.50. One of the conversations appeared in the May issue of *The Atlantic*.

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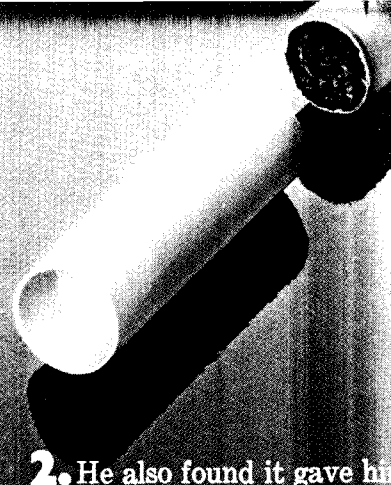
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